

CAPT. BATTLE in "THE CORPSES THAT WALKED"



THE GREAT, THE ONLY  
CAPTAIN BATTLE



THE MIGHTY DAREDEVIL

# SILVER STREAK COMICS

10¢  
NOVEMBER  
No. 16



**"V" FOR VICTORY**  
Just as the Nazi monsters were ready to fire Meteor from the cannon's mouth, SILVER STREAK smashed through to the rescue leaving the mark, "V" to strike terror in the hearts of the cruel fascist gang.

DICKIE DEAN — BINGHAM BOYS  
PRESTO MARTIN — OTHER GREAT FEATURES



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



CAPTAIN BATTLE

DARE DEVIL

SILVER STREAK DICKIE DEAN

The ACE of SPEED-MEN...

# SILVER STREAK

and METEOR THE BOY SPEED-KING

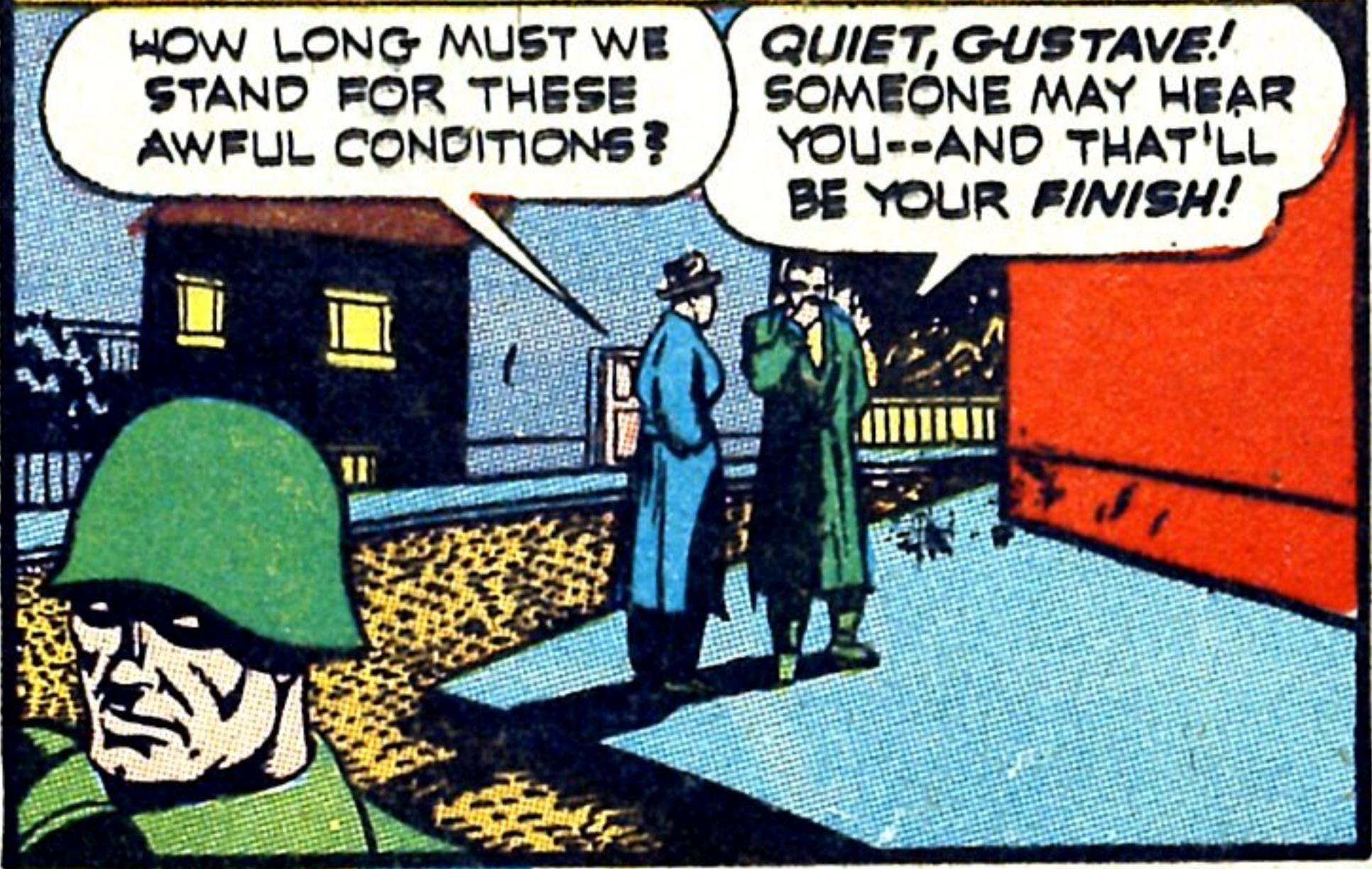


OUT OF THE TRAGEDY THAT IS EUROPE...OUT OF THE SEEMINGLY HOPELESS TANGLE OF HUMAN LIVES AND MISERY, RISES A SYMBOL OF THE ETERNAL HOPE OF MANKIND TO FREE ITSELF FROM BONDAGE AND SLAVERY... HERE, THEN, IS A RECORD OF AN ADVENTURE BASED ON THE MEANING OF THAT SYMBOL...

THE MARK OF "V"

by DON RICO

THE STORY BEGINS IN THE CENTER OF OCCUPIED FRANCE...THE DEFEATED PEOPLE GO ABOUT THEIR EVERYDAY BUSINESS ---



HOW LONG MUST WE STAND FOR THESE AWFUL CONDITIONS?

QUIET, GUSTAVE! SOMEONE MAY HEAR YOU--AND THAT'LL BE YOUR FINISH!



BUT DON'T WORRY! OUR DAY WILL COME ---AND SOON!



HEY! WHY ALL THIS MUMBLING? WHAT ARE YOU PLOTTING?

WHY, NOTHING SIR--NOTHING!



SO? WE SHALL SEE--FORWARD MARCH!

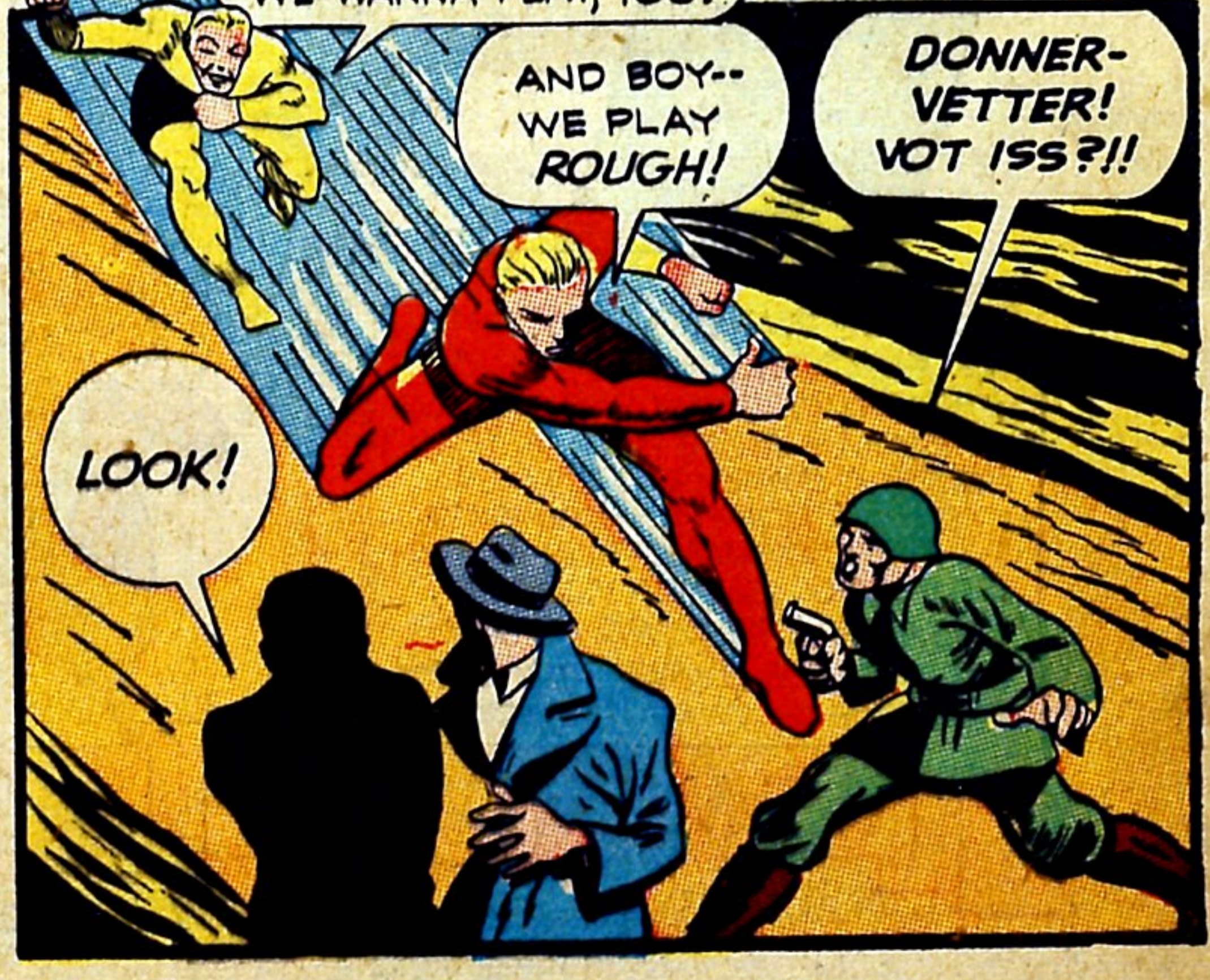
PERCHED ON A ROOFTOP ARE TWO STRANGELY DRESSED FIGURES--



LOOK, METEOR-- SEEMS AS IF THOSE FELLOWS ARE IN DUTCH!



NOW'S THE TIME TO TRY OUT THIS NEW VICTORY RING OF MINE!



HEY! WAIT FOR US! WE WANNA PLAY, TOO!

AND BOY-- WE PLAY ROUGH!

DONNER-VETTER! VOT ISS?!!

LOOK!



SO! A SPY! DEATH TO YOU!!

**BANG!**



AND NUTS TO YOU!!

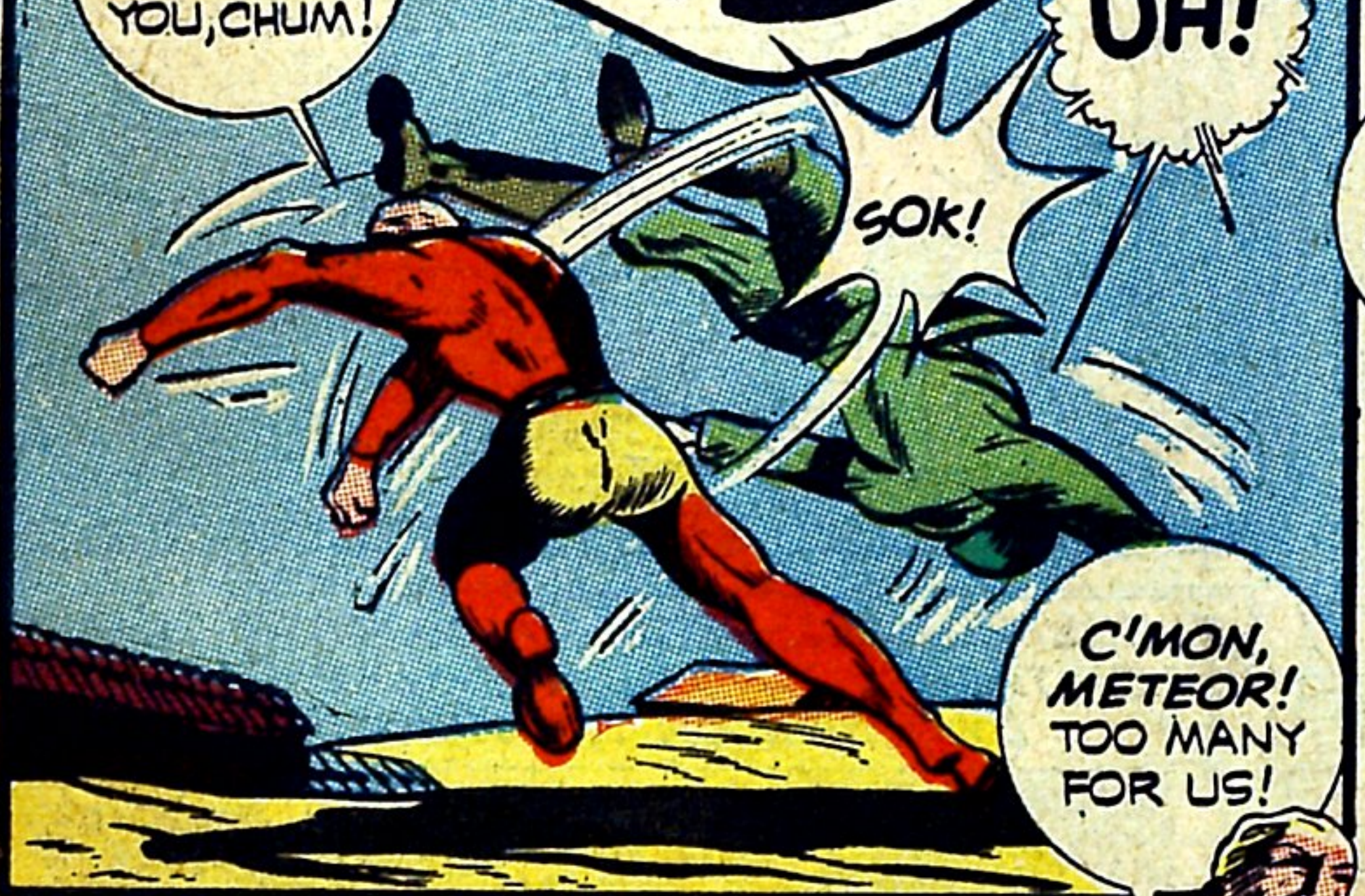


OUI-- HE HAS THE GUARD DIZZY WITH CONFUSION!

VOILA! YOUR FRIEND IS FAST!

YEP! THAT'S MY PAL-- SILVER STREAK!

THANKS, BOSS!



IT IS LULLABY TIME FOR YOU, CHUM!

SOK!

UH!

C'IMON, METEOR! TOO MANY FOR US!



NICE BIT OF BUSINESS, BOY!

RUN!! HERE COME THE NAZIS!



A SPY-- GET HIM!

RIGHT!



OH!

I GOT THE BOY!

BANG!

THE BOY'S NOT BADLY HURT--HE WAS NICKED IN THE BACK!

WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IS THIS WHICH FLIES!

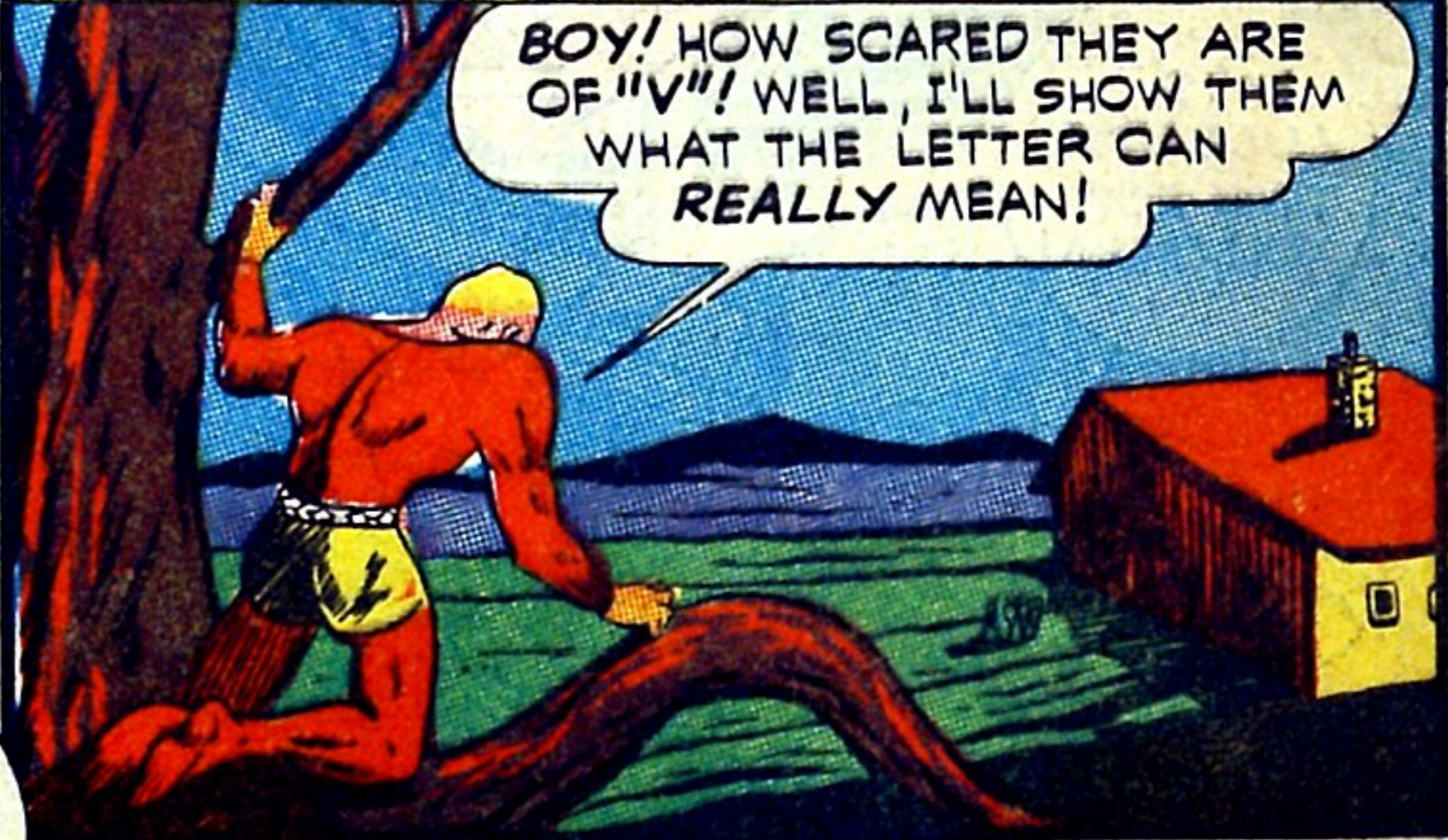
CAPTAIN! LOOK!!

...AND ON THE GUARD'S FACE...



SO! WE HAVE CAUGHT ON OF THE "V" FIGHTERS, EH? TAKE THIS BOY TO THE FEURHER! HE WILL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM!

A LONE FIGURE WATCHES THE SOLDIERS TAKE AWAY HIS PAL, METEOR!

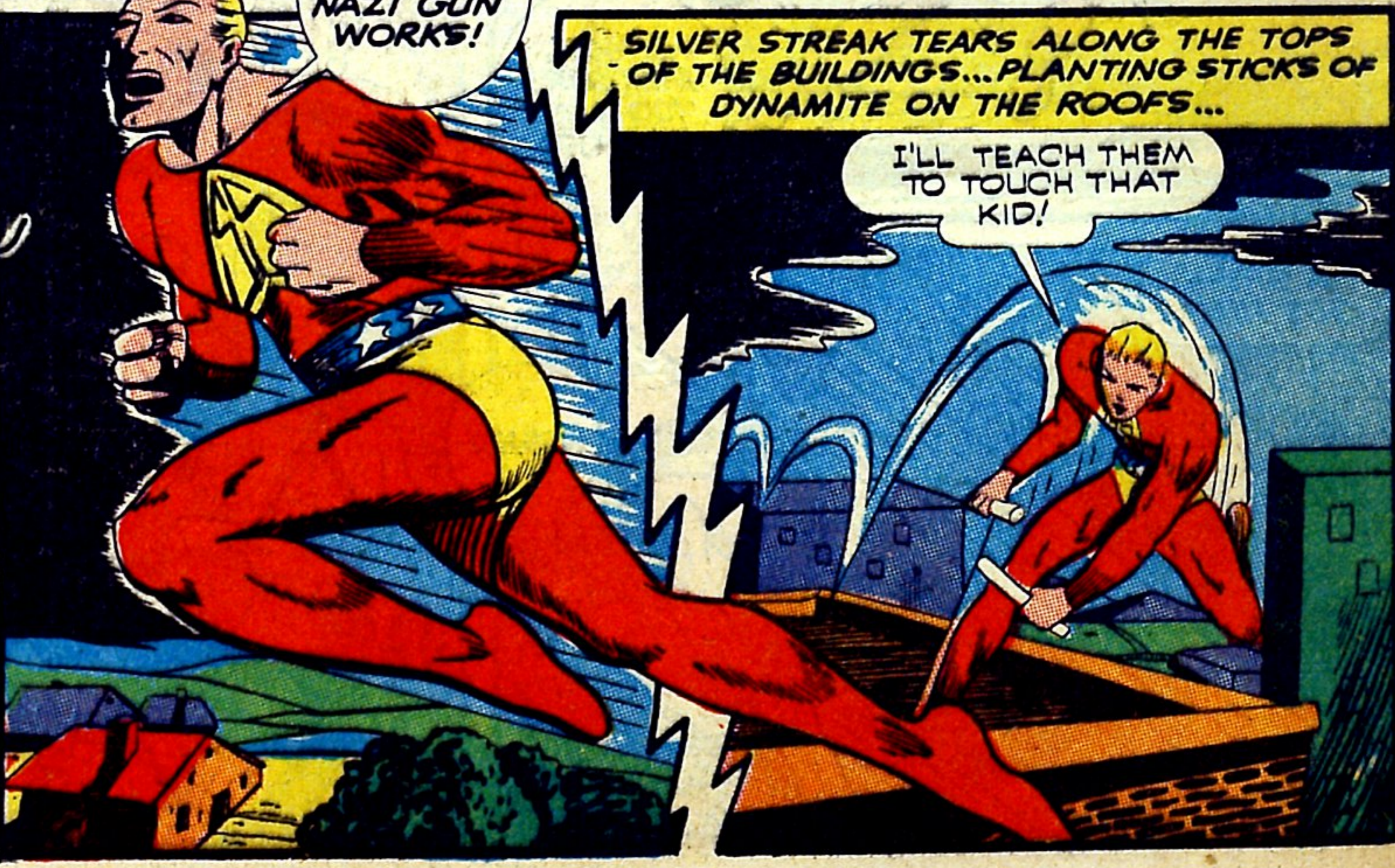


BOY! HOW SCARED THEY ARE OF "V"! WELL, I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT THE LETTER CAN REALLY MEAN!

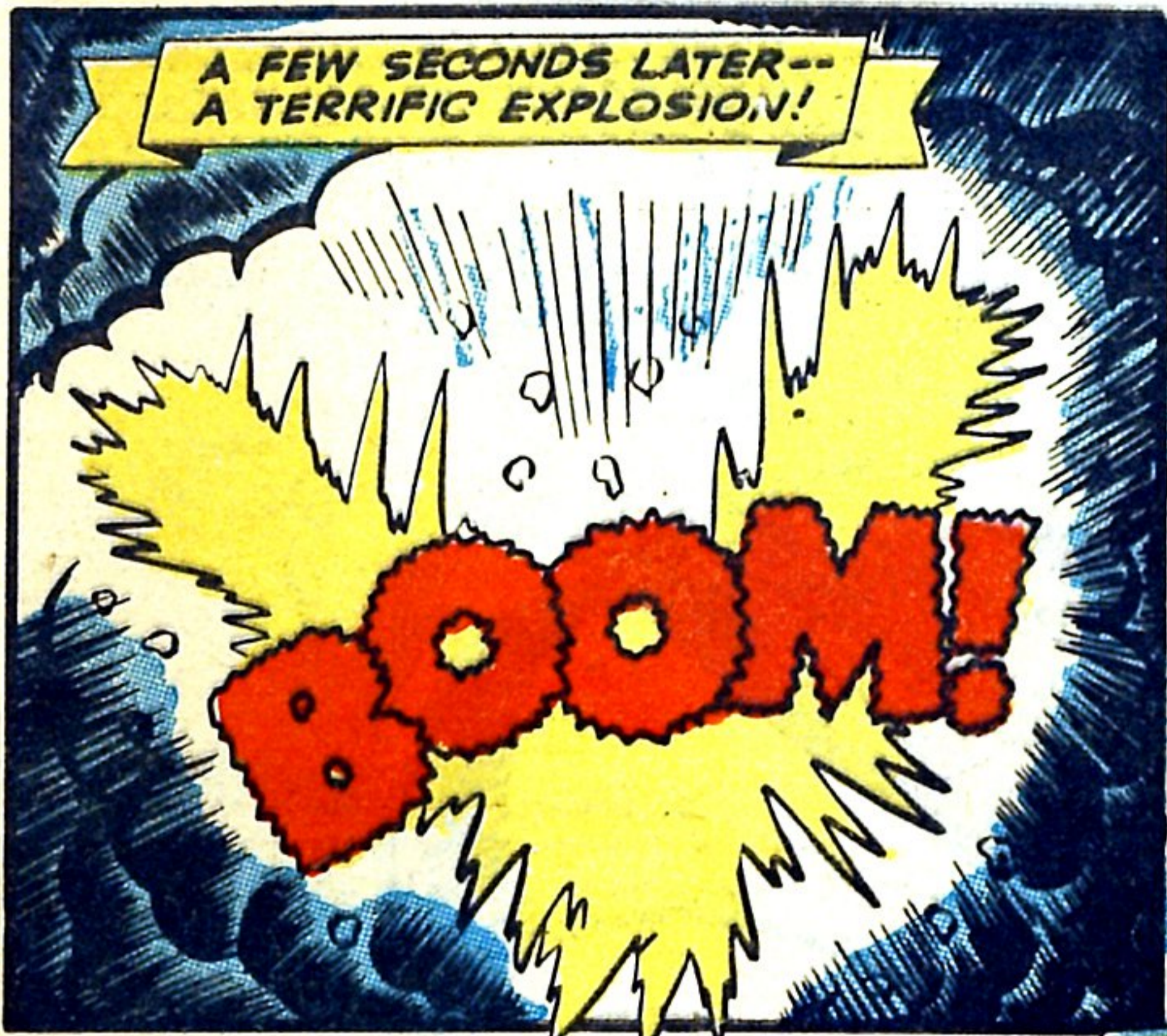


FIRST-- TO THE NAZI GUN WORKS!

SILVER STREAK TEARS ALONG THE TOPS OF THE BUILDINGS... PLANTING STICKS OF DYNAMITE ON THE ROOFS...



I'LL TEACH THEM TO TOUCH THAT KID!



A FEW SECONDS LATER--  
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



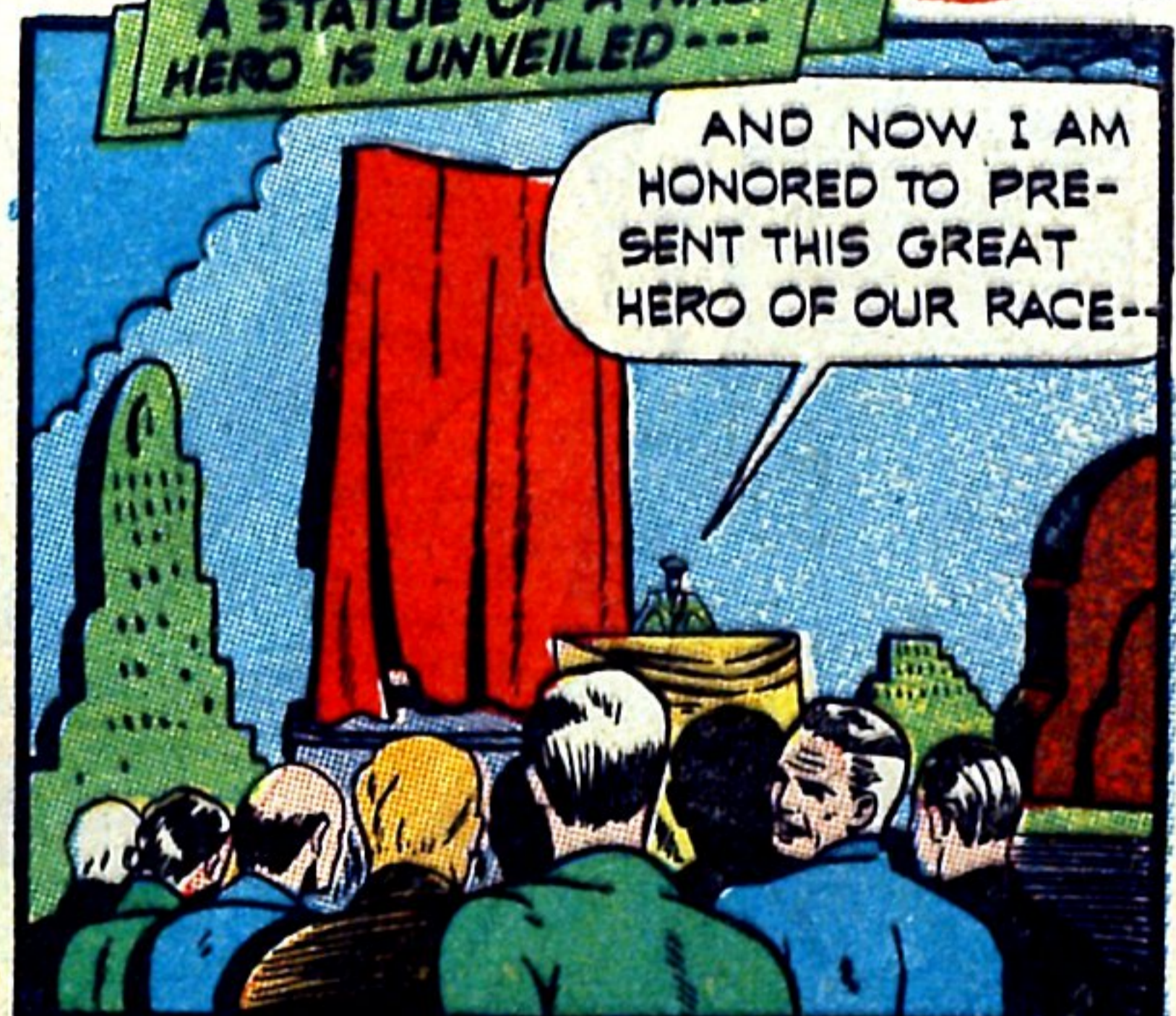
LOOK! THE  
MARK OF  
"V"!

V...  
VICTORY!



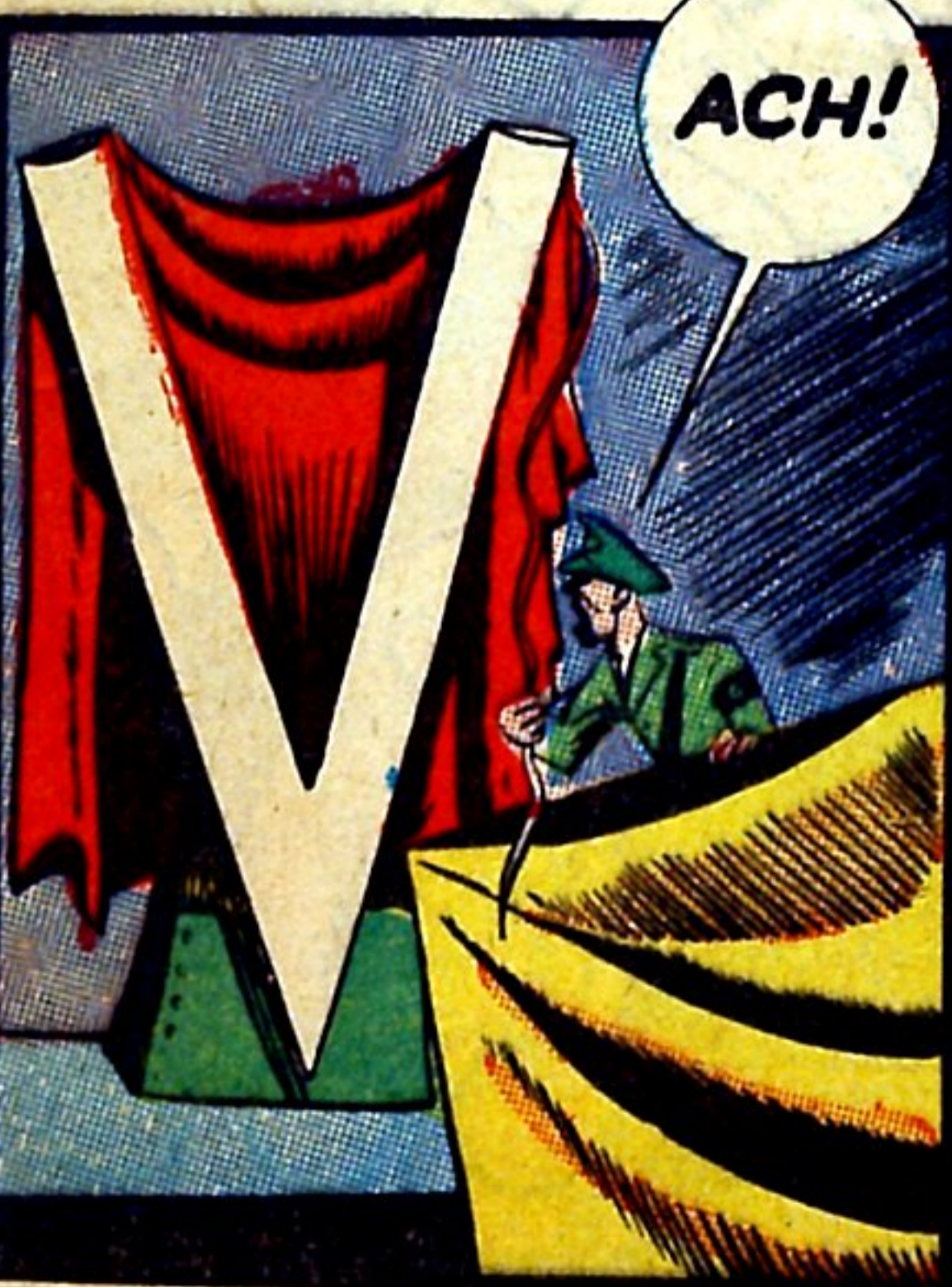
THE PEOPLE CATCH ON! FROM ALL  
WALKS OF LIFE THEY RISE TO PARTAKE  
OF THIS NEW, VALIANT UNDERGROUND  
STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM!

HIMMEL!



A STATUE OF A NAZI  
HERO IS UNVEILED---

AND NOW I AM  
HONORED TO PRE-  
SENT THIS GREAT  
HERO OF OUR RACE--



ACH!



A NAZI LEADER GETS  
HIS MEAL--

VOT--?



THE FLAG AT HITLER'S  
HEADQUARTERS IS  
RAISED--

AGAIN?

THROUGH OUT ALL THE OPPRESSED, OCCUPIED SECTIONS OF THE OLD WORLD,  
THE MIGHTY SIGN OF VICTORY MAKES ITS APPEARANCE AS AN AROUSED  
PEOPLE START AN OMINOUS, SECRET BATTLE AGAINST THIS MONSTER  
OF THE WORLD---

**HITLER!**





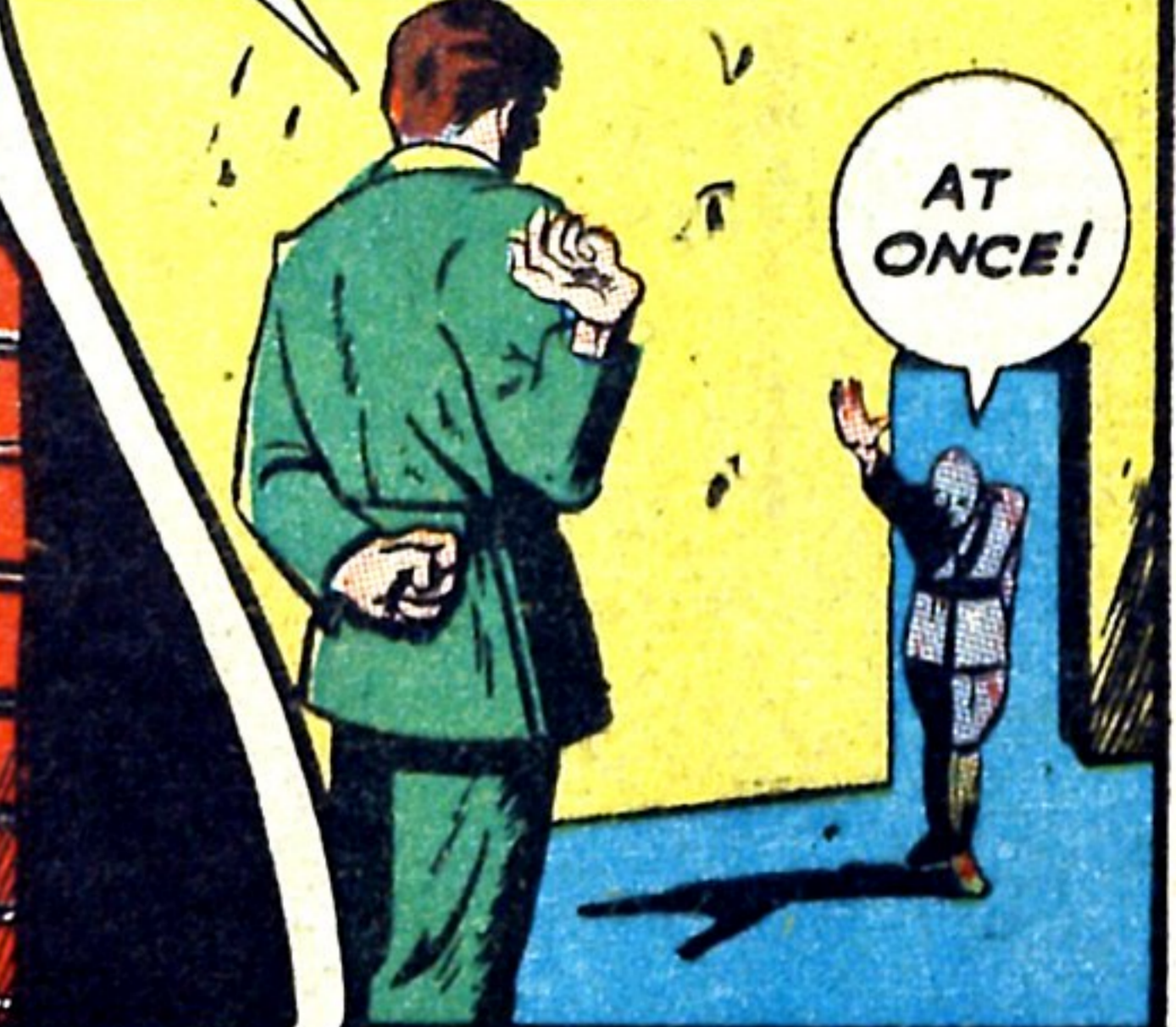
AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FEURHER

THIS "V" CAMPAIGN!  
IT'S GOT TO BE  
STOPPED!

OUR GUARDS HAVE  
CAPTURED THE FRIEND  
OF THE MAN WHO  
STARTED ALL THIS,  
EXCELLENCY!

GOOD! BRING HIM HERE! I  
WILL GET TO THE BOTTOM  
OF THIS NONSENSE!

AT  
ONCE!



METEOR IS  
BROUGHT IN!

WELL, WELL! SO YOU'RE  
THE GUY WHOSE NAME  
MOTHERS USE TO SCARE  
THEIR KIDS TO SLEEP!

SILENCE!  
YOU YOUNG  
UPSTART! WHO  
IS YOUR FRIEND--  
THE MAN WHO  
ESCAPED!

OUWAY ANCAV OGAY  
LUMPJAY INRAY ATHAY  
AKELAY! OUWAY IGBAY  
'LUMPCHAY!

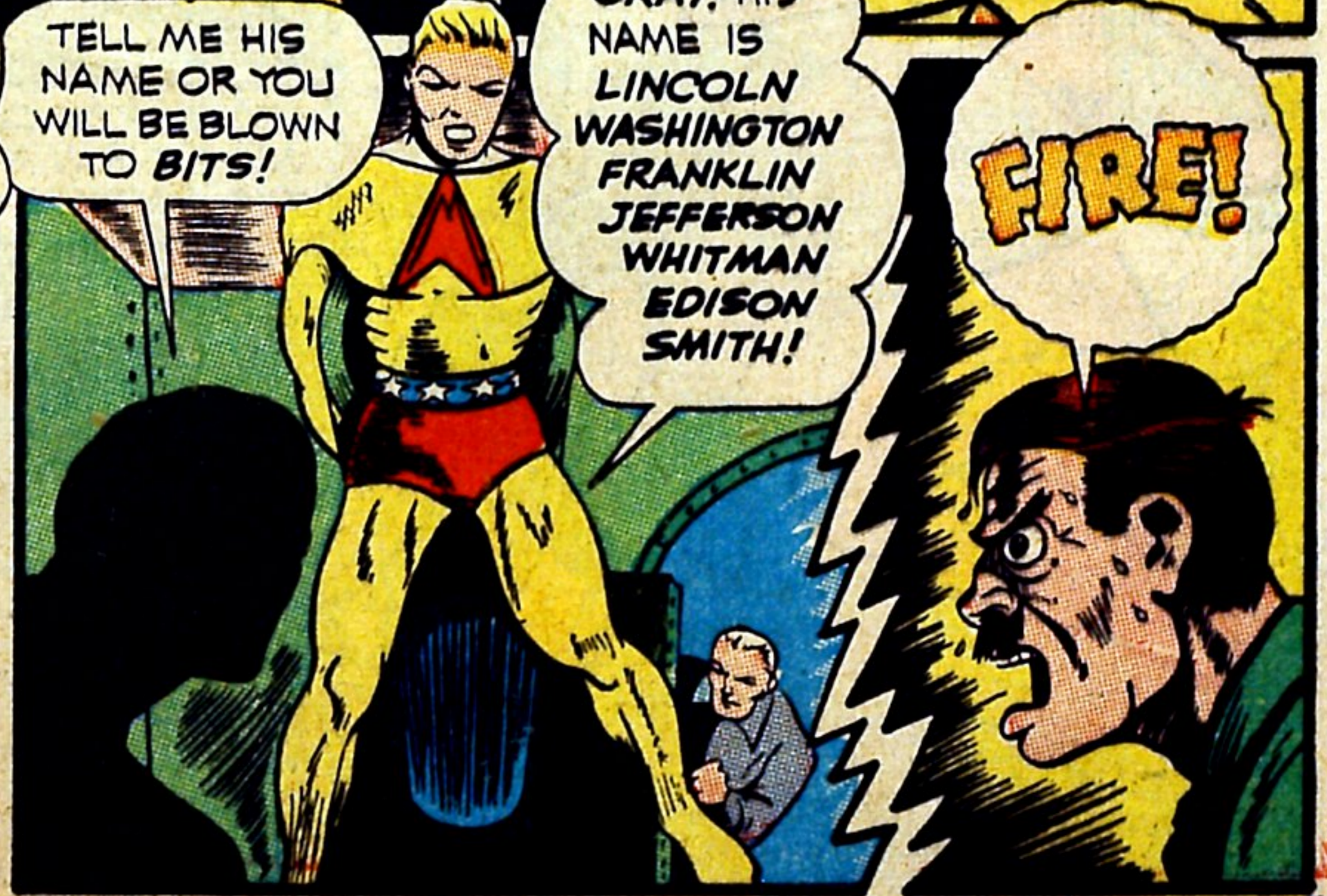


AHA! I KNEW  
IT! A SPY FOR AN  
UNKNOWN POWER!  
STRAP HIM TO THE  
CANNON-- HE'LL  
TALK!

TELL ME HIS  
NAME OR YOU  
WILL BE BLOWN  
TO BITS!

OKAY! HIS  
NAME IS  
LINCOLN  
WASHINGTON  
FRANKLIN  
JEFFERSON  
WHITMAN  
EDISON  
SMITH!

FIRE!



JUST BEFORE THE GUNNER CAN FIRE,  
A HUMAN TORNADO STRIKES!



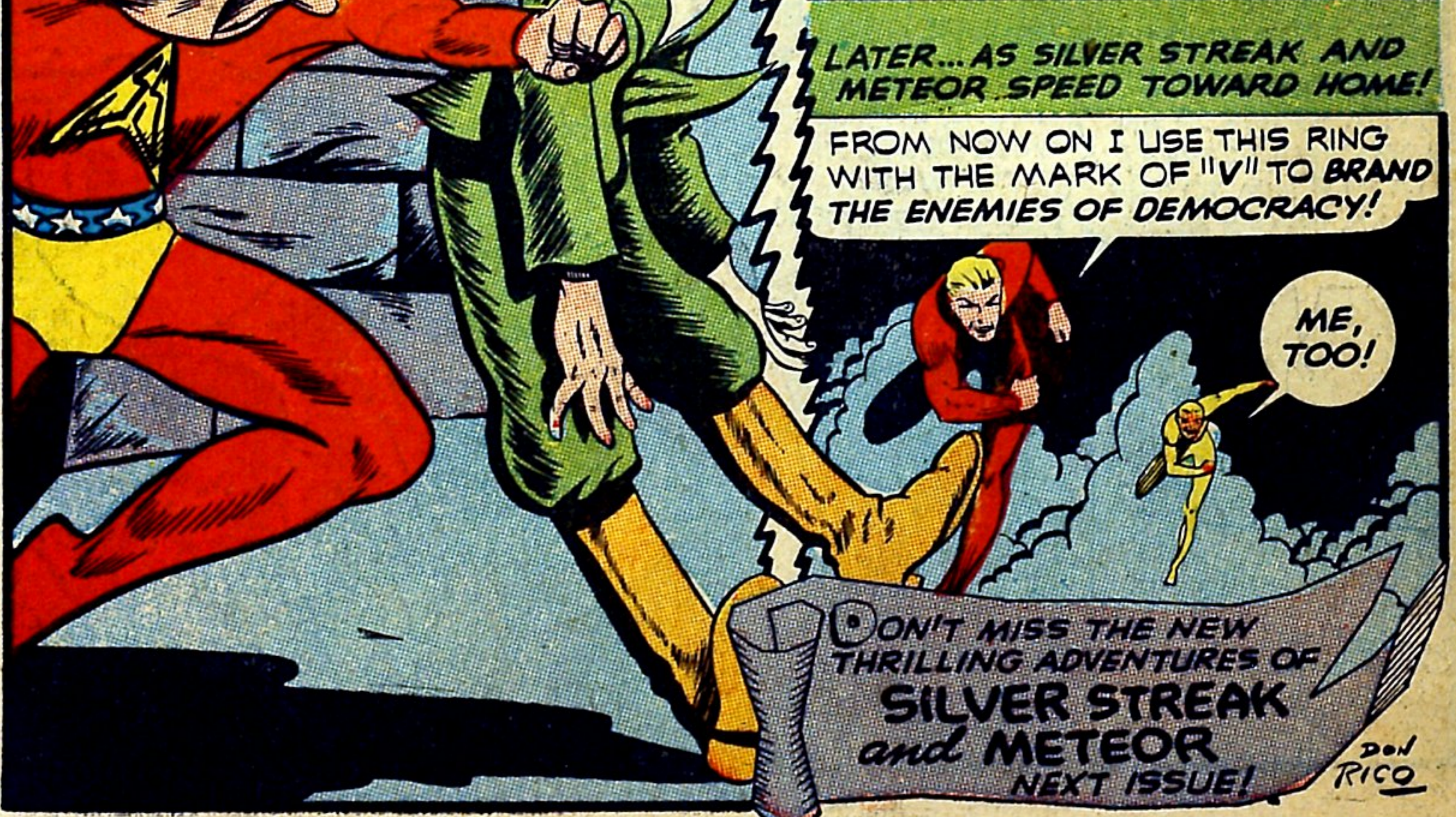
HERE'S A CONTRIBUTION  
FOR ALL THE HELPLESS  
PEOPLE YOU'VE MADE  
MISERABLE AND  
HOMELESS!

AND HERE'S A  
BRAND YOU'LL  
NEVER FORGET!



LATER... AS SILVER STREAK AND  
METEOR SPEED TOWARD HOME!

FROM NOW ON I USE THIS RING  
WITH THE MARK OF "V" TO BRAND  
THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!



# Captain **BATTLE**

## AND THE **CORPSES** THAT WALKED



**TOMBS OPEN AND ROTTING CORPSES EMERGE TO TERRORIZE THE COUNTRY.**

WHAT IS THE INSIDIOUS MENACE THAT THREATENS AMERICA FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE? JOIN **CAPTAIN BATTLE**, WORLD WAR ACE, AND **HALE**, HIS BOY PARTNER, AS THEY SAVE DEMOCRACY FROM THE WEIRD, GHASTLY PLOT OF **HERR DEATH!**

AFTER ALL, THEY'RE JUST STIFFS THAT NEVER MOVE.

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THE CITY MORGUE HAS A JOB MOST PEOPLE WOULD NOT WISH, AS HE MAKES HIS ROUNDS...



SCARED? NOT ME!





NOPE, CAN'T SCARE ME... WHA...?

WHO'S TOUCHING MY G-SHOULDER!



AS MOST OF US MIGHT THE WATCHMAN FLEES IN UTTER TERROR!

HELP! THEY CAME TO LIFE!



THE CREW OF WALKING CORPSES STALK OUT ON SOME GHASTLY MISSION, LED BY THE FIGURE OF THE GRIM REAPER!



HALT, WHO GOES THERE? STOP OR I FIRE!



YOU CAN'T KILL US! WE'RE ALREADY DEAD!



WALKING G-CORPSES! AND THEY DON'T FALL..... THEY WON'T DIE!



BUT YOU CAN DIE, HA, HA, HA!

MEANWHILE, AT HILLTOP LABORATORY, CAPTAIN BATTLE KEEPS HOURLY WATCH AT HIS CURVOSCOPE IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA.

MURDER! COME ON, HALE,.... HALE, WHERE ARE YOU?



HALE STEPPED OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR, CAPTAIN BATTLE!

CAN'T WAIT. HAVE TO GO ALONE.



BACK AT THE GOVERNMENT FILES, THE SHUDDERY CORPSE CREW EMERGES...

ONLY A MOMENT LATER, HALE RETURNS...

CAPTAIN BATTLE WENT TO THE GOVERNMENT FILES BUILDING, HALE.



ACTION, HURRAY! SO LONG, JANE. I'LL FOLLOW HIM UP!

WE'VE GOT THE IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT PAPERS WE NEED, HA, HA, HA!

LOOK, HERR DEATH!



AGAIN A STORM OF BULLETS FAILS TO STOP THE WALKING DEAD!

THEY WON'T DIE!

THEY'RE CORPSES! WALKIN' CORPSES!



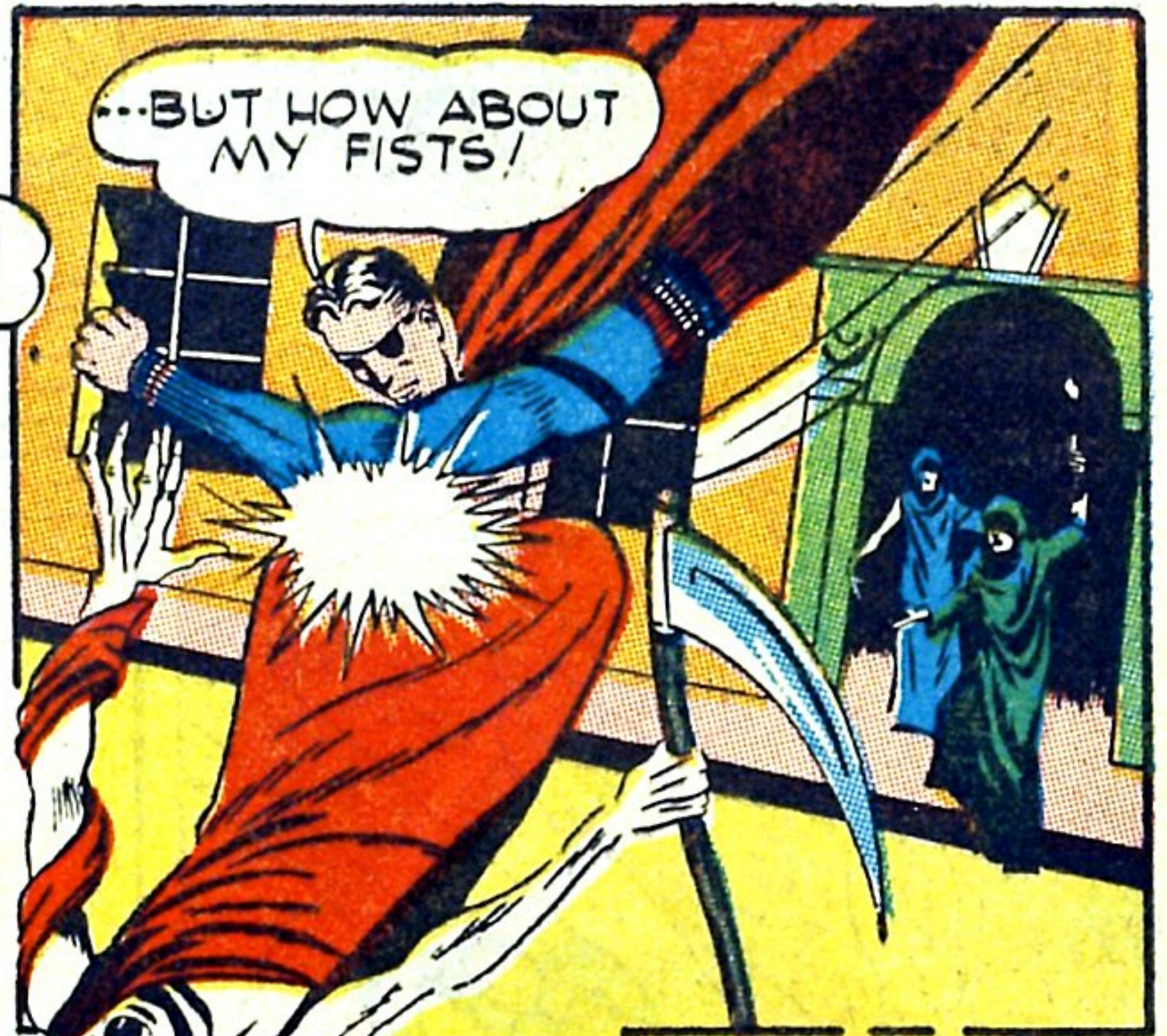
YES, CORPSES! AND YOU'LL BE A CORPSE TOO, IN A MOMENT! I LAUGH AT YOUR BULLETS!



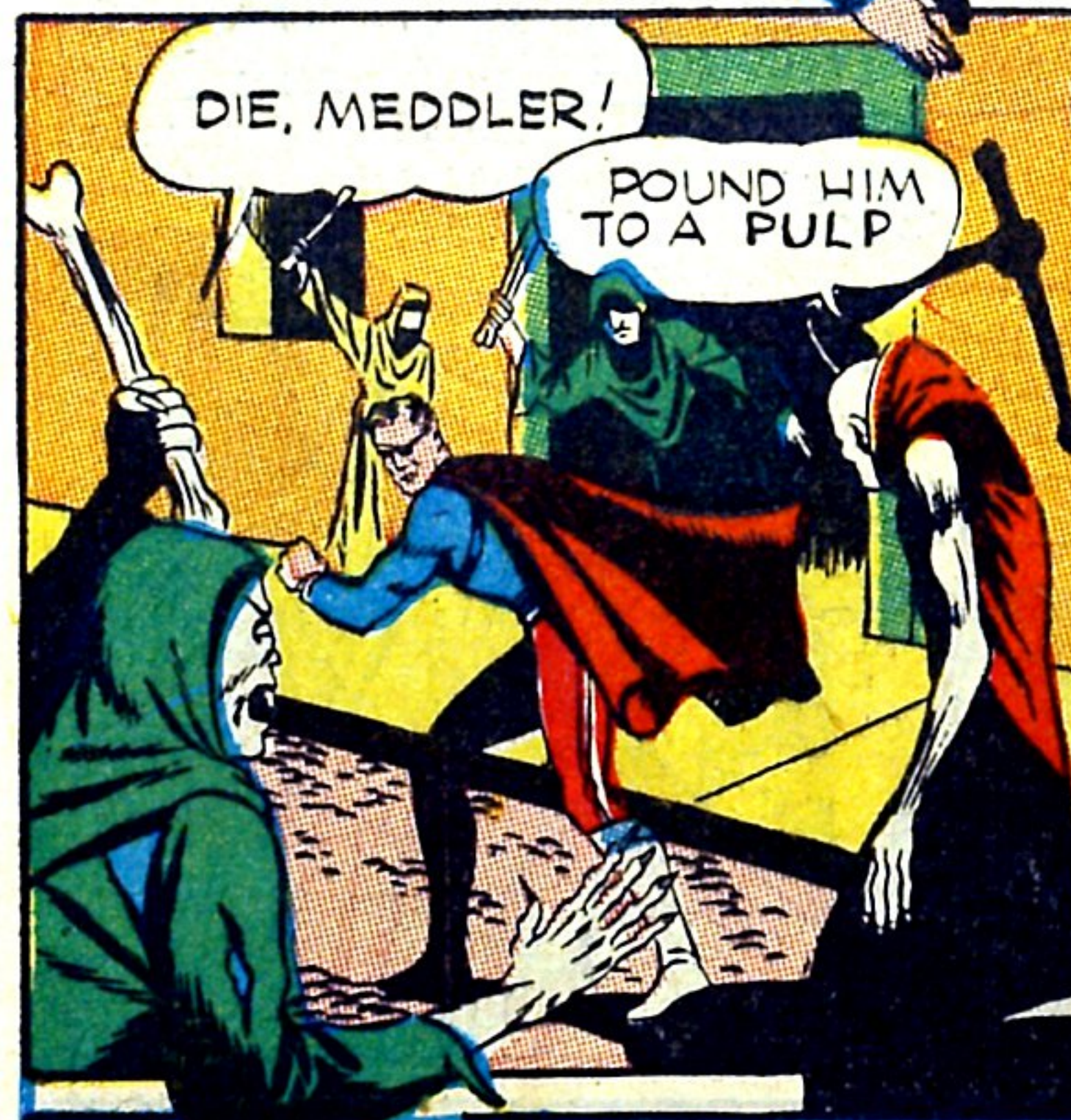


BUT A MIGHTY FIGURE ZOOMS DOWN FROM THE SKY!

MAYBE YOU LAUGH AT BULLETS---



...BUT HOW ABOUT MY FISTS!



DIE, MEDDLER!

POUND HIM TO A PULP



SAYS WHICH?

HEY!

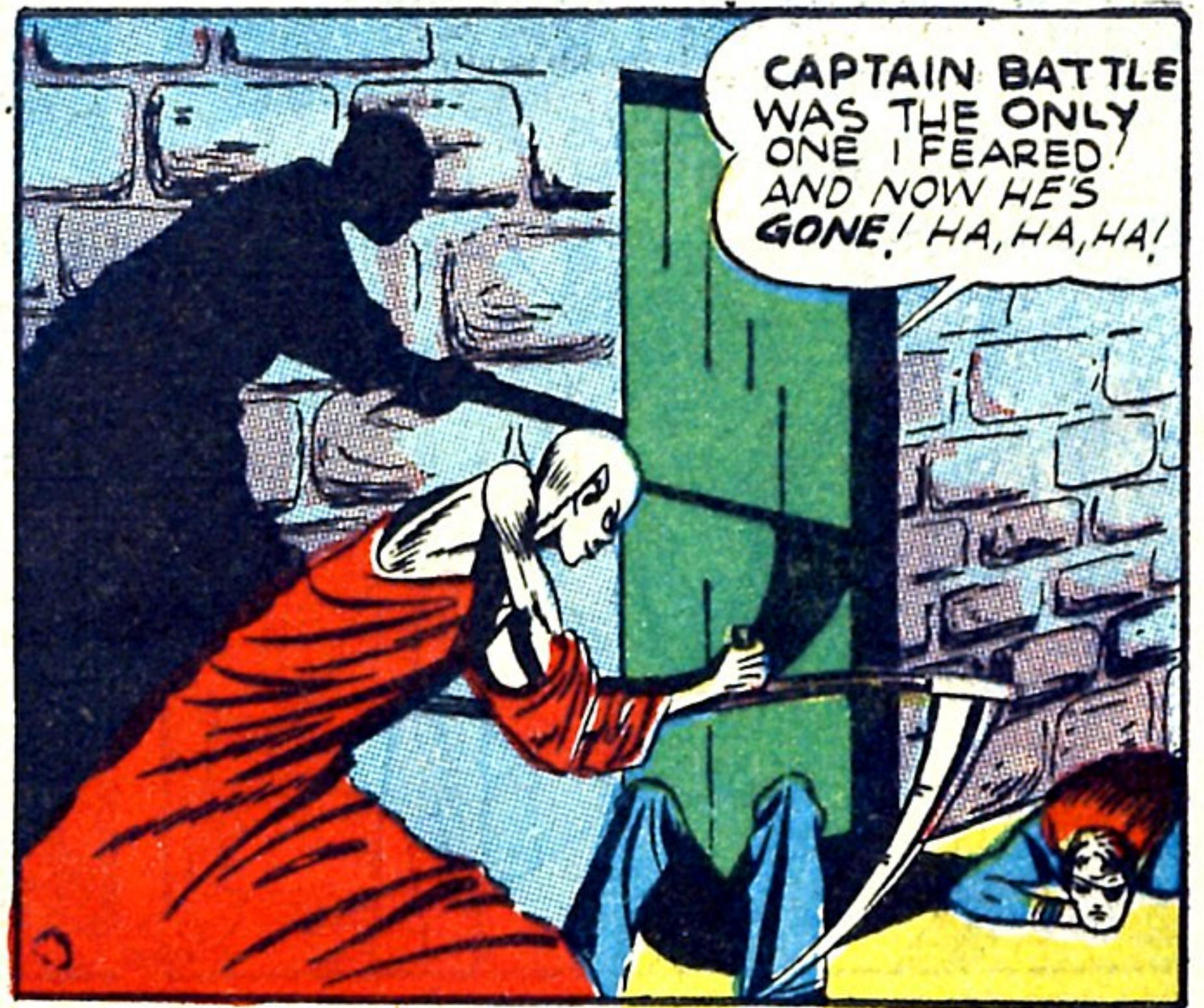
WHAT TH--?

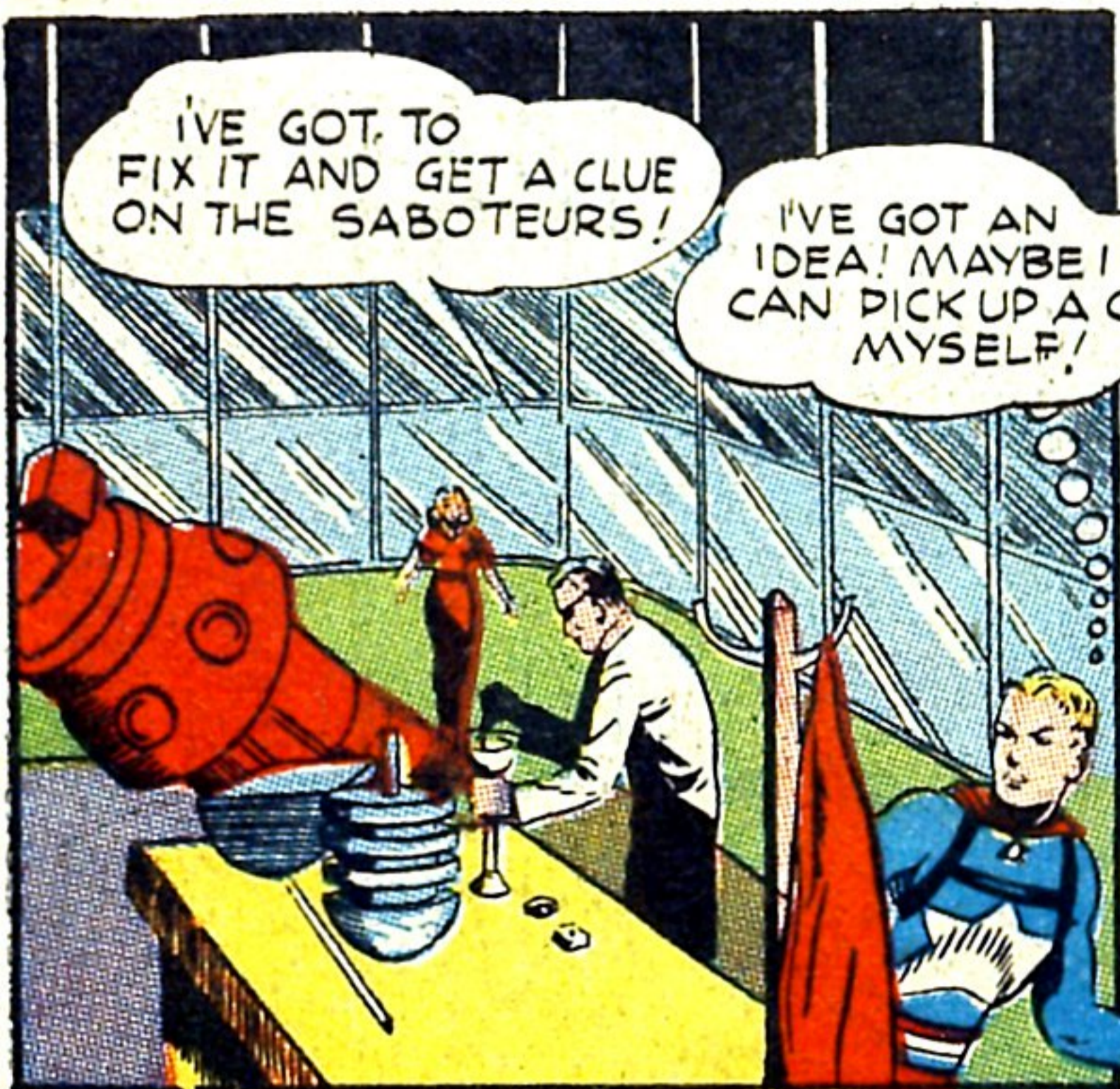


BUT RECOVERING SWIFTLY, THE LEADER OF THE CORPSES ACTS...

I AM HERR DEATH! AND DEATH COMES TO ALL EVENTUALLY, CAPTAIN BATTLE!

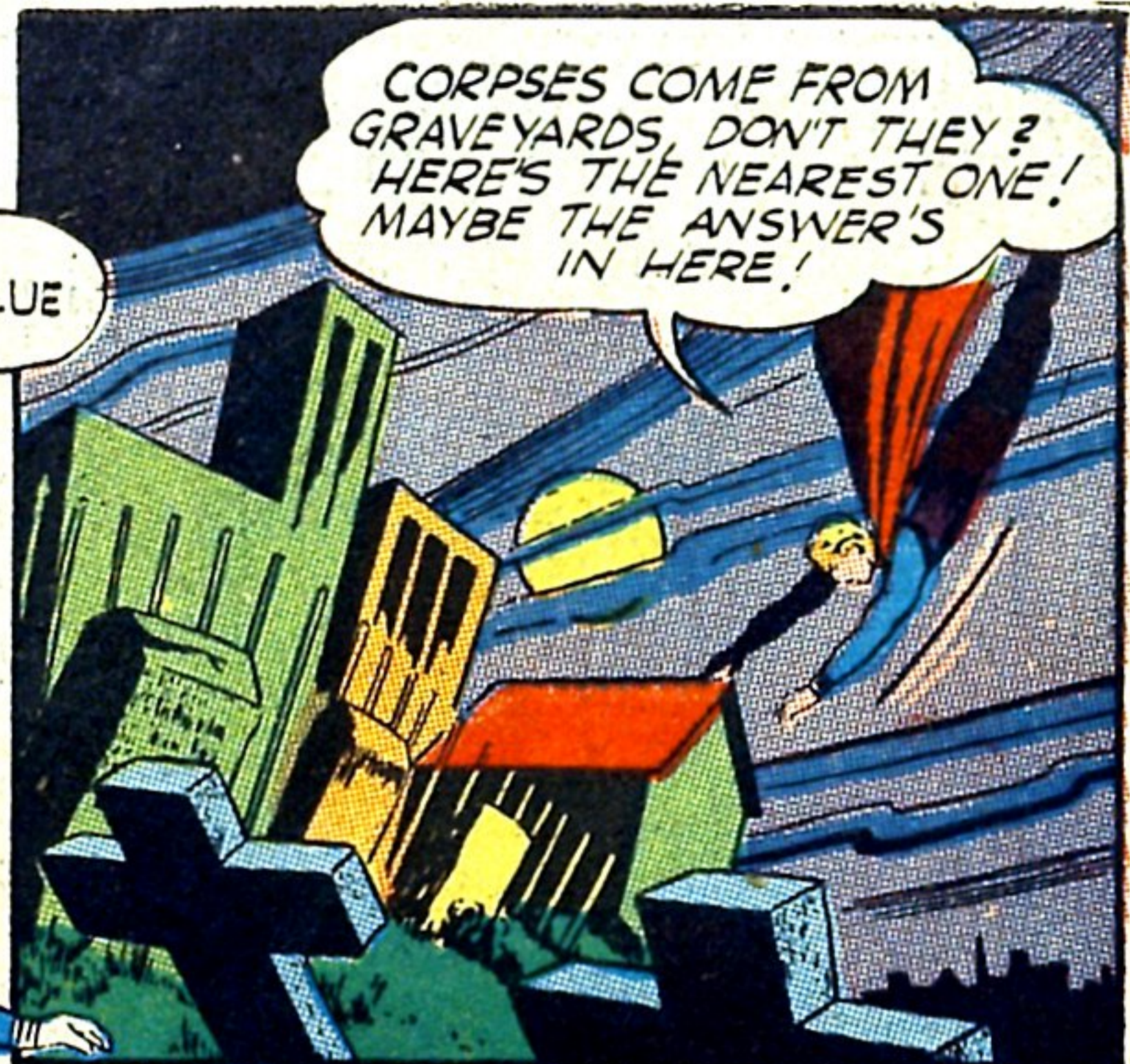




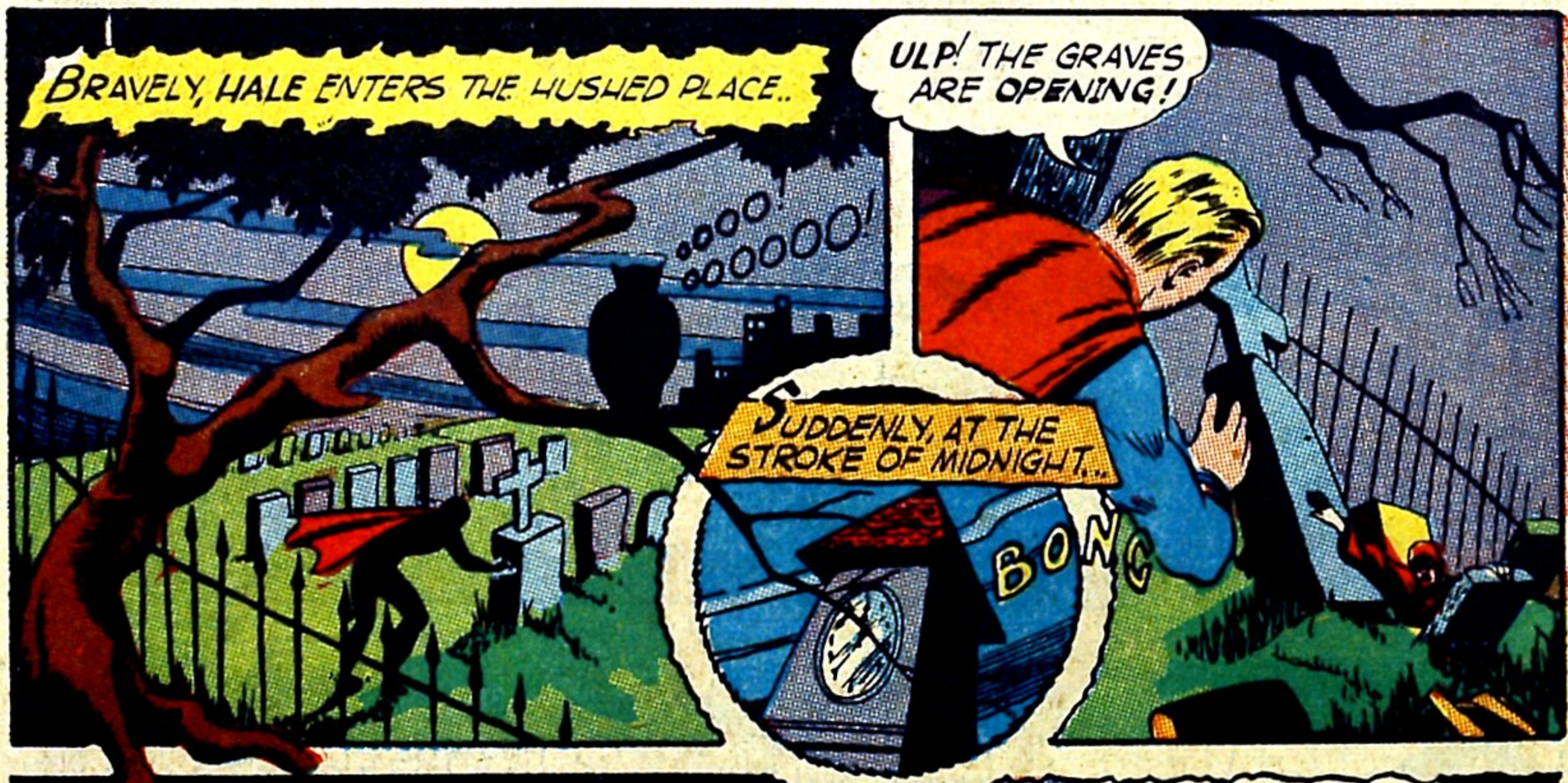


I'VE GOT TO FIX IT AND GET A CLUE ON THE SABOTEURS!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A CLUE MYSELF!



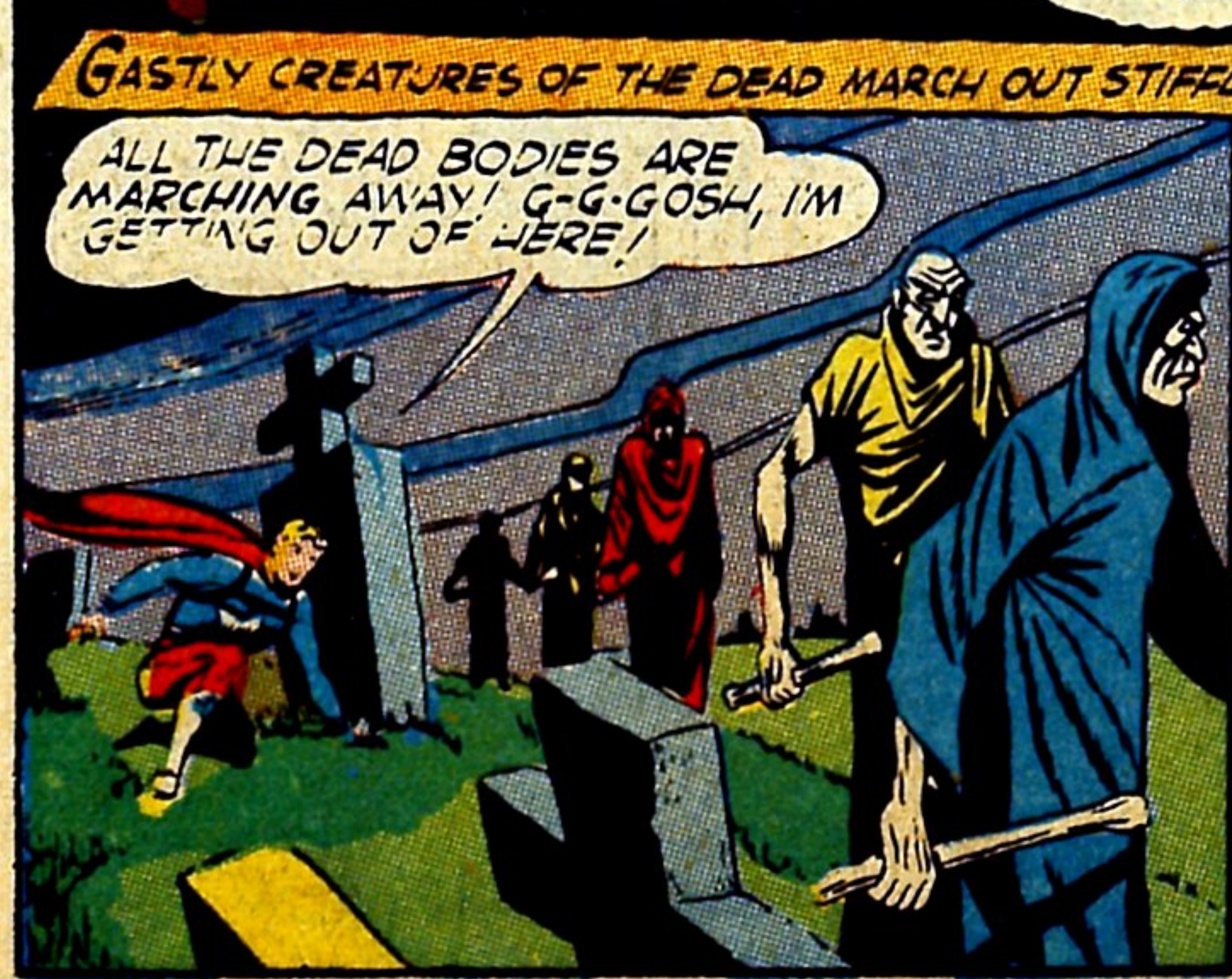
CORPSES COME FROM GRAVEYARDS, DON'T THEY? HERE'S THE NEAREST ONE! MAYBE THE ANSWER'S IN HERE!



BRAVELY, HALE ENTERS THE HUSHED PLACE..

ULP! THE GRAVES ARE OPENING!

SUDDENLY, AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT..



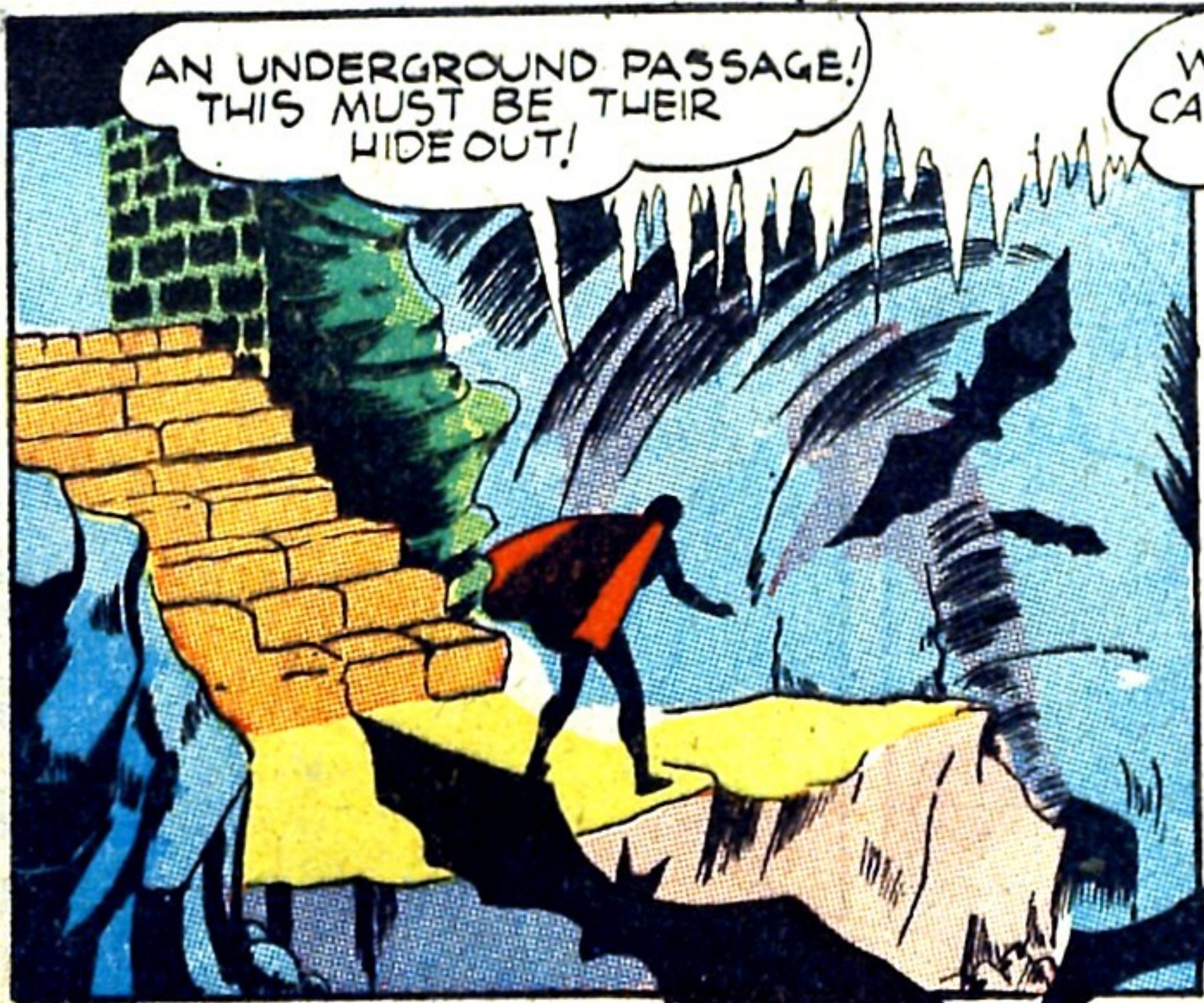
GASTLY CREATURES OF THE DEAD MARCH OUT STIFFLY!

ALL THE DEAD BODIES ARE MARCHING AWAY! G-G-GOSH, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



BUT FIRST I'LL TAKE A LOOK... WHAT THE...? STEPS!





AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!  
THIS MUST BE THEIR  
HIDE OUT!



WAIT!! I TELL  
CAP ABOUT THIS---  
OOP!

NOT SO FAST,  
YOUNG MAN!



WE SAW YOU SNEAK INTO THE  
GRAVE, AND CAME BACK TO TRAP  
YOU, BRAT! I FINISHED OFF CAPTAIN  
BATTLE. NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF  
YOU, HA, HA, HA!



HE DOESN'T KNOW CAP'S  
ALIVE! BUT STILL, WITH THE  
CURVO SCOPE OUT OF ORDER,  
CAP WON'T KNOW I'M IN  
TROUBLE! GOSH, I'M  
SUNK!



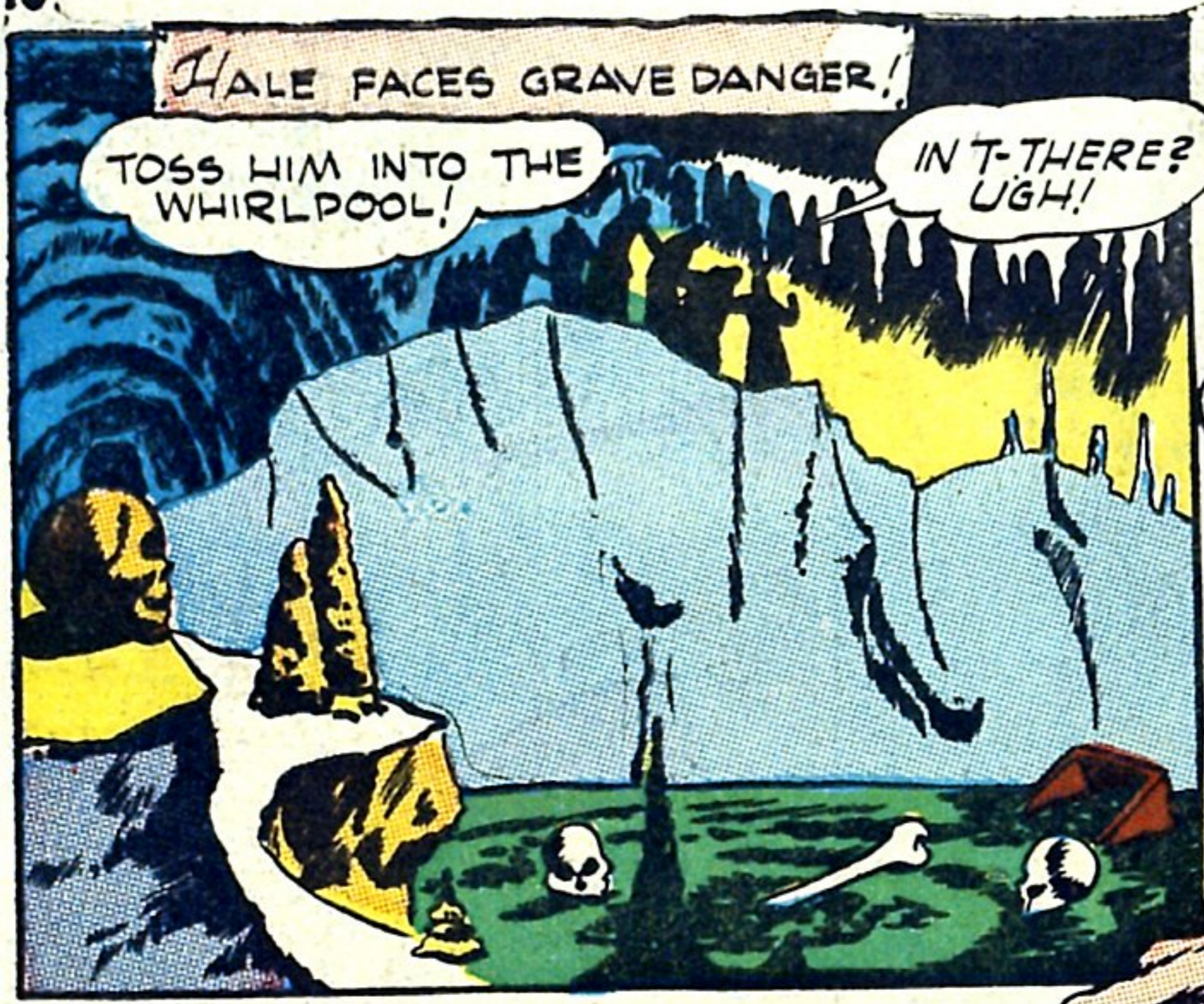
BUT MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN BATTLE WAS  
FINISHED HIS REPAIRS.

HALE LEFT  
WITHOUT A WORD  
AND HE ISN'T BACK,  
CAPTAIN BATTLE!

AND THERE HE IS, IN  
THE HANDS OF  
HERR DEATH!



With almost the SPEED  
of light CAPTAIN  
BATTLE SPEEDS  
to the scene of his  
companion's peril!



HALE FACES GRAVE DANGER!

TOSS HIM INTO THE WHIRLPOOL!

IN T-THERE? UGH!



BUT THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION!

HERR DEATH! WHAT DO I GEE? A CORPSE, OHHH....



YES, MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIENDS! THE CORPSE OF CAPTAIN BATTLE, WHOM YOU FAILED TO KILL!



I'LL BEGIN WHERE I LEFT OFF!

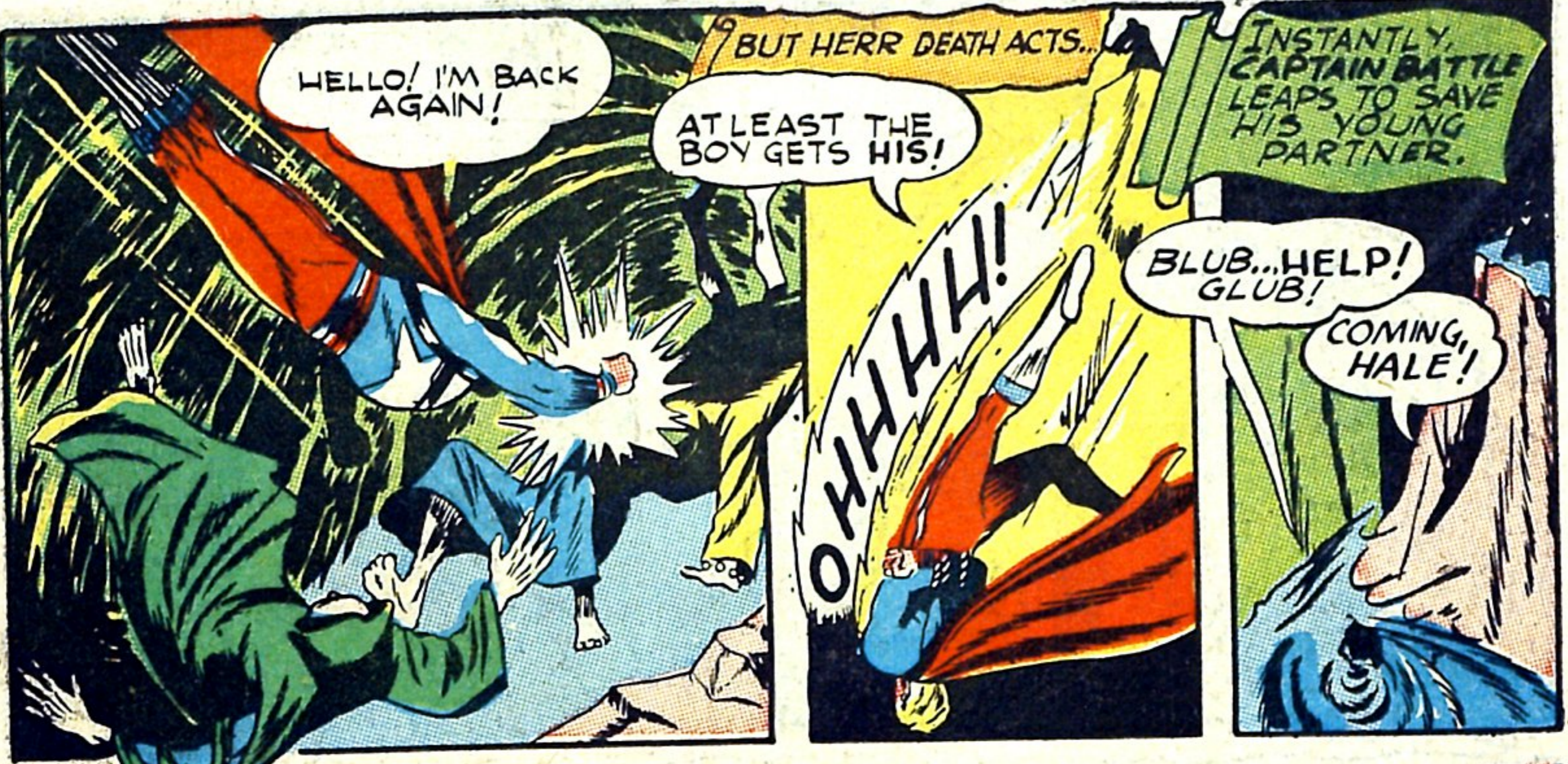


BACK WHERE YOU BELONG, WITH THE WORMS!



CRUSH HIM! CLUB HIS BRAINS OUT!

TA TA!



HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN!

BUT HERR DEATH ACTS...  
AT LEAST THE BOY GETS HIS!

INSTANTLY, CAPTAIN BATTLE LEAPS TO SAVE HIS YOUNG PARTNER.

BLUB...HELP!  
GLUB!

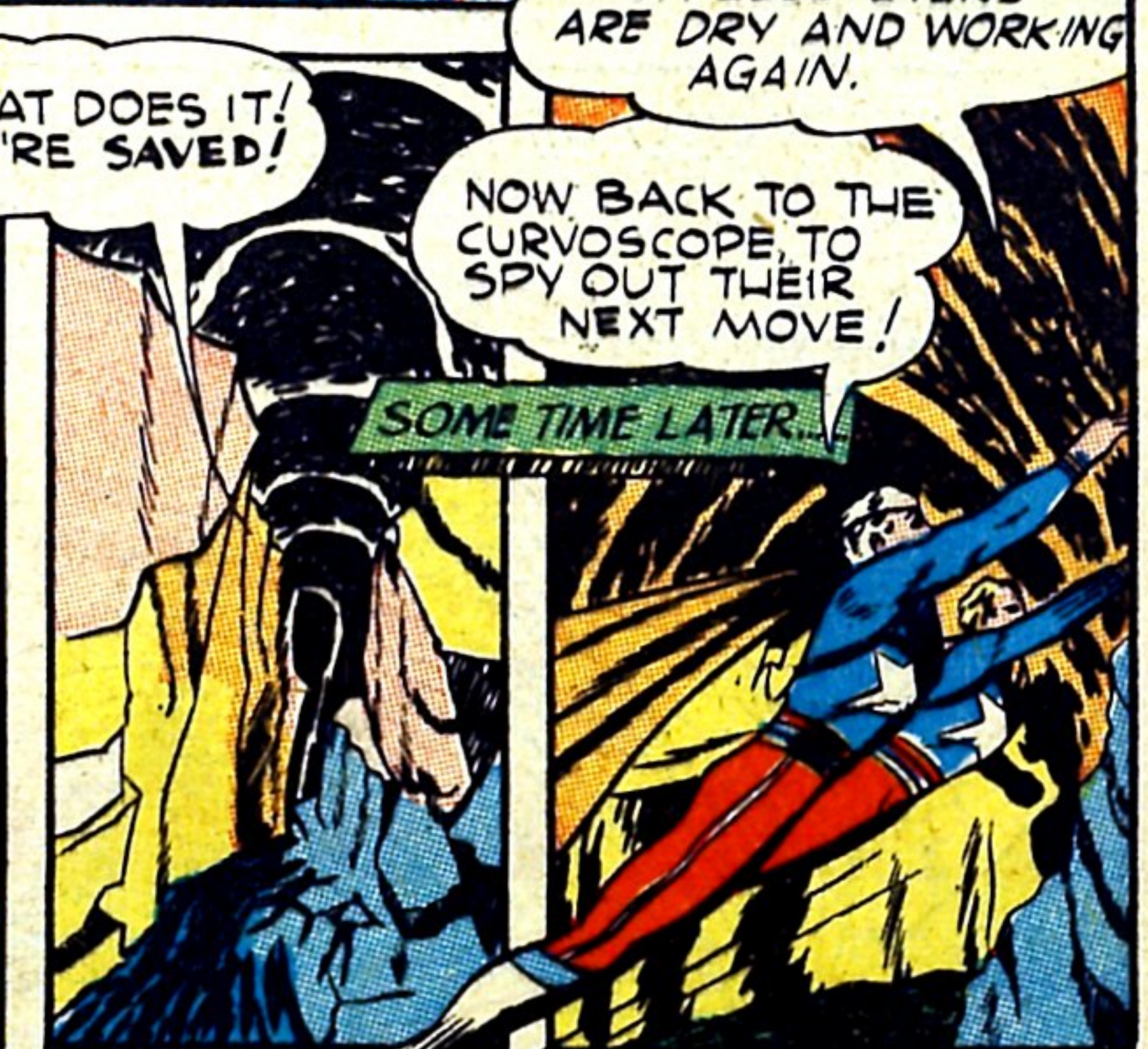
COMING, HALE!

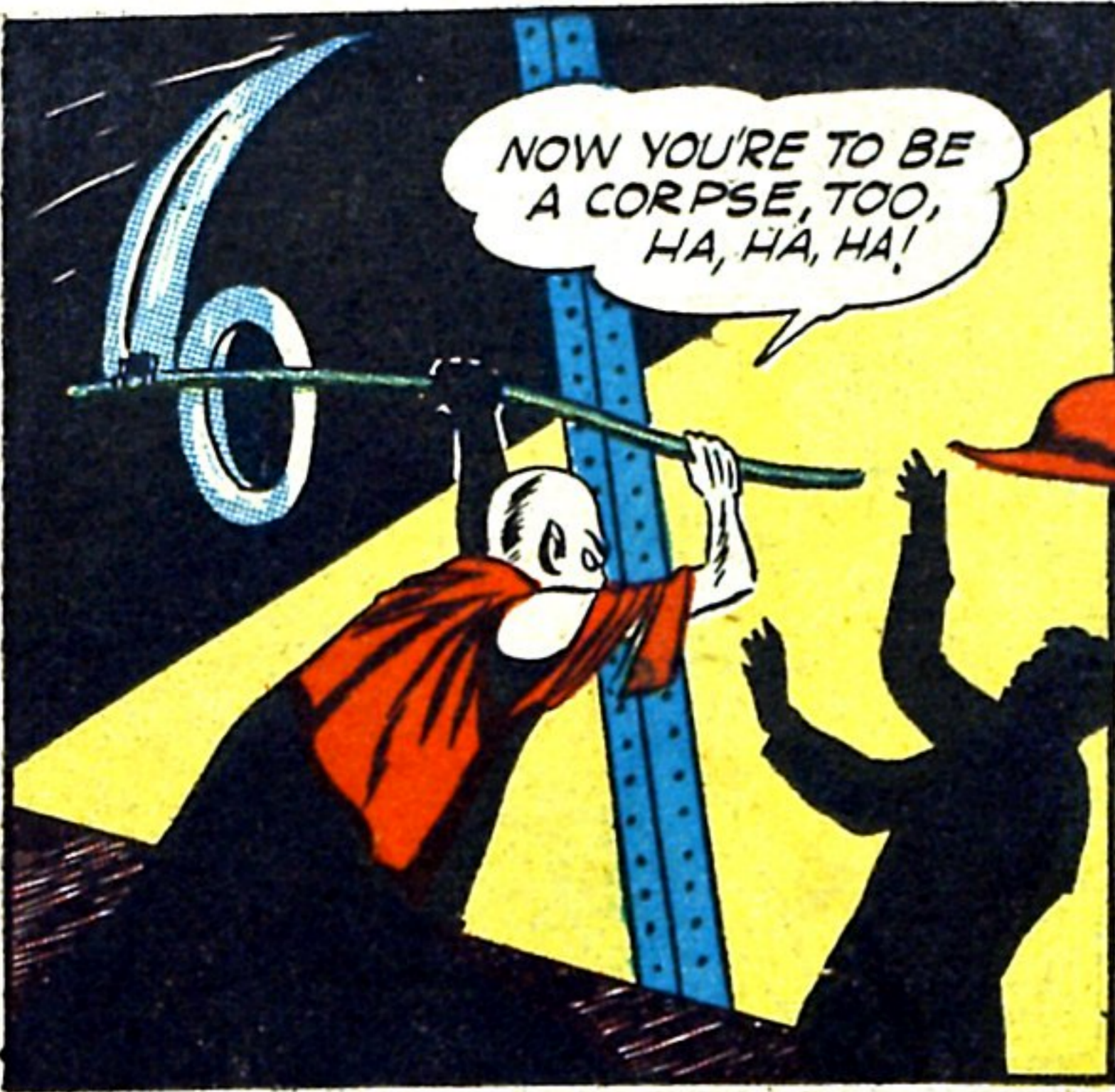


BUT THE GIANT STRENGTH OF THE CHURNING WHIRLPOOL IS TOO MUCH FOR EVEN CAPTAIN BATTLE, AS THE TWIN FIGHTERS SPIN AROUND AND AROUND...

GLUB!... GUESS WE'RE GONERS, CAP!

CAN'T SWIM!--- AND LUCEFLYERS WON'T WORK...  
... SOAKED!?!





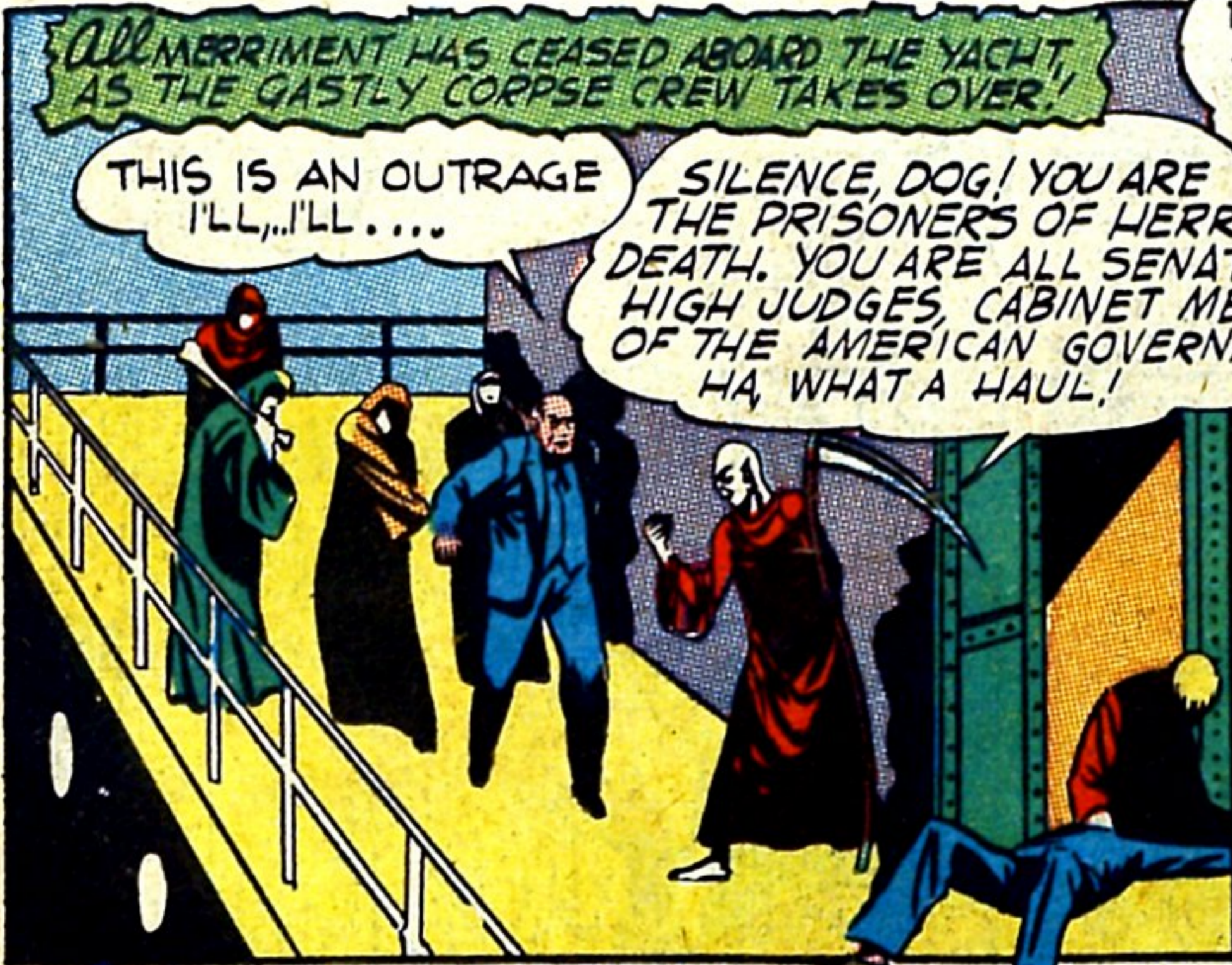
NOW YOU'RE TO BE A CORPSE, TOO, HA, HA, HA!



At WILLTOP..

THEY'VE ATTACKED THE YACHT!

LET'S GO, HALE! FOR THE SHOWDOWN!

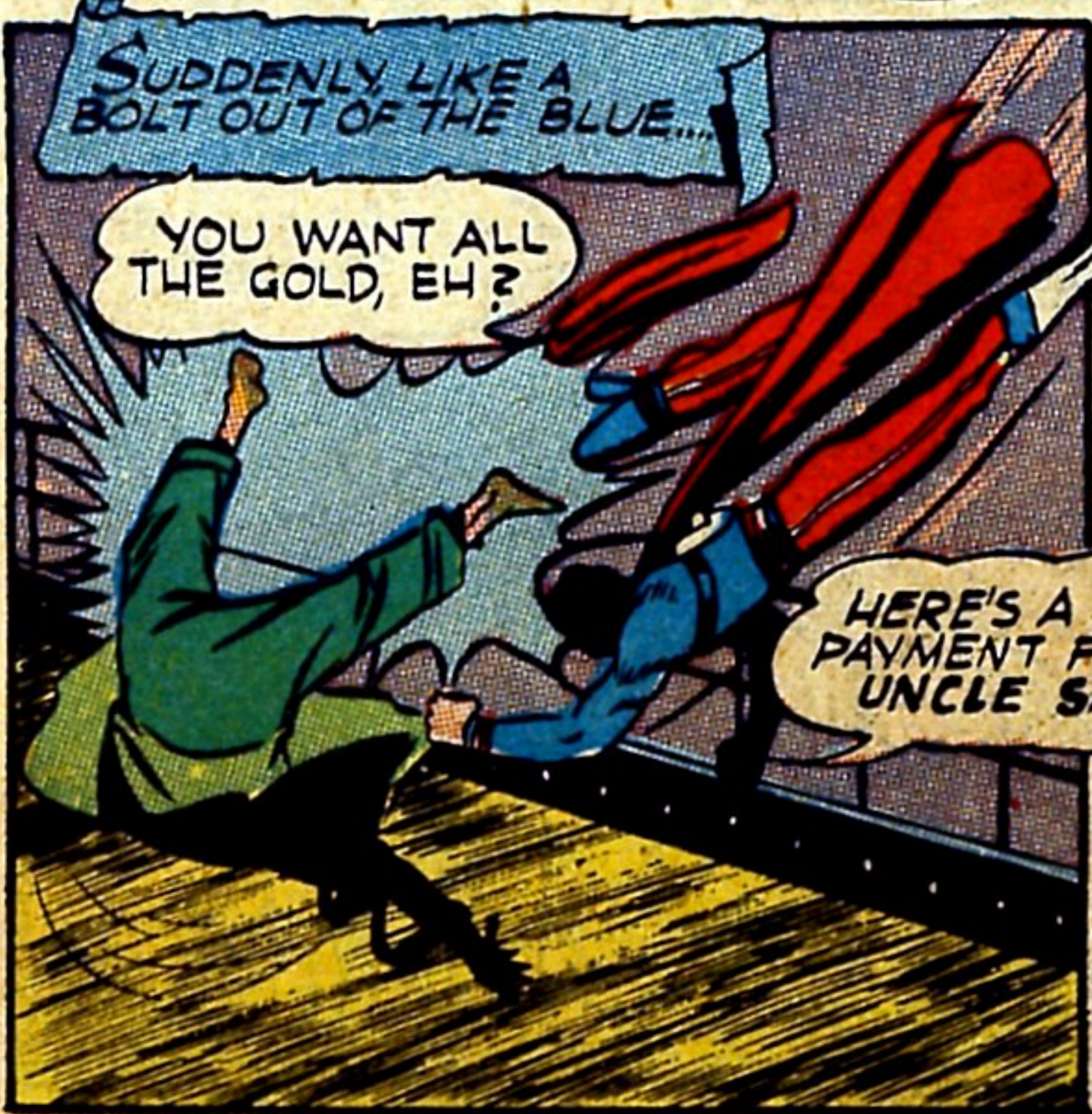


All MERRIMENT HAS CEASED ABOARD THE YACHT, AS THE GASTLY CORPSE CREW TAKES OVER!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE I'LL...I'LL....

SILENCE, DOG! YOU ARE THE PRISONERS OF HERR DEATH. YOU ARE ALL SENATORS, HIGH JUDGES, CABINET MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT! HA, WHAT A HAUL!

I'M GOING TO HOLD ALL OF YOU FOR RANSOM, FOR ALL THE GOLD IN FORT KNOX, WHICH AMERICA OWNS! IT WILL BE SHIPPED TO THE FATHERLAND, AND RICH, SWINISH AMERICA WILL BE POOR, HA, HA, HA!



SUDDENLY, LIKE A BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE...

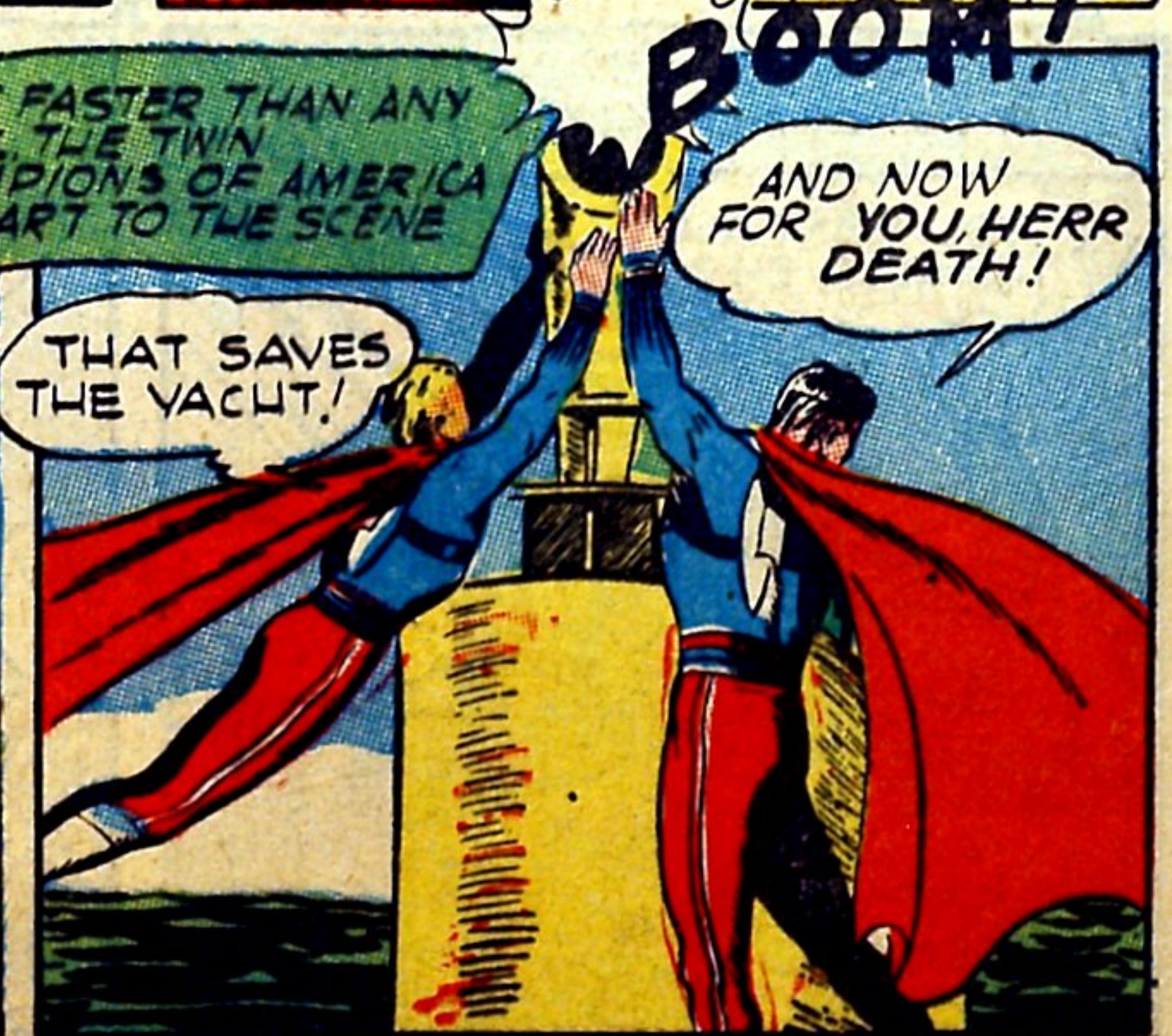
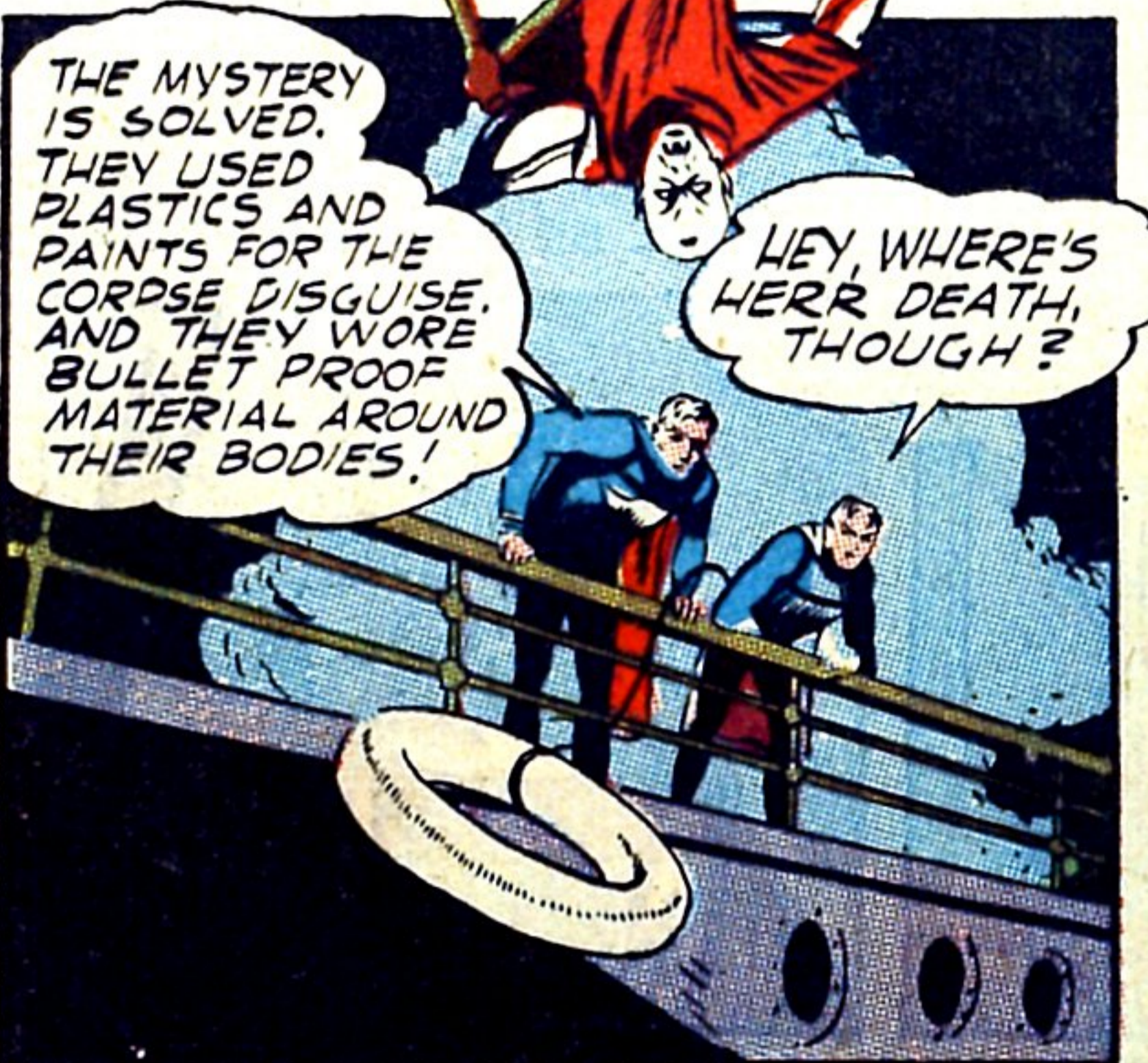
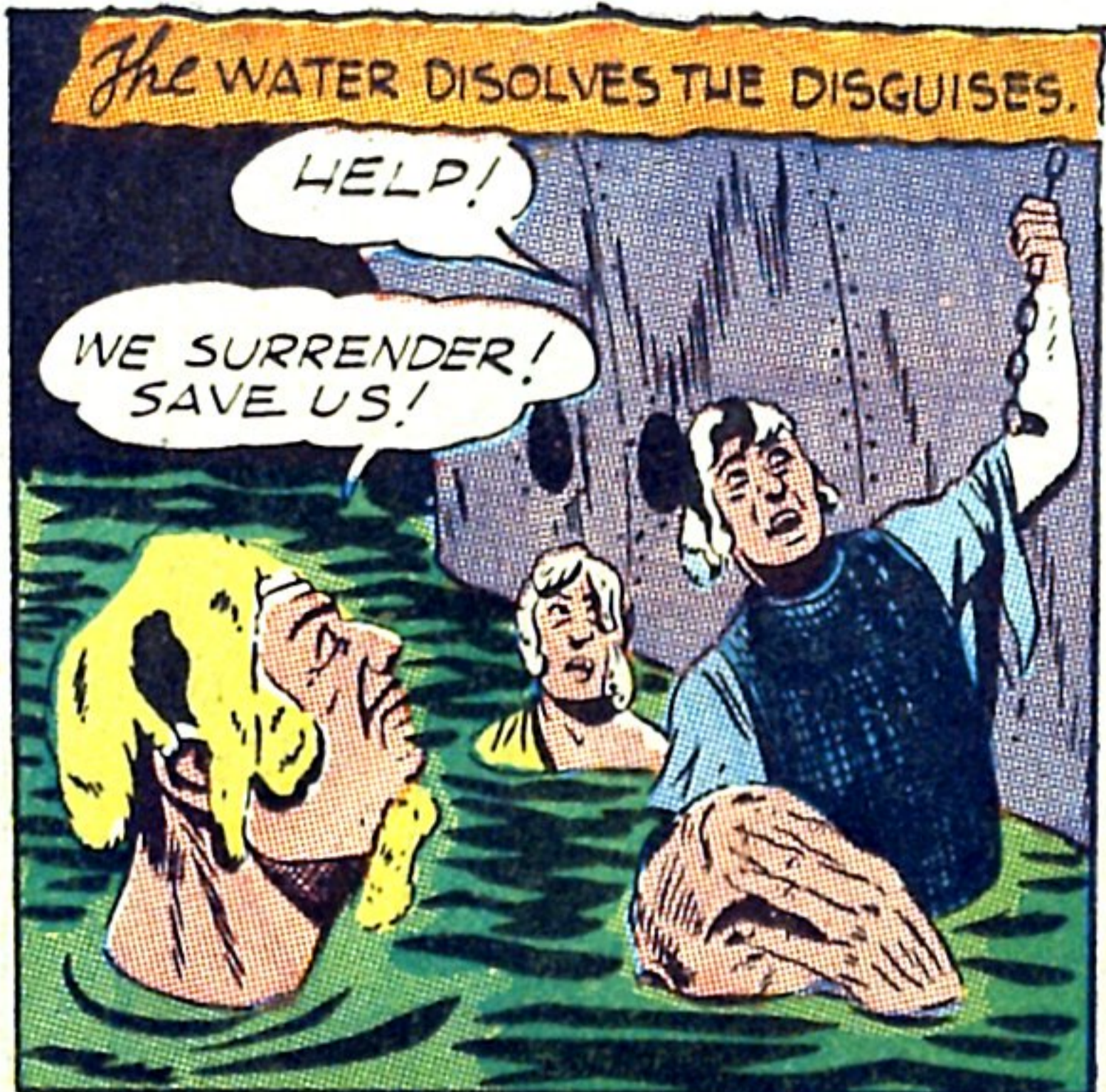
YOU WANT ALL THE GOLD, EH?

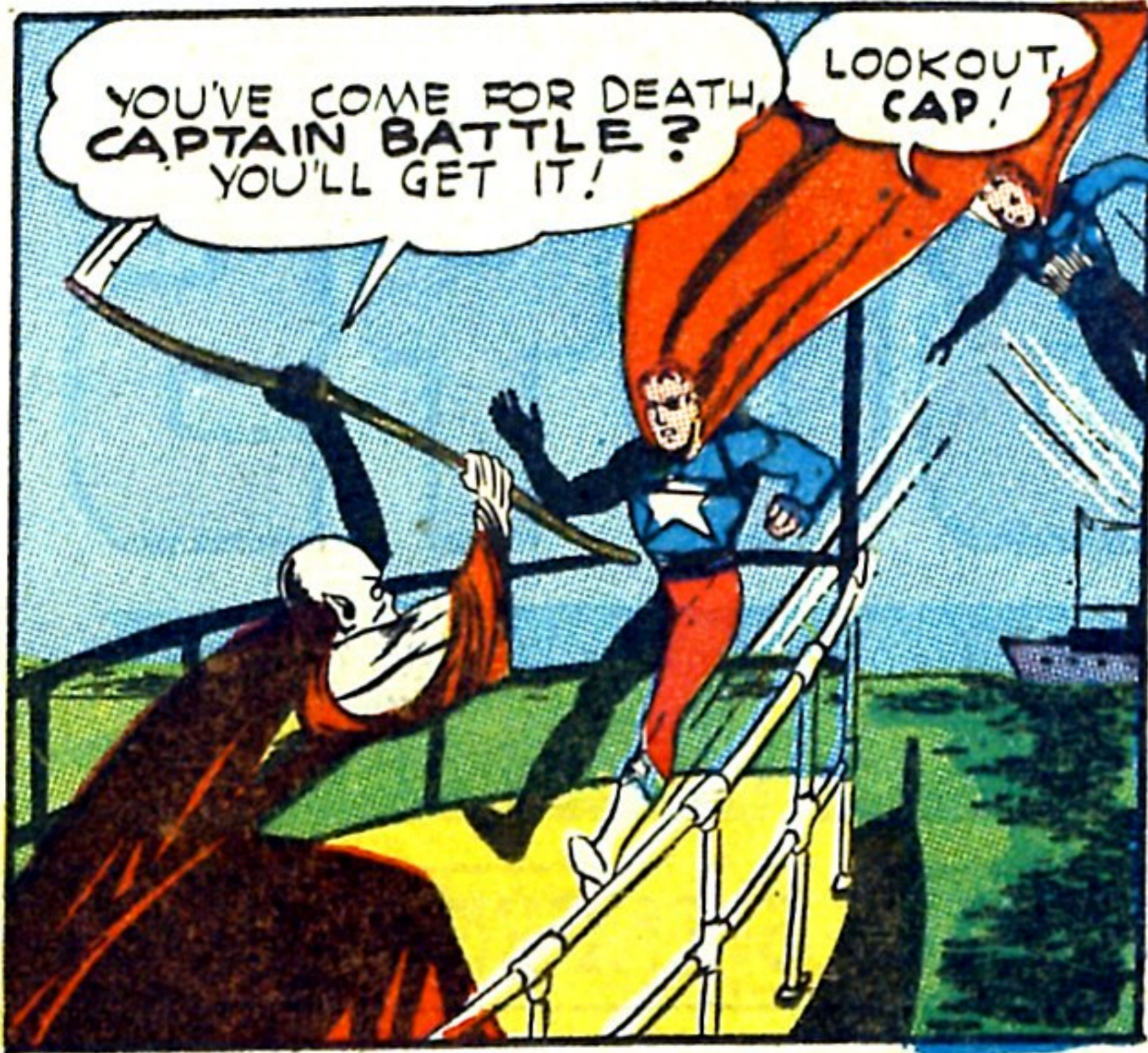
HERE'S A DOWN PAYMENT FROM UNCLE SAM!



THEY DIDN'T DIE IN THE WHIRLPOOL!

HIMMEL, THEY'RE ALIVE!





YOU'VE COME FOR DEATH, CAPTAIN BATTLE? YOU'LL GET IT!

LOOKOUT, CAP!

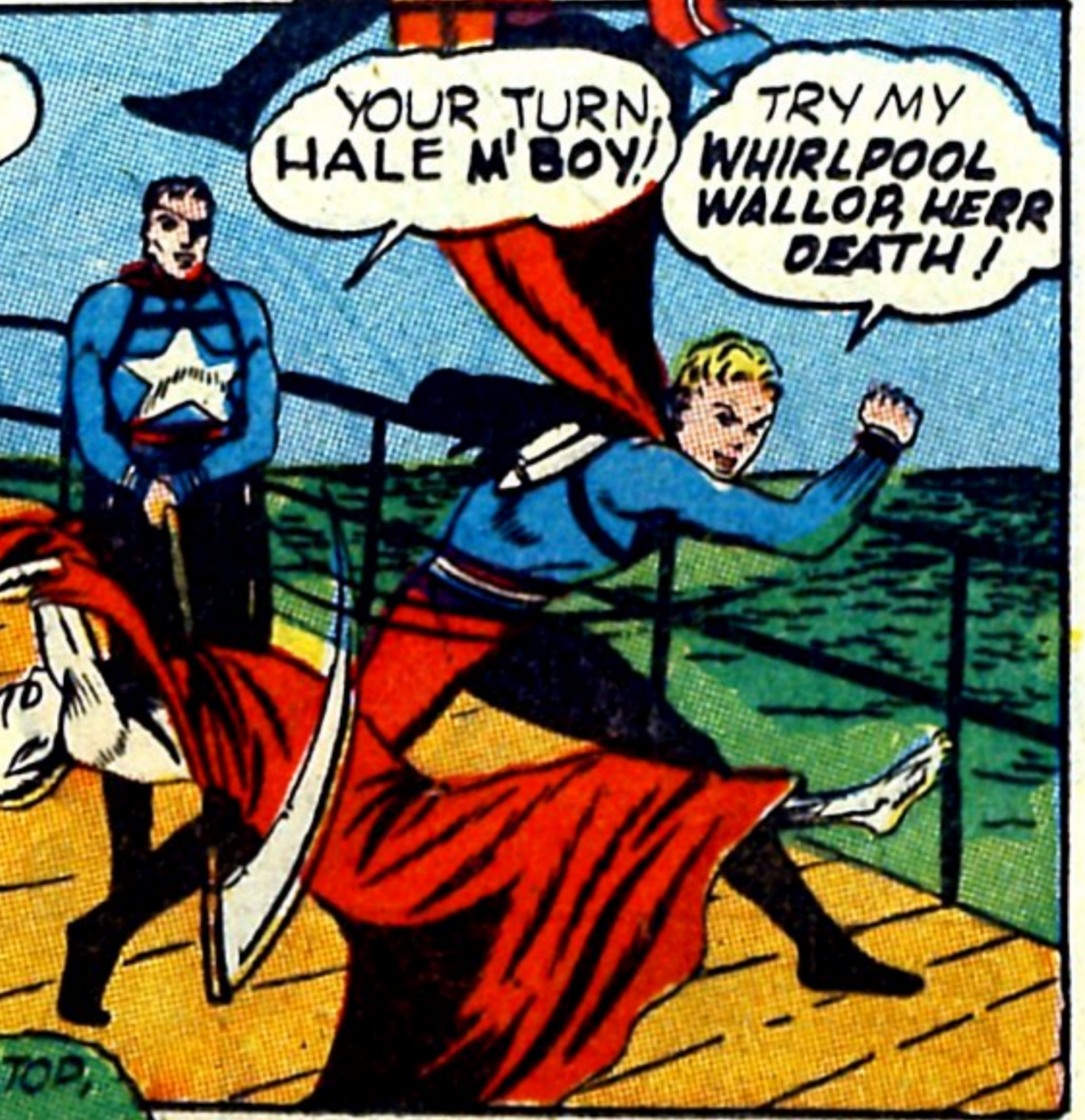


CUTTING WEEDS, HERR DEATH?



HERE, LET ME HAVE THAT! YOU MIGHT HURT YOURSELF!

LET THE COAST GUARD PICK HIM UP AND DELIVER HIM TO UNCLE SAM!



YOUR TURN, HALE M'BOY!

TRY MY WHIRLPOOL WALLOR, HERR DEATH!

BACK AT HILLTOP, AND HALE'S SOUVENIR SHELF....



I PULLED SOME OF HIS DISGUISE AWAY SO THEY WOULDN'T THINK HE WAS A REAL CORPSE!

BOY OH BOY! WHAT A SOUVENIR!

IT MARKS ANOTHER ENEMY OF LIBERTY WHO MET CAPTAIN BATTLE.... AND LOST!



**BOYS AND GIRLS, AND ALL YOU PALS OF CAPTAIN BATTLE SEND YOUR SUGGESTION OF WHAT SOUVENIR YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE NEXT, ON HALE'S SHELF! HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO HELP HALE ADD TO HIS COLLECTION! SEND IN YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS IMMEDIATELY!**  
-Thanks!  
Captain Battle

# The Bingham BOYS

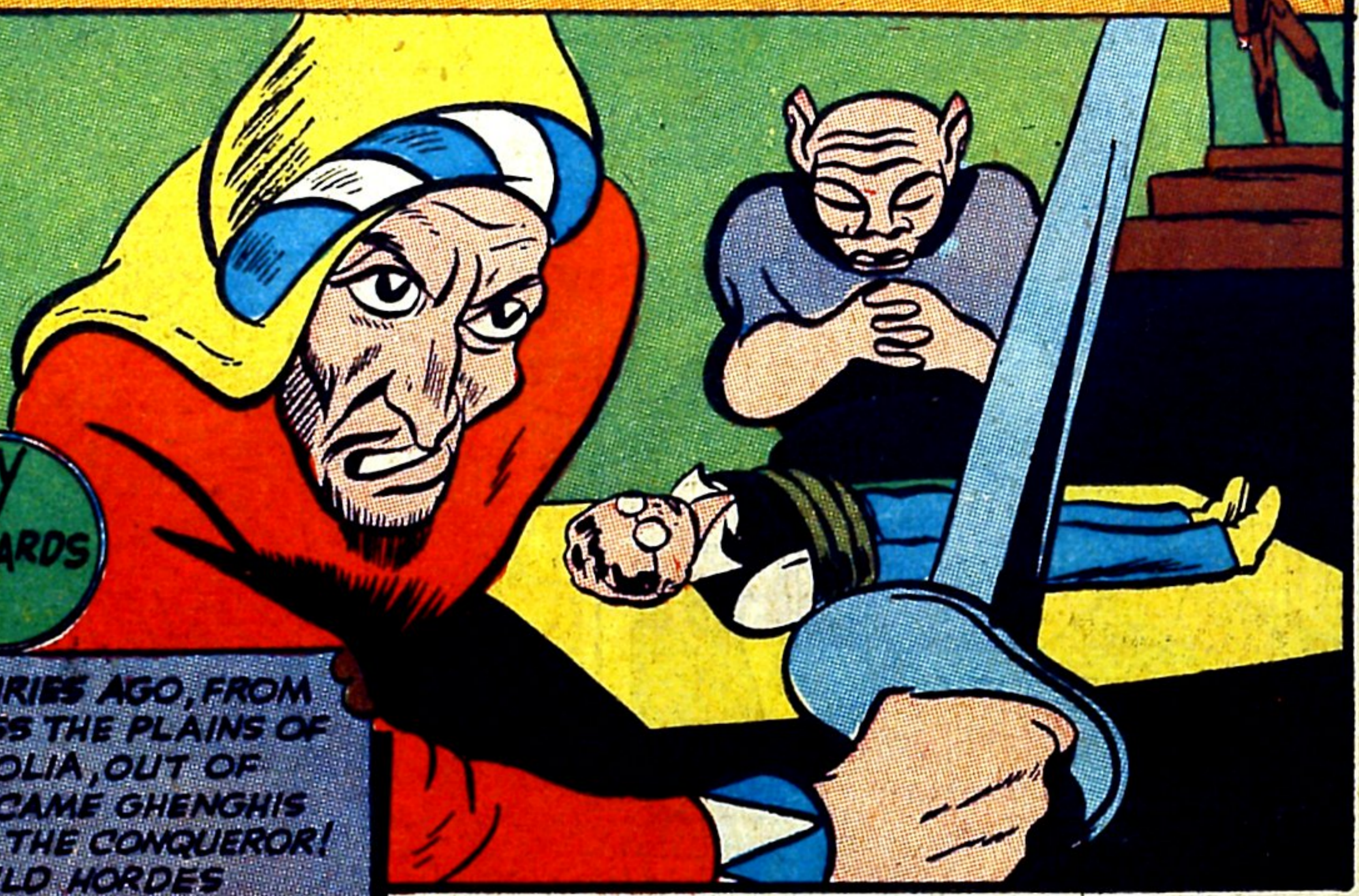
## IN TIBET

The

### ADVENTURE OF THE SWORD OF GHENGHIS KHAN



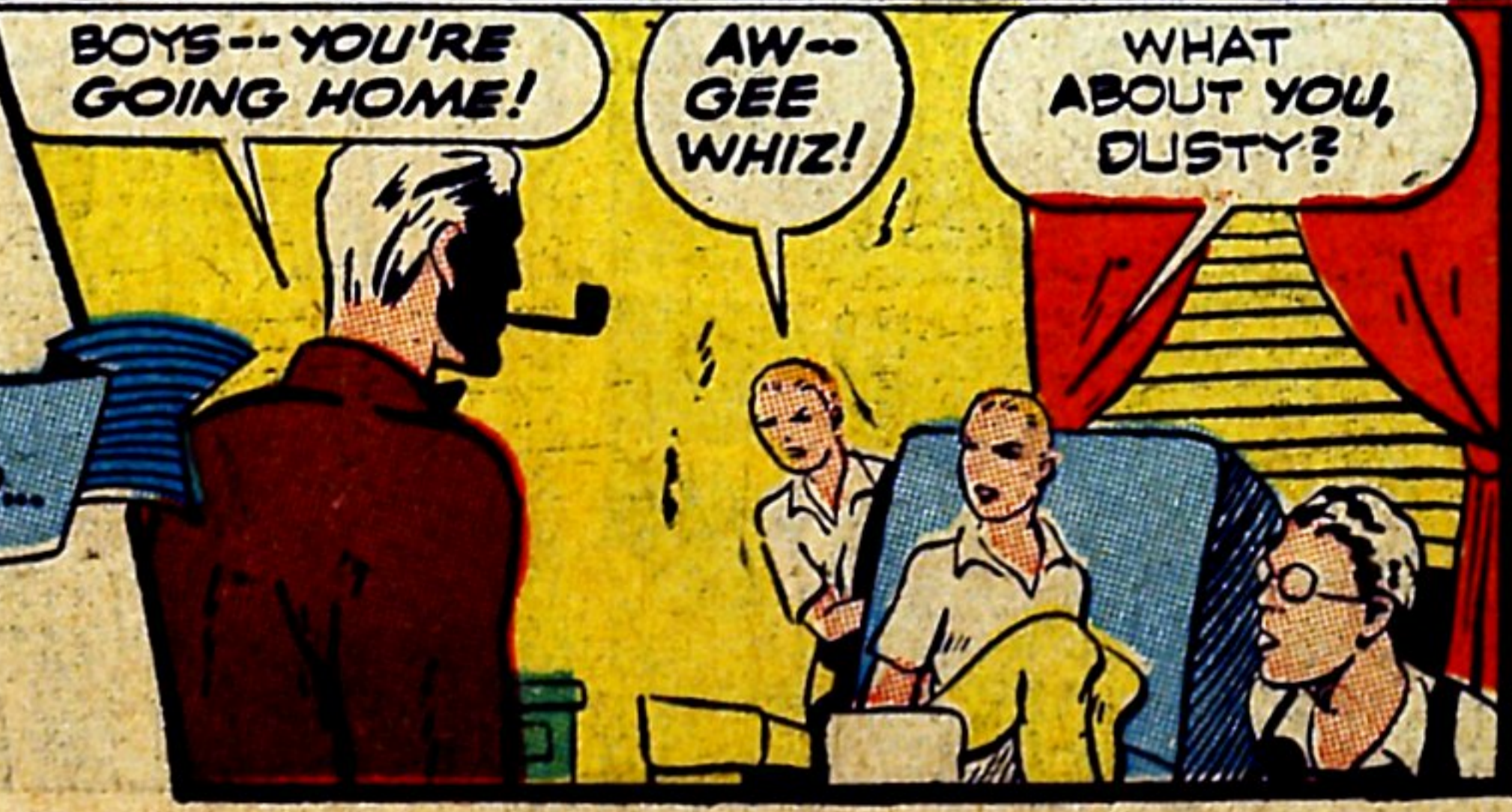
by  
RICHARDS



CENTURIES AGO, FROM ACROSS THE PLAINS OF MONGOLIA, OUT OF TIBET, CAME GHENGHIS KHAN, THE CONQUEROR! HIS WILD HORDES SWEEP ALL BEFORE THEM AS THEY STORMED ON TO CONQUEST AND PILLINDER! EVEN TODAY THERE ARE THOSE WHO REVERE THE SWORD OF THE MIGHTY KHAN AS A SYMBOL OF POWER WHICH WILL RISE AGAIN!

AND NOW WE GO TO A HOTEL IN RIO DE JANEIRO...

FRESH FROM THEIR ADVENTURES IN THE CITY OF THE NAMELESS TERROR, THE BINGHAM BOYS AND SPECS HEAR BAD NEWS FROM DUSTY TRAVIS...

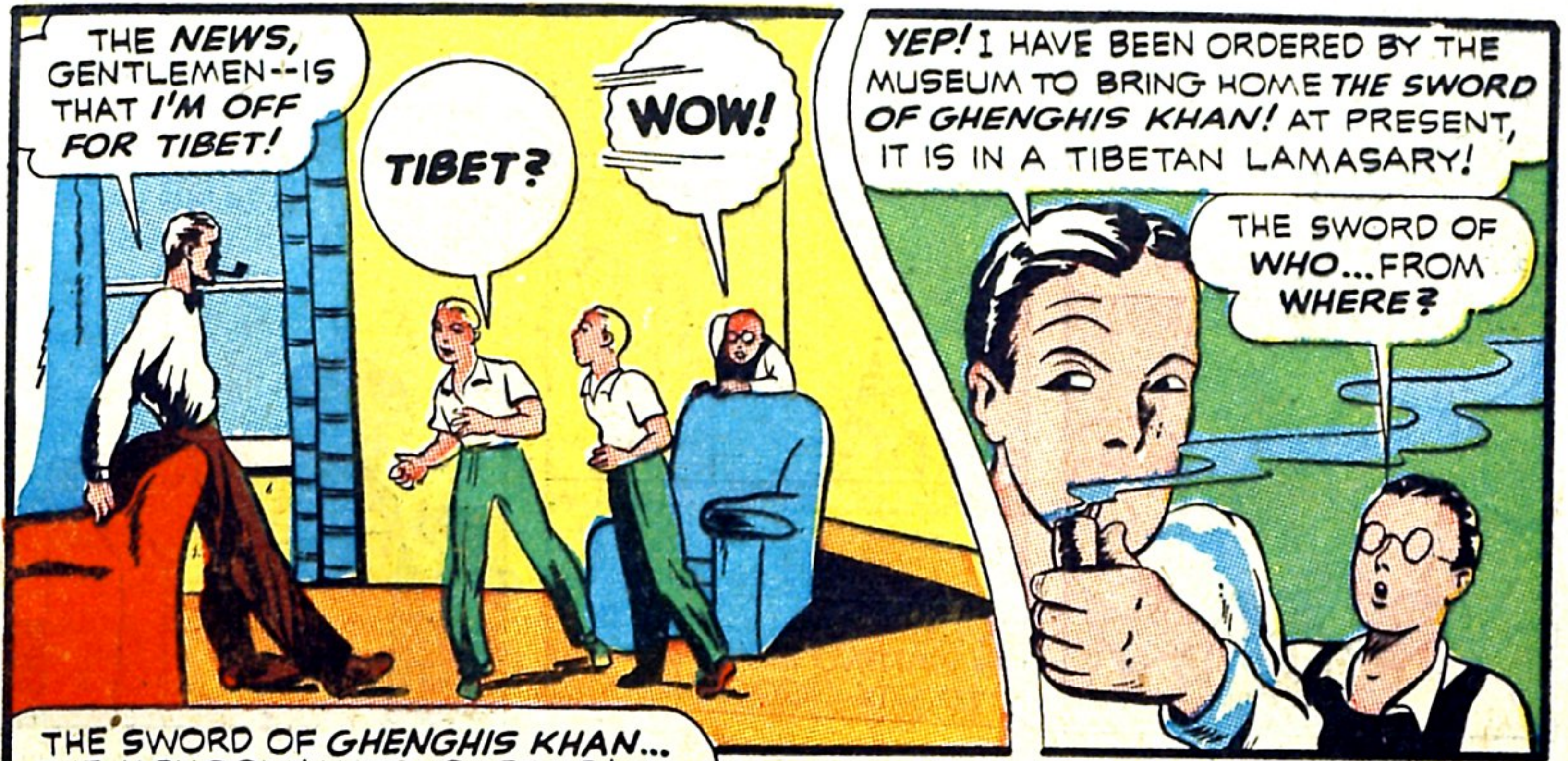


BOYS-- YOU'RE GOING HOME!

AW-- GEE WHIZ!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, DUSTY?





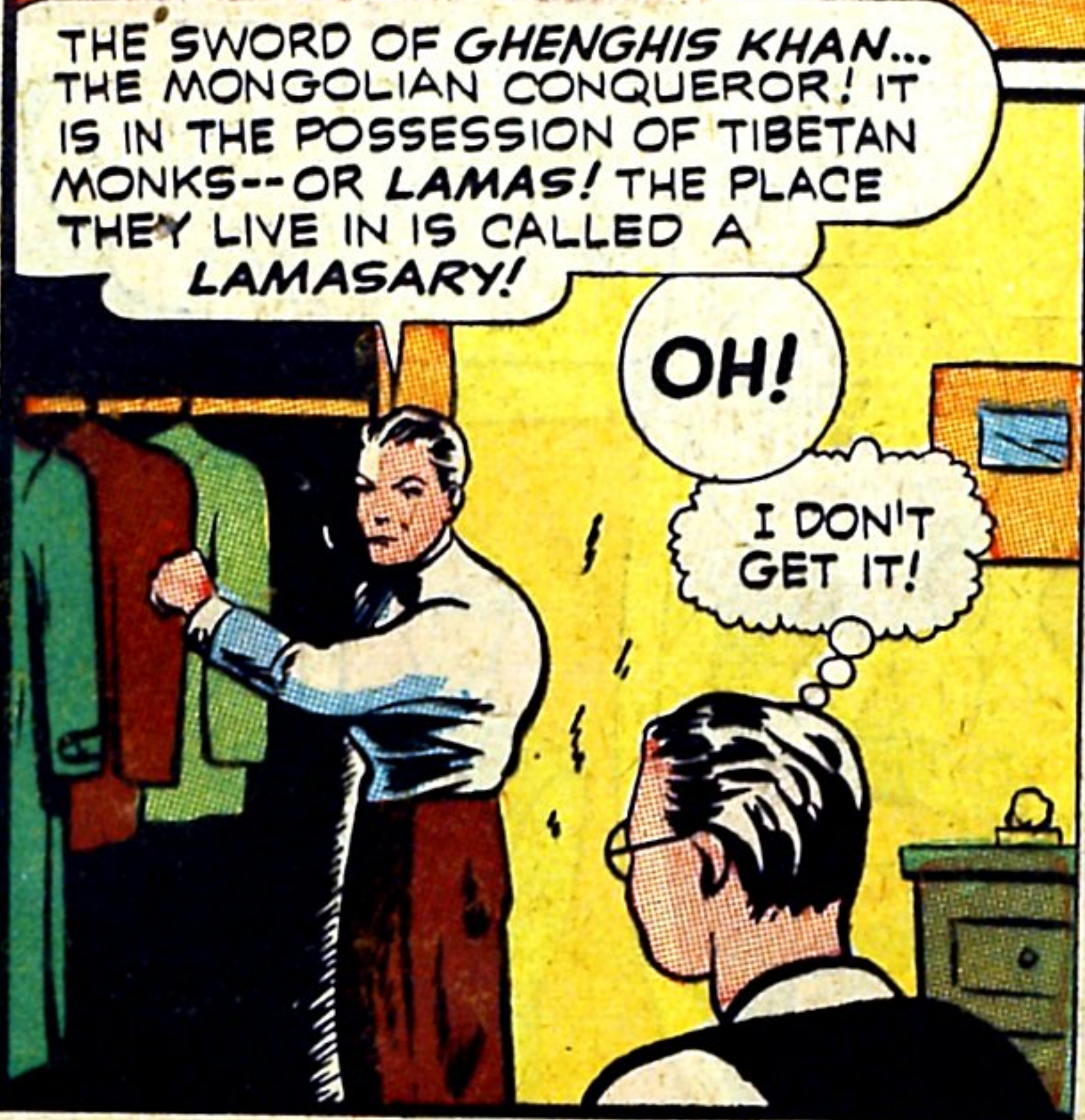
THE NEWS, GENTLEMEN--IS THAT I'M OFF FOR TIBET!

TIBET?

WOW!

YEP! I HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY THE MUSEUM TO BRING HOME THE SWORD OF GHENGHIS KHAN! AT PRESENT, IT IS IN A TIBETAN LAMASARY!

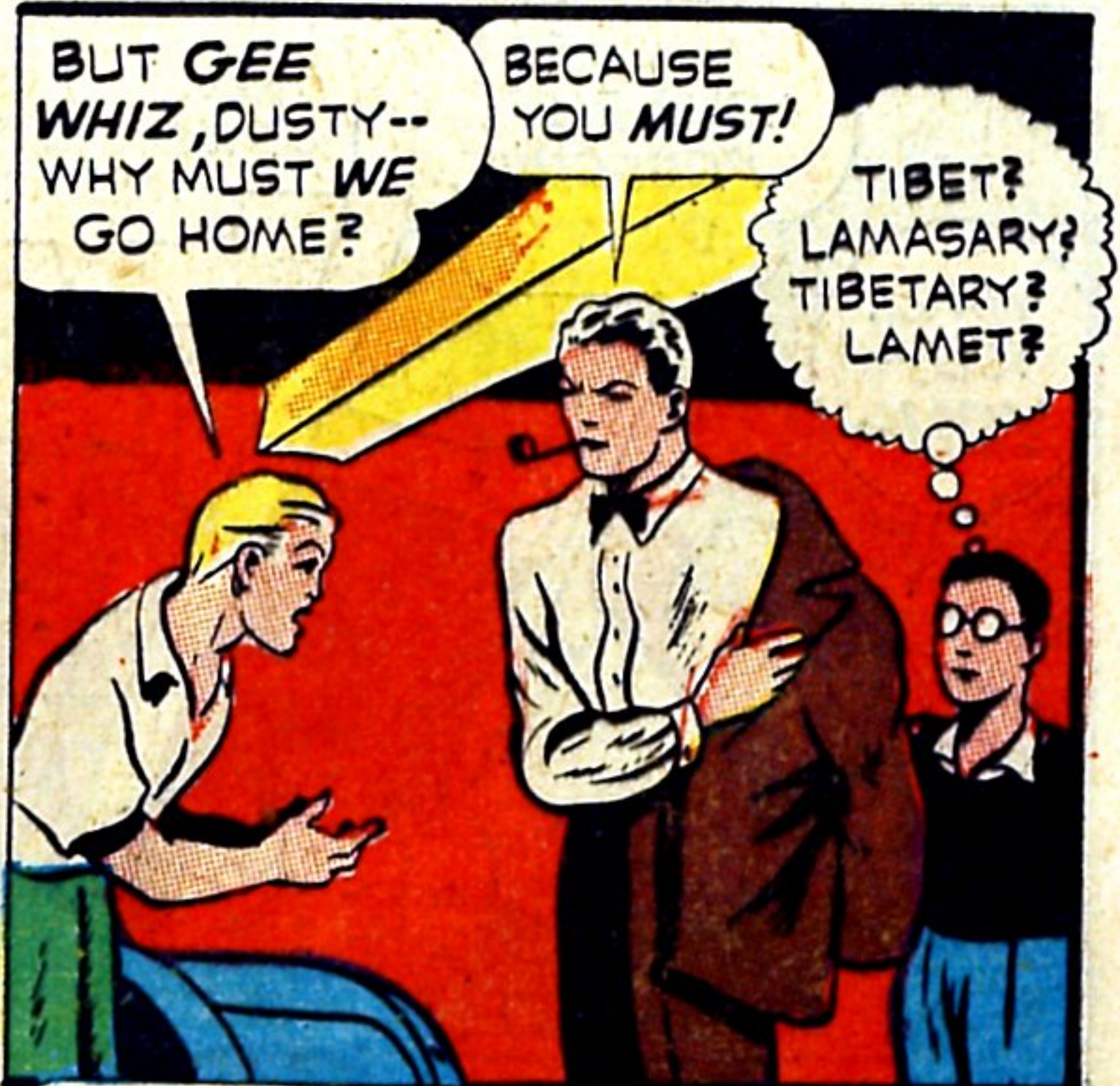
THE SWORD OF WHO...FROM WHERE?



THE SWORD OF GHENGHIS KHAN... THE MONGOLIAN CONQUEROR! IT IS IN THE POSSESSION OF TIBETAN MONKS--OR LAMAS! THE PLACE THEY LIVE IN IS CALLED A LAMASARY!

OH!

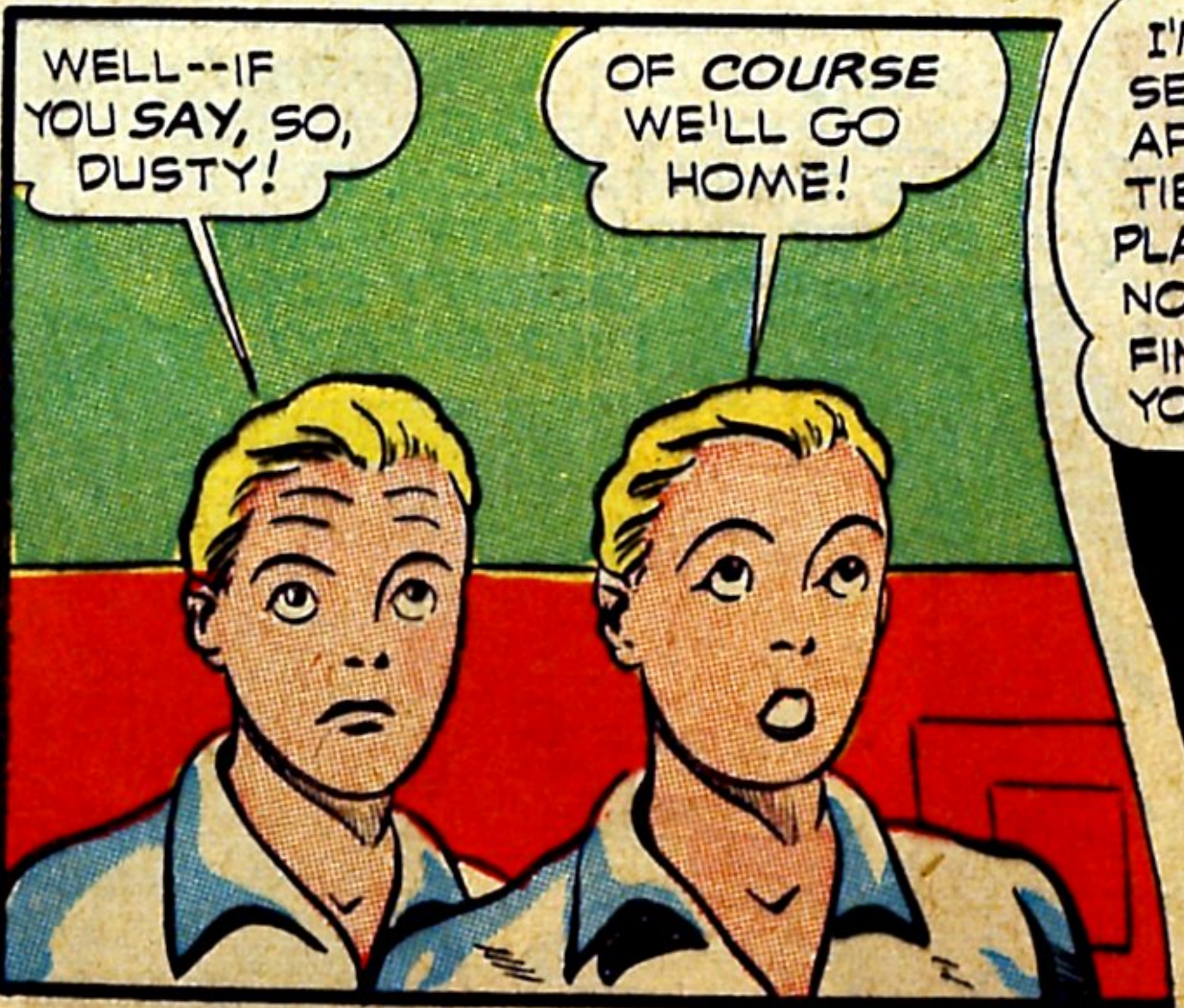
I DON'T GET IT!



BUT GEE WHIZ, DUSTY-- WHY MUST WE GO HOME?

BECAUSE YOU MUST!

TIBET? LAMASARY? TIBETARY? LAMET?



WELL--IF YOU SAY, SO, DUSTY!

OF COURSE WE'LL GO HOME!

I'M GLAD YOU SEE IT MY WAY! AFTER ALL--- TIBET IS NO PLACE FOR KIDS! NOW I'LL GO FIND OUT ABOUT YOUR PASSAGE!





DUSTY OPENS THE NOTE...



WEEKS LATER, THE BOYS ARRIVE  
IN A MONGOLIAN VILLAGE NEAR  
A LAMASARY--

DO YOU  
SPEAK  
ENGLISH?

LITTLE  
BIT!

WE SEEK  
THE SWORD  
OF GHENGIS  
KHAN!

ME SAY  
NOTHING!  
IF TALK--  
ME DIE!--  
--IS BAD!!

THAT'S THE THIRD  
GUY TO RUN AWAY  
WHEN I MENTION  
THE SWORD!

MAYBE THEY'RE  
SCARED!

GOSH,  
SPECS--  
YOU'RE A  
GENIUS!

THAT'S A CERE-  
MONIAL PROCESSION  
LED BY THE GRAND  
LAMA!

LOOK! THE  
CIRCUS IS  
IN TOWN!

MEN RUSH TO GREET THE PROCESSION!  
THEY FLING THEMSELVES TO THE GROUND,  
AS THE LAMA PASSES! VOICES INTONE  
A STRANGE CHANT OVER AND OVER--

KHAN!

KHAN!

KHAN!

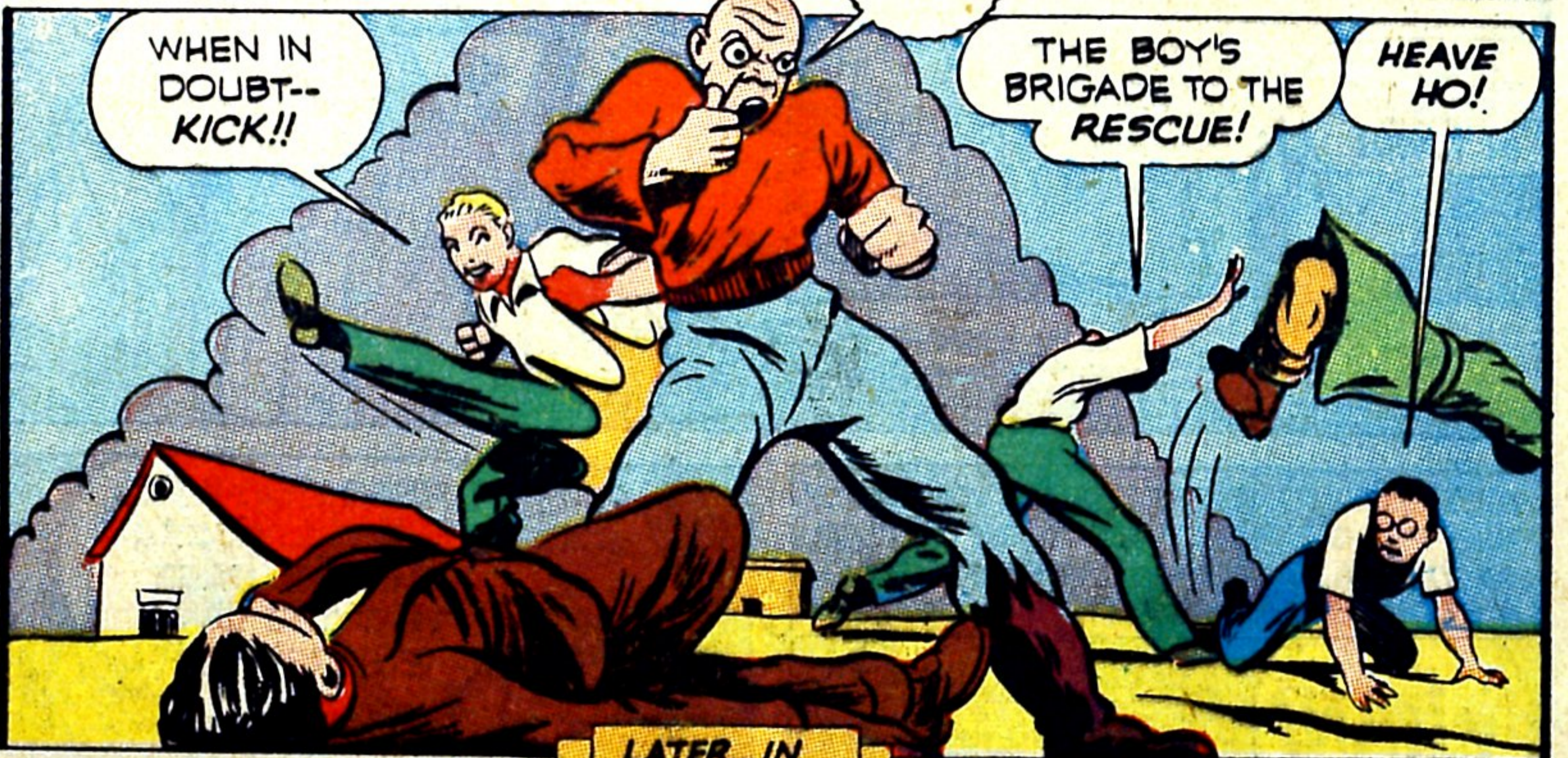
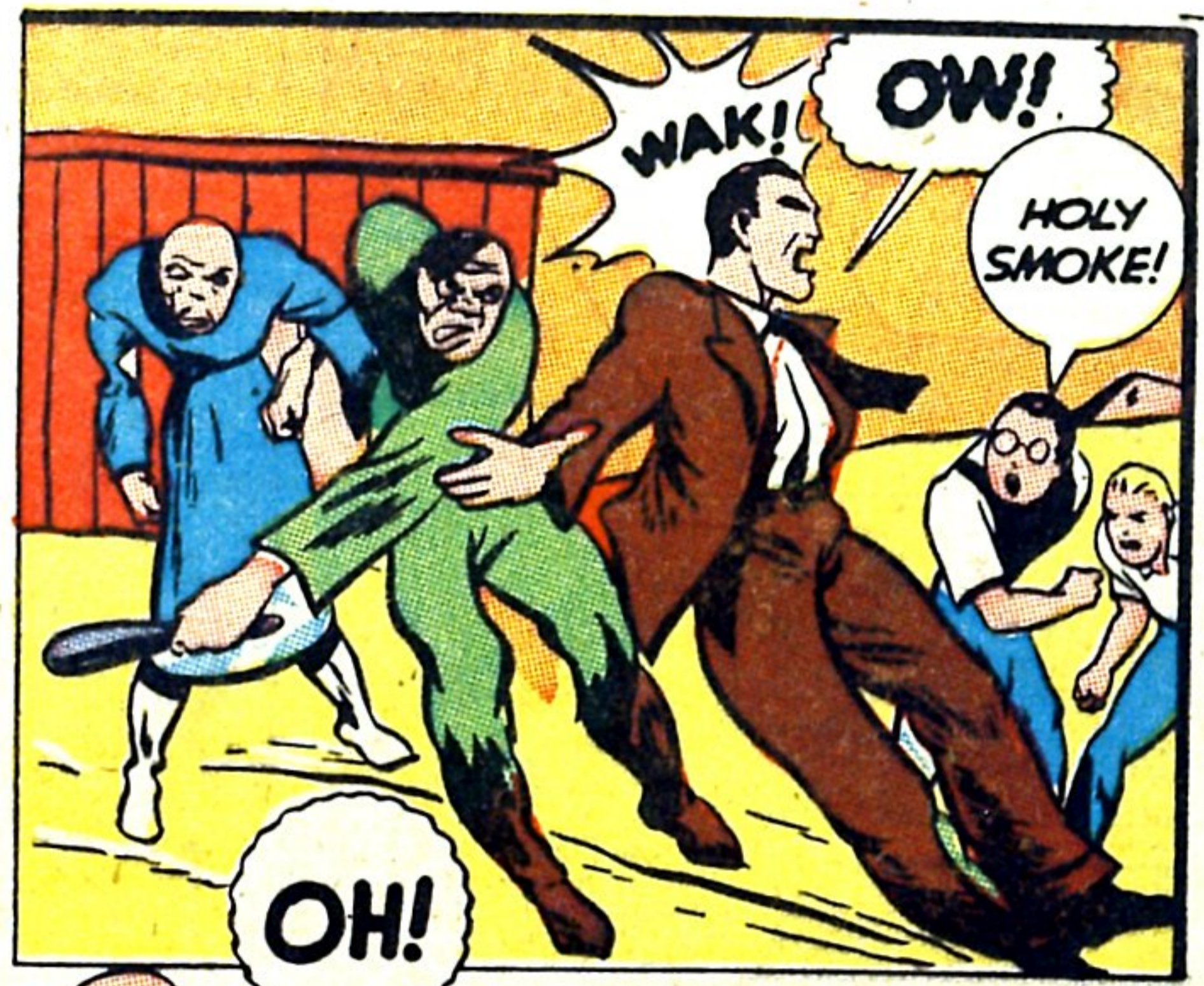
HEAR THAT? I'LL  
BET THE SWORD  
IS IN THE CASE  
THAT THE LAMA  
IS CARRYING!

WELL-- MOW  
ME DOWN AND  
CALL ME HAY!

THERE! THE  
DEFILERS OF THE  
GREAT SWORD!

PROCEED WITH  
CAUTION!

DUSTY AND THE BOYS ARE SO INTENT ON WATCHING THE PARADE, THEY DON'T NOTICE THE PRESENCE OF DANGER---



LATER... IN THE LAMA'S DUNGEONS--

THE LADS ARE SUBDUED!

TAKE THEM TO THE TEMPLE OF THE SWORD! THE GRAND LAMA WILL SEE THESE PIGS!

THE CELL DOOR OPENS AND THE GRAND LAMA ENTERS---

IT IS SAD THAT YOU CHOSE TO IGNORE THE WARNING YOU RECEIVED! HAD YOU DONE SO, YOU WOULD HAVE SPARED YOURSELF THE END WHICH WILL BE YOURS!

TONIGHT IS THE SACRIFICE OF THE FAITHFUL!

OOH-- MY HEAD!

IS THIS A LAMASARY?

SHUT UP, SPECS!

GEE! JUST LIKE KARLOFF!



**SILENCE!** I...WHO AM THE DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE **GREAT KAHN, SPEAK!** WITH THIS SWORD, I SHALL RAISE MONGOLIA TO ITS FORMER GREATNESS! I SHALL BE EMPEROR OF THE WORLD!



WHAT!! ANOTHER ONE?

BOBBY UNFOLDS HIS SCHEME... AND THEY PUT IT INTO ACTION!

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD LAMASARY TONIGHT!

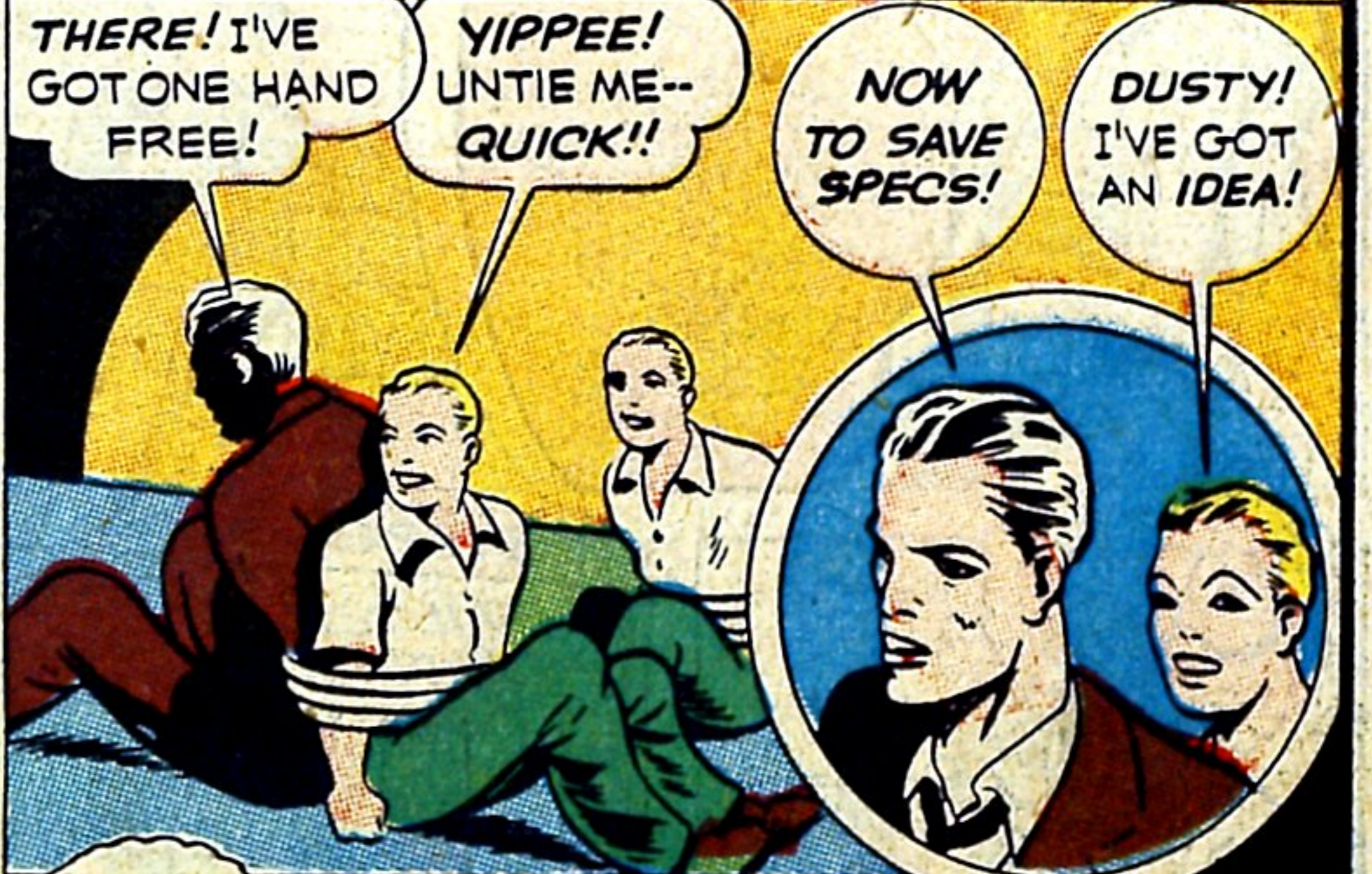


BUT FIRST THE SWORD MUST TASTE **BLOOD** AT THE SACRIFICE OF THE FAITHFUL! YOU, MY TALKATIVE LITTLE FRIEND, SHALL BE THE CHOSEN ONE! IT IS YOUR BLOOD THE BLADE WILL DRINK!



ME---? BUT I'M-- ANAEMIC!

SPECS IS TAKEN AWAY... LEFT ALONE, DUSTY AND THE BOYS STRUGGLE WITH THEIR BONDS...



THERE! I'VE GOT ONE HAND FREE!

YIPPEE! UNTIE ME-- QUICK!!

NOW TO SAVE SPECS!

DUSTY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WHAT IS-- OH!

BINGO!

BOP!



THE SMOKE ATTRACTS THE GUARD WHO RUSHES INTO THE CELL--

ARMED WITH THE IRON BARS OF THE COT, THE BOYS MOVE TO THE RESCUE!

HERE COMES CAPTAIN BATTLE'S BOYS BRIGADE!

SHH-H!



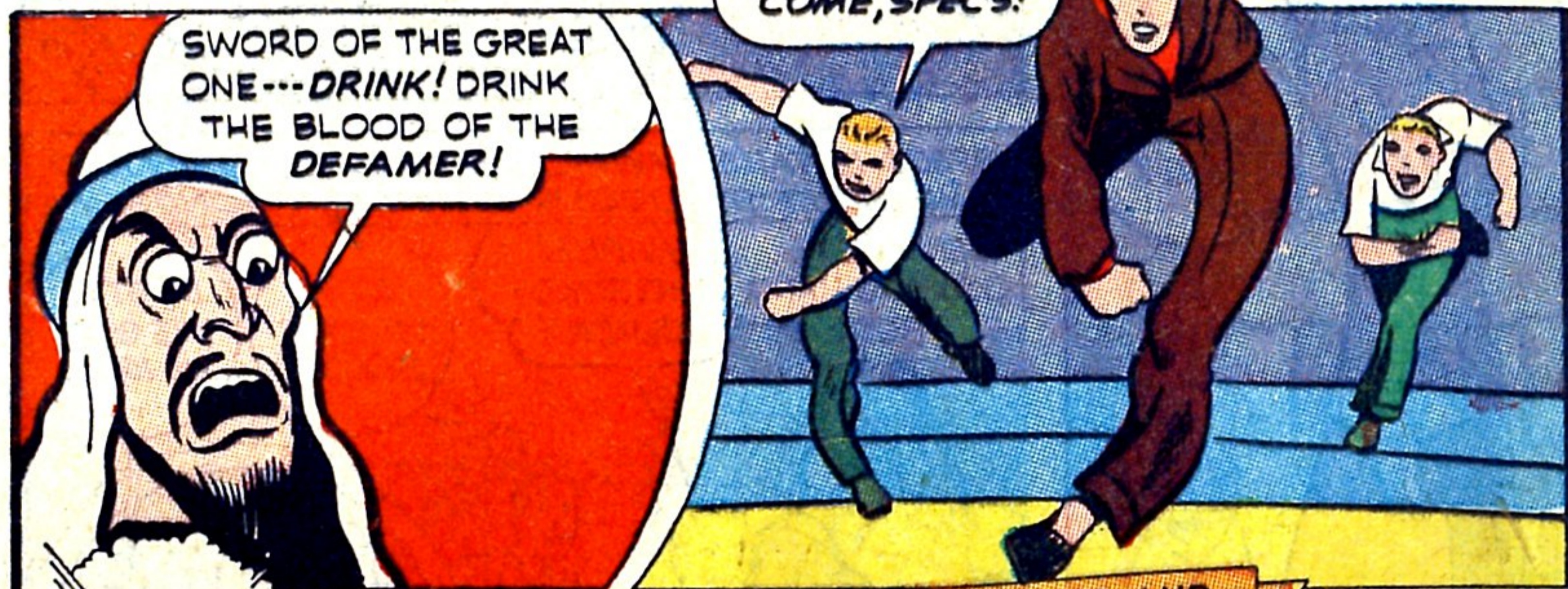


LOOK...! SPECS!

G-GOSH!

LET'S GO!

HERE WE COME, SPECS!



SWORD OF THE GREAT ONE---DRINK! DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE DEFAMER!

DUSTY PICKS UP THE SWORD, AND--

HAIL THE NEW KHAN!

I GET IT--- WHOEVER HOLDS THE SWORD IS THE BOSS! GOOD!!



OW!

SO!

LATER THE FOUR FRIENDS SAIL BACK TOWARD AMERICA...

I'LL HATE TO TURN THIS SWORD OVER TO THE MUSEUM! I SURE WAS A BIG SHOT AS KHAN FOR A WHILE!

OKAY-- DUSTY KHAN!




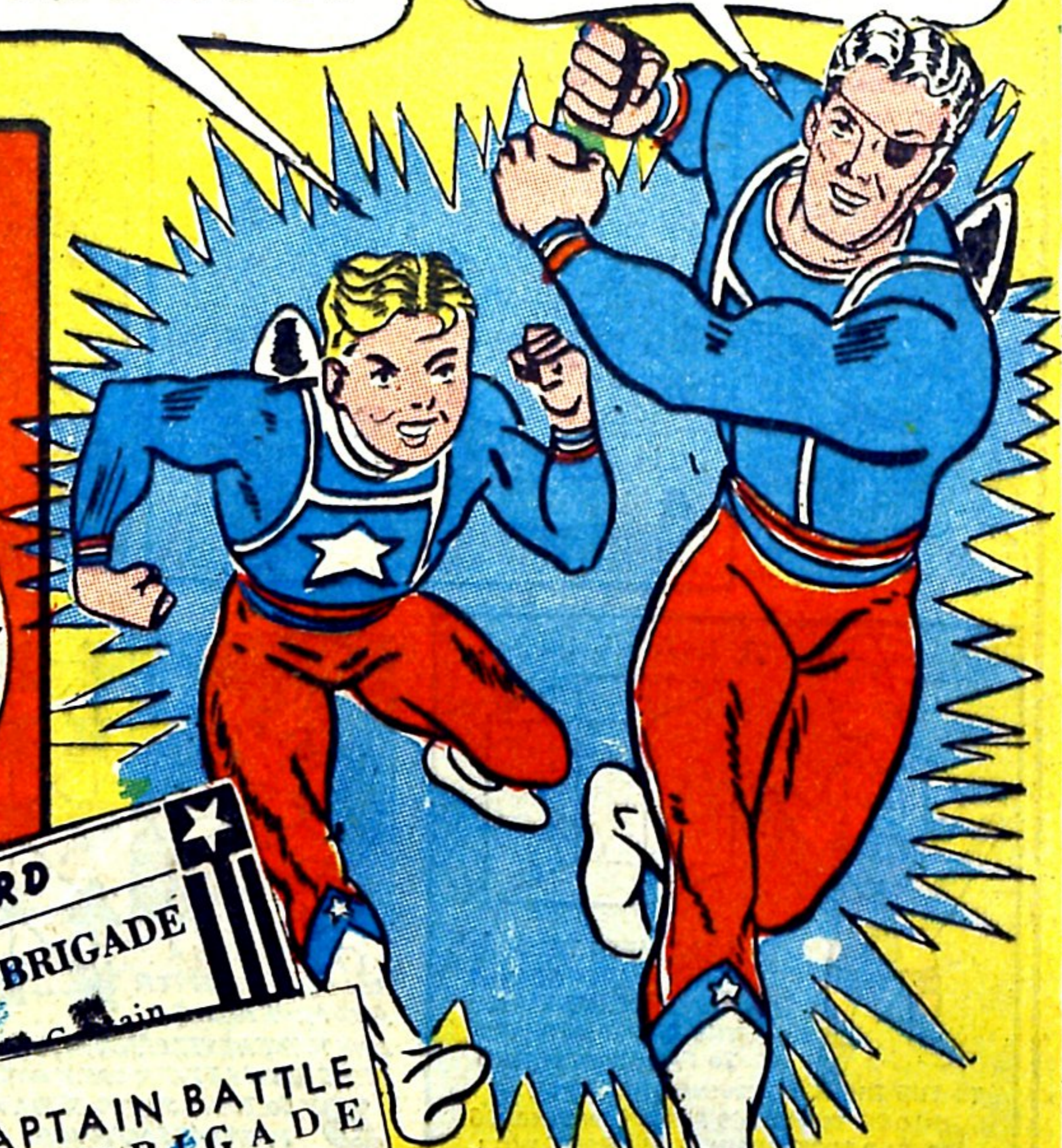
Another THRILLER NEXT MONTH

DON'T MISS The Bingham BOYS in "THE SEA OF DEATH!"

**JOIN**  
*Captain* **BATTLE'S**  
**BOY'S BRIGADE!**

**ALL THE**  
**BOYS WILL**  
**ENVY YOU!**

**HOW TO JOIN**  
 Send 10c to  
**CAPTAIN BATTLE**  
 and you will get a membership  
 card and that swell badge which  
 will show that you are a defender  
 of American Democracy!

**MEMBERSHIP CARD**  
**CAPTAIN BATTLE BOYS' BRIGADE**

**Aims of CAPTAIN BATTLE BOYS' BRIGADE**

1. To uphold the Constitution of the United States of America; to live and act in the spirit of the Bill of Rights and to support the genuinely democratic ideals of our country. To protect my fellow schoolmates and friends, regardless of nationality and religion, from any form of discrimination.
2. To conduct my daily life so that I will be proud of each and every day; to apply myself in school to become a better citizen and at play to become a better sportsman.
3. To honor and respect my parents; to act with courtesy and consideration toward my associates; to treat all dumb animals with kindness.
4. To be a loyal member of the Brigade and a Capt. Battle Booster; to follow the heroic exploits of Capt. Battle in CAPT. BATTLE COMICS and SILVER STREAK COMICS every month.
5. To build the Brigade by enrolling as many new members as possible and getting my friends to read the two splendid magazines — CAPT. BATTLE COMICS and SILVER STREAK COMICS.

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS**

Form your own Club NOW. Get all the boys to get a copy of *SILVER STREAK COMICS* at the Newsstands now—

Then they, too, should send for their membership card and badge.



**ACT NOW!** mail this coupon with 10c and become a member.

**CAPTAIN BATTLE**

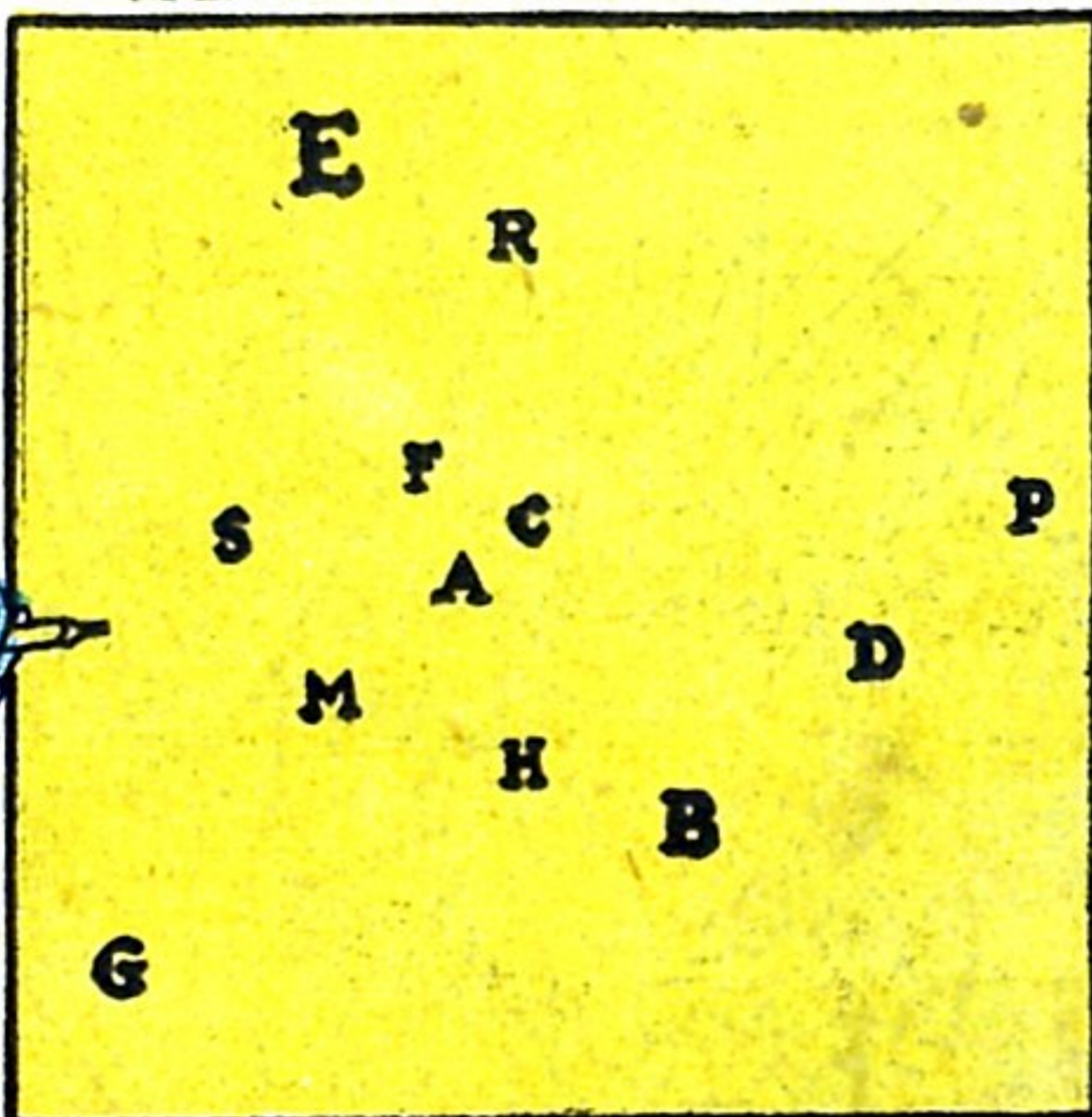
SILVER STREAK COMICS  
 114 East 32nd Street, New York, N. Y.

DEAR CAP.  
 Enroll me as a member of Captain Battle Boy's Brigade. I enclose 10c for badge and certificate. I will loyally uphold the aims of the Brigade.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# CAPTAIN BATTLE'S PUZZLE PAGE

**C**AN YOU DRAW 4 STRAIGHT LINES, IN THE SQUARE AT THE RIGHT, SO THAT EACH LINE WILL PASS THROUGH EXACTLY 3 LETTERS?



**B**Y USING ALL OF THE LETTERS IN "NO STRENGTH, MA" TRY TO SPELL THREE OTHER WORDS THAT HAVE AN OPPOSITE MEANING.



**A MAGIC BLOCK**

**W**ATCH THE BOY'S BLOCK CHANGE POSITIONS. AT TIMES THE FRONT APPEARS TO FACE DOWNWARD TO THE RIGHT SHOWING THE TOP. **C**LOSE YOUR EYES FOR A FEW SECONDS AND LOOK AGAIN. THE FRONT WILL FACE UPWARD SHOWING THE BOTTOM.



**S**TART FROM A CERTAIN LETTER AND MOVE ALONG A LINE TO THE NEXT LETTER IN ANY DIRECTION, USING EACH LETTER ONLY ONCE.



**B**Y SO DOING TRY TO SPELL A FOUR-WORD SENTENCE.

A.W. NUGENT

**T**RY TO RE-ARRANGE THE GROUPS OF LETTERS TO SPELL THE NAMES OF SIX PRECIOUS STONES.

- 1 BURY
- 2 LEAPR
- 3 OND MAID
- 4 HYM STATE
- 5 NETRAG
- 6 DEAR MEL



A.W. NUGENT

**G**UESS THE NAMES OF THESE FIVE OBJECTS AND RE-ARRANGE THEIR INITIALS TO SPELL THE NAME OF SOMETHING WE SEE AT THE SEASHORE.

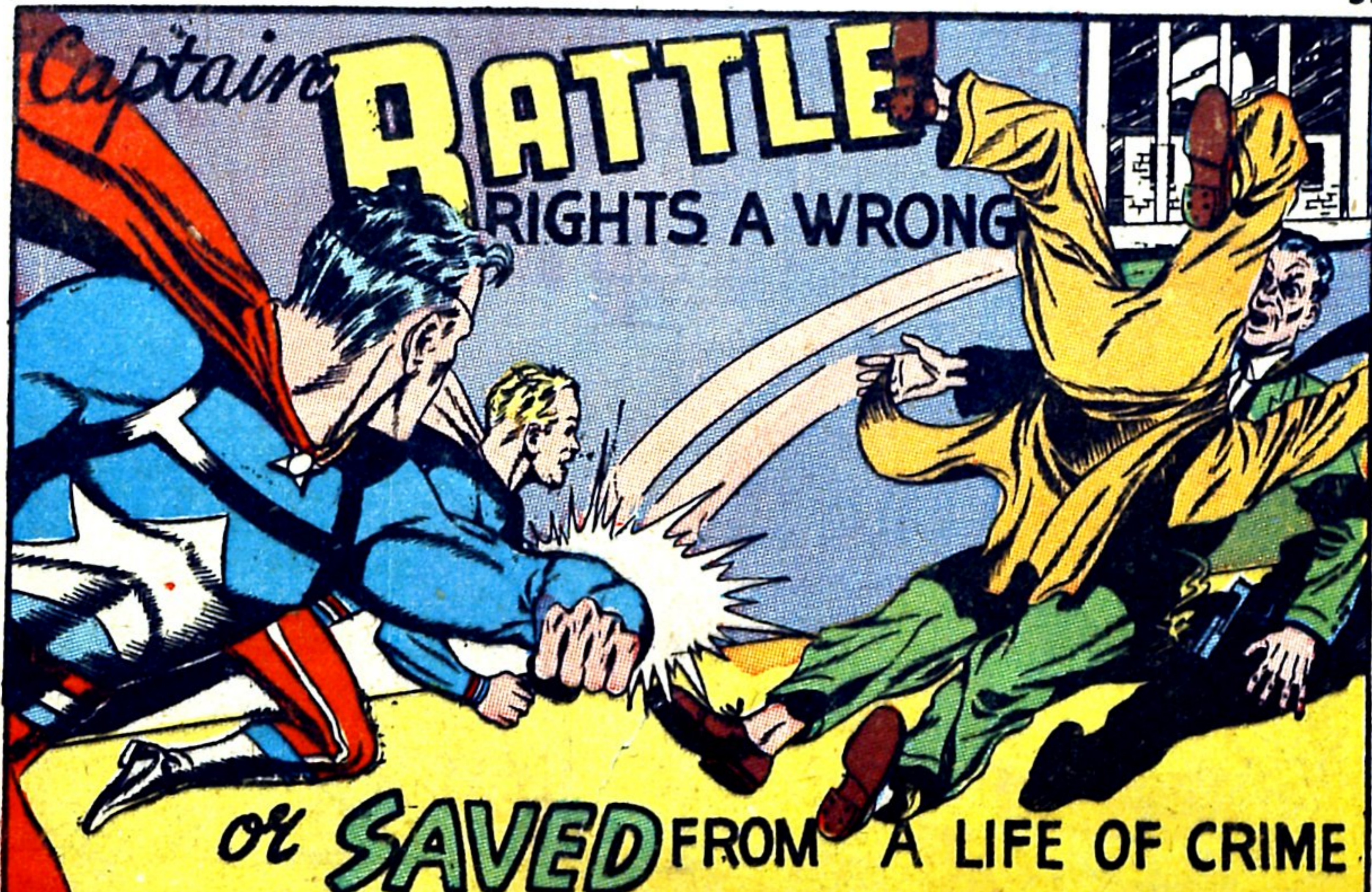


**I**F YOU REARRANGE CORRECTLY ALL OF THE LETTERS IN THE ABOVE ANAGRAM YOU WILL SPELL ONE WORD THAT WILL ANSWER THE QUESTION ASKED.

**P**RINT THIS GIRL'S FIRST NAME IN THE EMPTY ROW OF SQUARES READING DOWNWARD, AND THE LETTERS READING ACROSS WILL SPELL THE NAMES OF SIX GIFTS SANTA CLAUS IS GOING TO GIVE HER.







**OR SAVED FROM A LIFE OF CRIME**

**BY EANDO BINDER**

"I'm going to quit my job, Mom!" young Tom Blaine said, as he finished his supper.

"Quit your job!" Mrs. Blaine's sweet, tired face, framed by graying hair, was startled. "But your job is our only means of support. We're so poor and—"

"That's just it!" Tom interrupted. "I have a chance to make some easy money from now on."

"Tom!" Mrs. Blaine's voice was sharp and worried. "You've been listening to those hoodlums down on the corner again! Oh, Tom, I wish you'd stay away from them. You're getting along fine with your job, with a chance for advancement—"

"Advancement!" Tom snorted. "Why do it the hard way? The guys down at the corner are smart!"

"Tom, don't talk that way! Why don't you try to be like Hale Battle, instead of those hoodlums? Try to follow Hale's example—"

"Aw, he's a sissy!" Tom retorted. "All he does is collect souvenirs."

"Souvenirs of his fights against crime, with Captain Battle," Mrs. Blaine said quietly. Her voice became appealing. "Promise you won't quit your job, for my sake. Please, Tom?"

Tom let out an uncertain sigh. "Maybe you're right, Mom. I'll go down and tell the boys I'm through."

After the door had slammed, Mrs. Blaine began washing dishes, blinking her eyes a little.

"If only Captain Battle followed my boy with his

Curvoscope," she murmured to herself, "to see that he kept out of trouble! But I'm getting foolish. Captain Battle hasn't time to waste with a poor old lady and her son."

At the corner pool-hall, Tom Blaine met "Boss" Borz and his gang. Boss Borz was big and tough and had piggish eyes that narrowed as Tom spoke.

"What?" Borz growled. "Yer backin' out? Ya can't do that, kid. Yer slimmer than us, and we need ya for a certain reason!"

Tom started to shake his head.

Borz suddenly pulled two bills out of his pocket. "See these century notes, Tom? I only promised ya a hundred, but I'll raise it to two hundred. And dat's how easy it is makin' dough by workin' fer me. Don't be a sucker and stick to dat crummy job ya got! Well, is it worth two hundred?"

Tom's eyes glistened. The bills were crisp and green. They'd be his if he played along with Boss Borz. Two hundred dollars for one night's work! But he'd promised his mother—ah, but why not earn this \$200 and still keep his job?

"Count me in," Tom said.

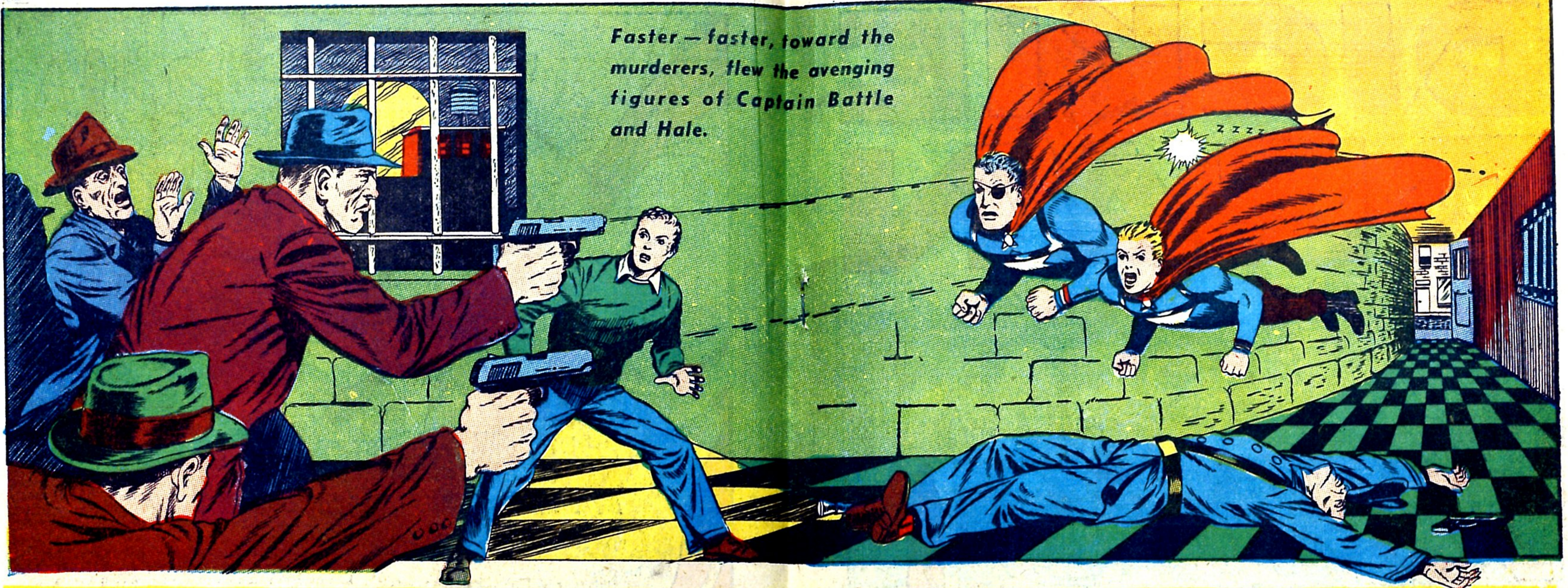
The clock struck twelve.

"Midnight!" Mrs. Blaine said aloud. "And Tom isn't home! He must have gone with those hoodlums after all! Help—"

But there was no one to help her. She didn't know where Tom was, or what nefarious business the gang was on. No one could possibly help her—except perhaps that strange, half-mythical knight of justice, Captain Battle. But he had so many other, and more important, matters to take care of. He couldn't look down on her with his Curvoscope and see the trouble she was in.

Mrs. Blaine resigned herself to crying, helplessly.

Tom wriggled through the small lavatory window easily. Clever of the Boss to figure this out! From the small room, Tom made his way to the side door



Faster—faster, toward the murderers, flew the avenging figures of Captain Battle and Hale.

and unlatched it quietly. On the door was lettered—"Midcity Bank."

"Okay, Tom," Boss Borz whispered, as he and his three henchmen stepped in. "That's all you have to do. Follow us!"

Tom's heart beat noisily. Robbing a bank! Suddenly he knew it was wrong, terribly wrong! It was an act of crime! He'd never do it again. He'd get \$200 for this, but after that he'd stay away from Boss Borz. His mother was right!

Be Prepared! Learn to Shoot with BENJAMIN



For Target—Small Game—Camping—Guaranteed—Accurate—Practical—Economical—Safe—Clean—Quiet. Adjustable Force—Amazing Maximum Velocity. No Smoke or Fumes. Bolt Action—Hammer Fire—Hair Trigger—Safety Lock—Hand Pump. Single Shot BB with 1 lb. shot \$8.50; Single Shot cal. .177 or 22 rifled—with 500 pellets \$10.00; Holster \$2.00. Also a complete line of Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air Rifles for BB and cal. .177 or 22. No license required from dealer or factory. Write today for complete specifications and free targets. BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE CO., 836 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

**Muddy Skin Blemishes Blackheads Blotches** **HOMELY SURFACE PIMPLES**

To the thousands of folks suffering from surface pimples, acne, muddy complexion, skin eruption, etc., we will send FREE booklet of a simple method of treating the skin. A noted dermatologist's private method. No harmful medicine, skin peel, diet, etc. Something different. Send to Dr. W. D. Tracy Co., 1637 E4, New Haven, Conn.

Suddenly he gasped, as a cone of light from a flashlight stabbed through the darkness and centered on him.

"Who's there?" the night watchman called.

Tom's blood froze as he heard the gun in Borz's hand go off. The silencer cut the sound down to just a sharp hiss. The other sound, of the body falling heavily, was louder.

"Right between the eyes!" Borz grunted. "Here, kid, hold this while I see if he's dead."

Tom took the gun, without thinking, in his sweaty hand. Murder! God, this was getting worse and worse!

"He's stiff!" Borz said, taking the gun back in his gloved hand, wrapping it in a handkerchief, and putting it carefully in his pocket. "By the way, kid," Borz chuckled harshly, "your fingerprints are on dis gat. I wore a glove. From now on yer workin' fer me—or else! If ya ever squeal, you go up for a murder rap!"

Tom choked as though a noose had been jerked around his neck. He was a criminal for life now, without any hope of escape! He thought of his mother at home, heartbroken. . . .

"Now," Boss Borz said, "we crack da safe—"

"Just a minute!" a voice said sternly, and two figures loomed out of the darkness. A stray beam of moonlight centered on them, revealing a man and boy in red, white and blue costumes.

"Captain Battle and Hale!" Tom breathed in recognition.

"You're not robbing this bank!" the deep, resonant voice of the famed crime-buster rang out. "Give yourselves up quietly. The police want you!"

"Says you, fancy-pants!" Boss Borz snapped. At the

same time he shot pointblank for the two figures. He only made one error. He shot a split-second too late! It was like in those cowboy stories, Tom reflected, where a fast draw was equalled and bettered by a faster draw. Only Captain Battle and Hale didn't draw guns, whose use they disdained in their campaign against the lawless.

The two crime-fighters had simply launched themselves bodily at the four thugs, like football tacklers. The whole group went down in a grunting tangle, with Tom watching. Boss Borz and his men, afraid to shoot now for fear of hitting each other, tried clubbing with their gats. And that was where the fun began!

SPLAT!

The sound was almost as loud as a pistol shot as Captain Battle's hard fist landed on one chin, with all the power of his magnificent body behind it. The possessor of the chin crumpled up against the wall and was disinterested in the rest of the proceedings.

The three remaining thugs jumped the boy, Hale, on the theory that they might put him out of action quickly and have only one to face. That, too, was a slight error. Hale eased down on his back, smoothly, and up shot his foot like a battering ram, full in the face of one thug who executed a marvelous somersault in mid-air, landed on the floor soggily—and stayed there. Almost in the same motion, Hale swung from his ankles and uppercutted another thug who stood for a moment, glassy-eyed, and then slowly bent at the knees at the sound of birdies.

"And that's the guy I called a sissy!" Tom thought, watching in a sort of paralyzed wonder. "Boss Borz is the only one left now—was left, I mean!"

Far faster than his thoughts, Captain Battle had

yanked Boss Borz up by the scruff of his neck and punched him—once. Boss Borz sagged like a rag doll on top of his three stooges.

"We've got them all," Captain Battle said, scarcely breathing more than normally.

"But—but—there's me!" Tom blurted. Surely they knew he was there! And he couldn't hope to escape arrest with the others. He decided to make a clean brast of it. "I didn't kill the watchman. Boss Borz did, and then made me hold the gun—"

Tom stopped in amazement as Hale, without turning, knelt beside Boss Borz, took the handkerchief-wrapped gun from his pocket, and wiped it clean.

"I'll take this gun for my souvenir collection," he spoke. "A souvenir of a young fellow like myself who nearly went wrong—but didn't!" He straightened up, facing his companion. "Good thing we tuned the Curvoscope on that kid and his mother, and then followed the trail to the gang and found out about the robbery planned, eh, Cap?"

Captain Battle nodded. "And his mother will be pleased to know her son used his better judgment and didn't go with the gang!"

"But—but—I did!" Tom began honestly, then stopped.

"Did you hear a voice?" Captain Battle asked.

"Not a thing!" Hale returned, turning his back on the slim, silent figure that thankfully slipped from the place and felt a mountain fall off his young shoulders.

THE END.

# DICKIE DEAN

the boy inventor

by DICK WOOD-

**WHAT HAS HAPPENED?**  
...IS THAT ZIP WE SEE EXPERIMENTING BEHIND THOSE INTRICATE INSTRUMENTS?--  
--YES!--IT IS!--FOR DICKIE IS OUT OF TOWN AND IT LOOKS TO ZIP LIKE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THE WORLD WHAT HE CAN INVENT WITH DICKIE DEAN'S EQUIPMENT....



*Be Careful Zip*  
YOU'RE FOOLING WITH DYNAMITE!



HOLY COW! WHAT'S THIS? ZIP'S IN THE HEADLINES--AND LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE!

I'VE GOTTA STOP ZIP FROM USING MY OIL LOCATOR, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SOME NEW PARTS FROM EUROPE FOR MONTHS--AND WITHOUT THOSE PARTS, THE MACHINE'S LIABLE TO DO ANYTHING!!

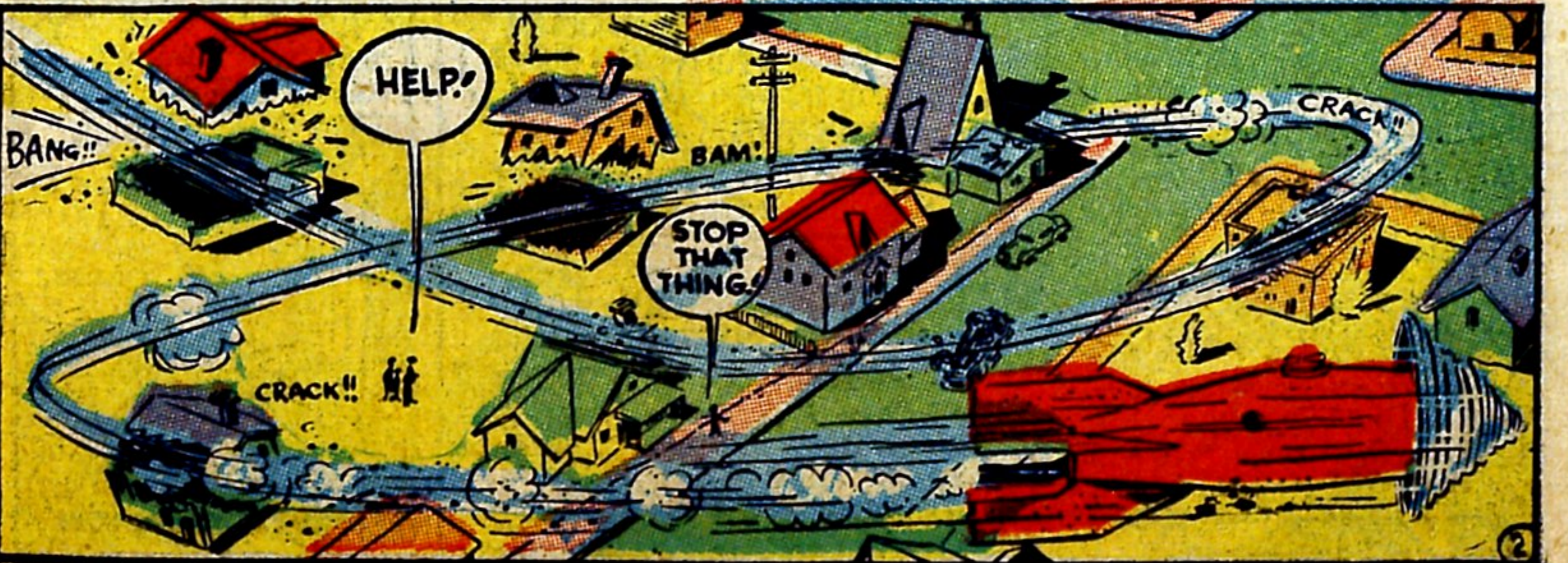
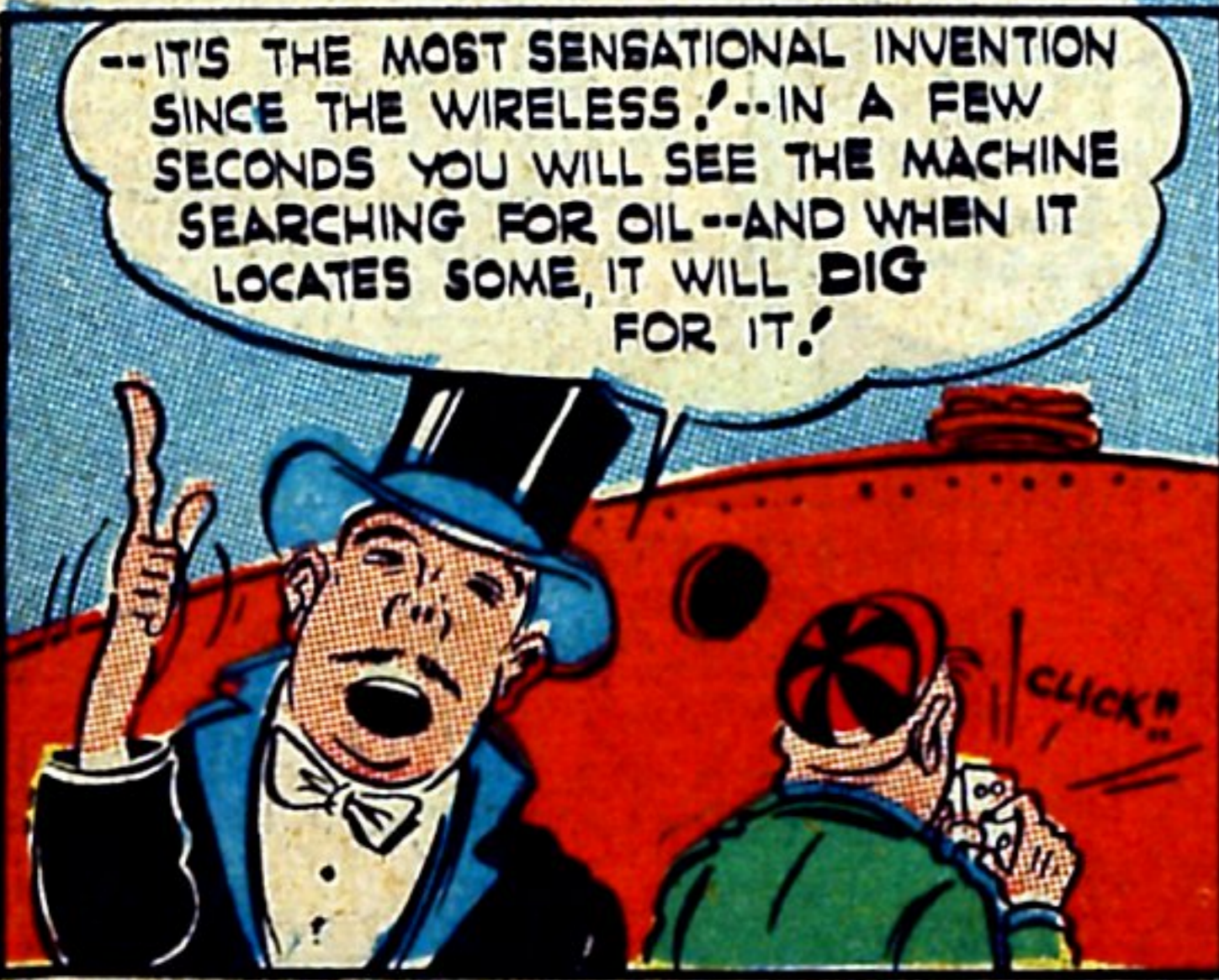
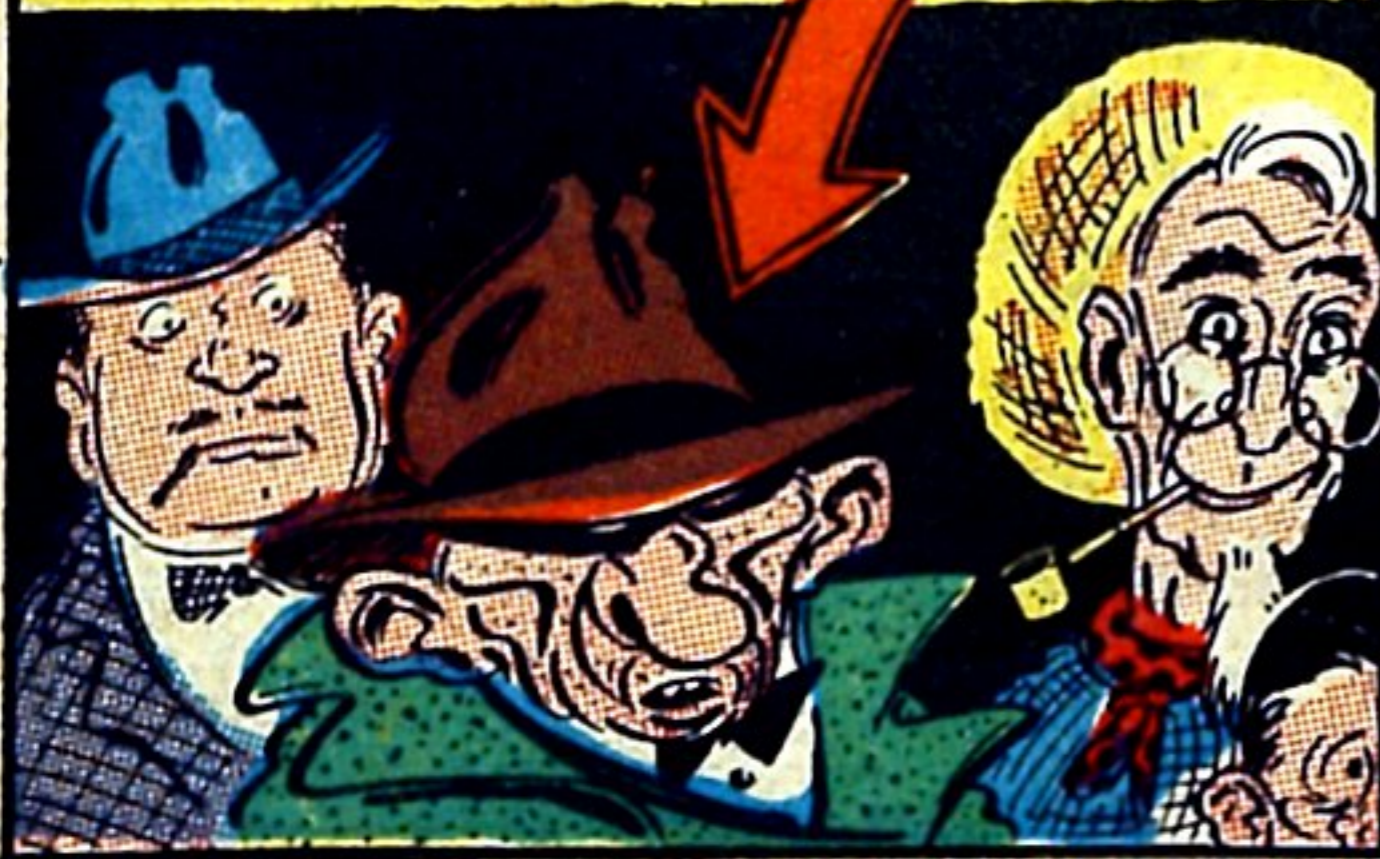
*The Daily*  
"ZIP" TODD TO DEMONSTRATE NEW OIL FINDER  
"ZIP" FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS DICKIE DEAN TO APPEAR AT TOWN HALL AT 3 P.M.  
MODESTLY ADMITS HE IS A GENIUS

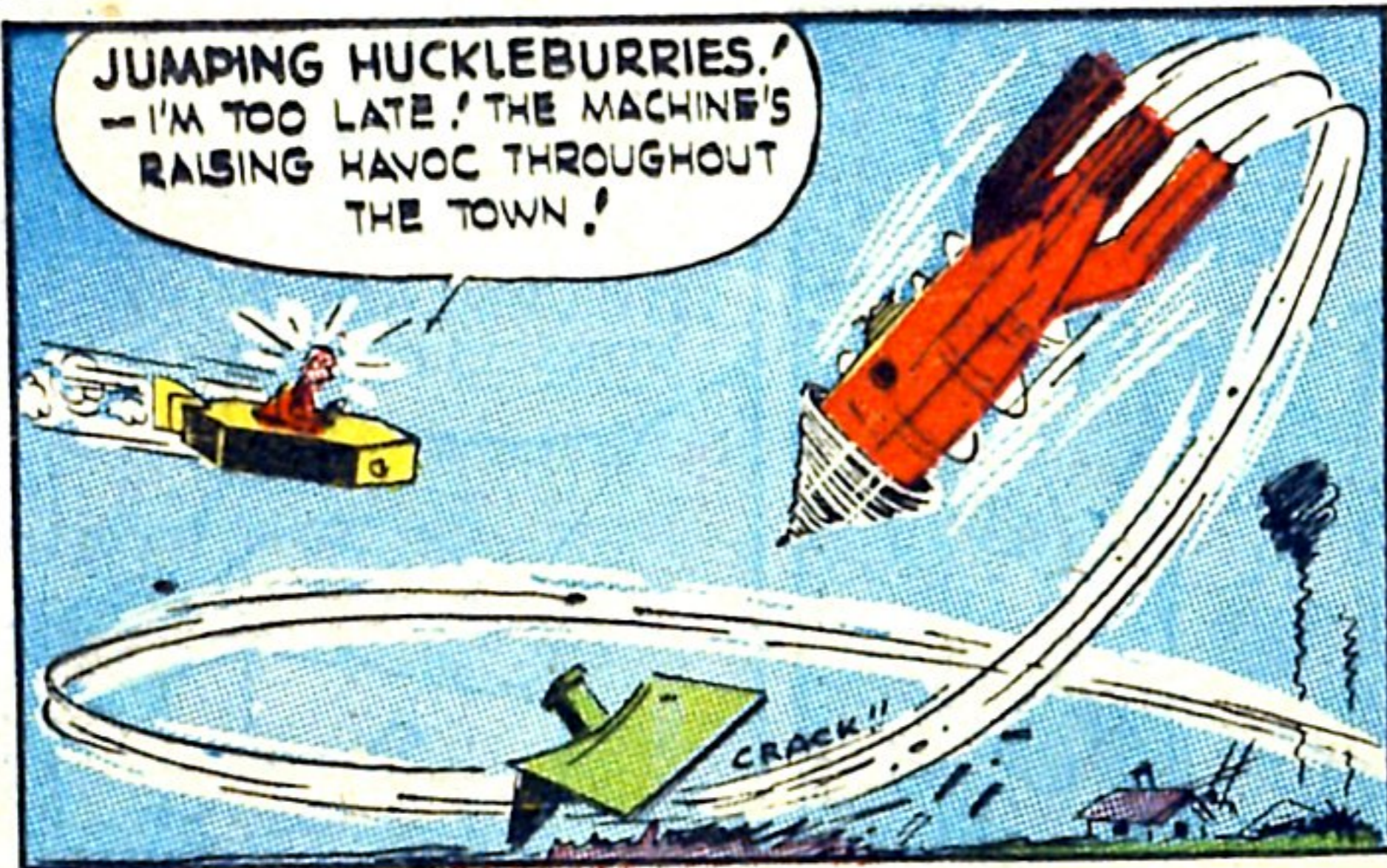
MEANWHILE DICKIE SPENDS HIS TIME AT LAKE CAREFREE, ENJOYING A WELL-EARNED REST. ....SUDDENLY....

BUT DICKIE'S TOO LATE-- ZIP HAS ALREADY BEEN INTRODUCED!

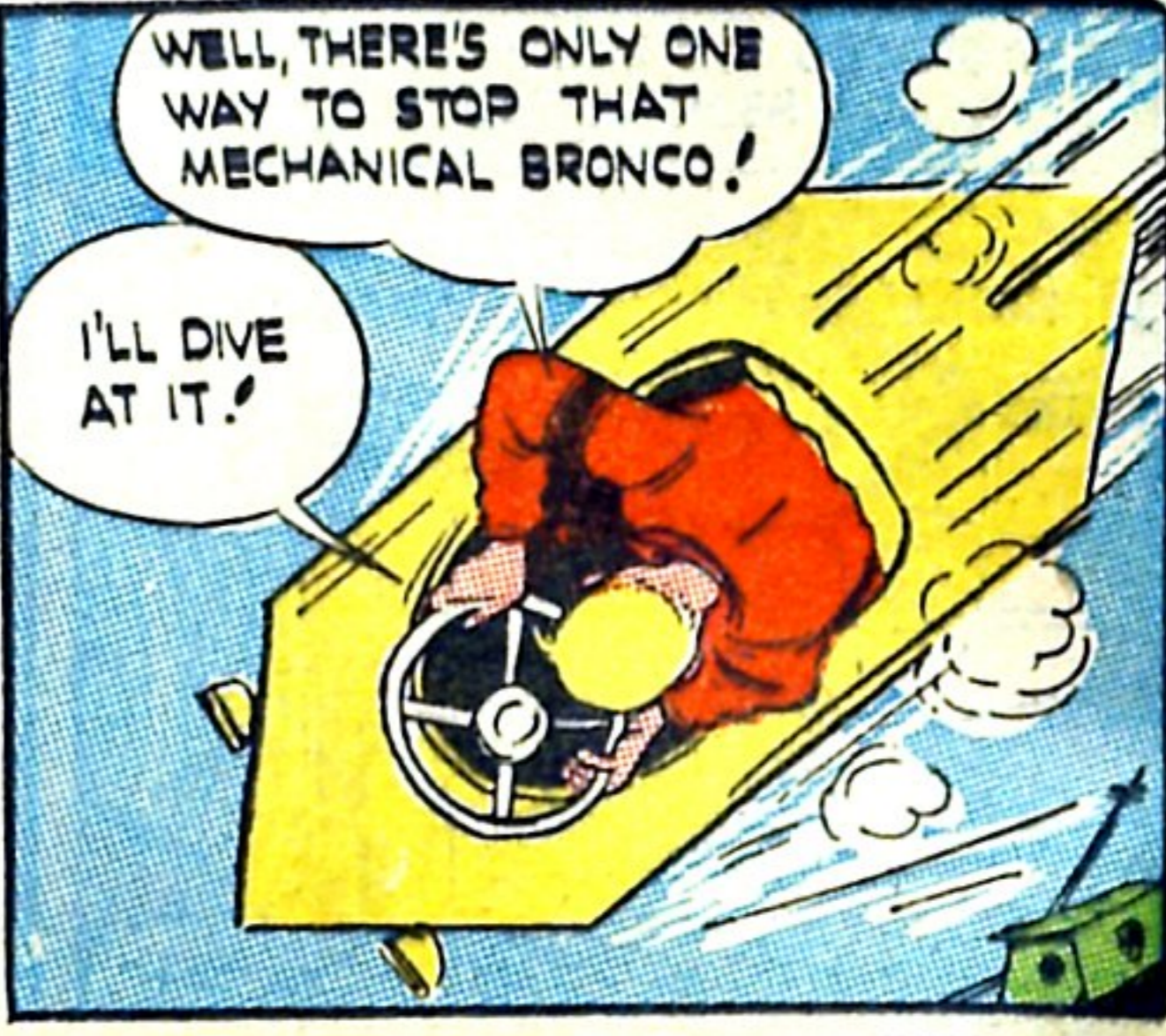


--BUT WHAT'S THIS? WHO'S THAT SINISTER-LOOKING FIGURE IN THE AUDIENCE? WHY, IT'S "OLSEN THE OGRE"--PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!!





JUMPING HUCKLEBERRIES!  
- I'M TOO LATE! THE MACHINE'S  
RAISING HAVOC THROUGHOUT  
THE TOWN!



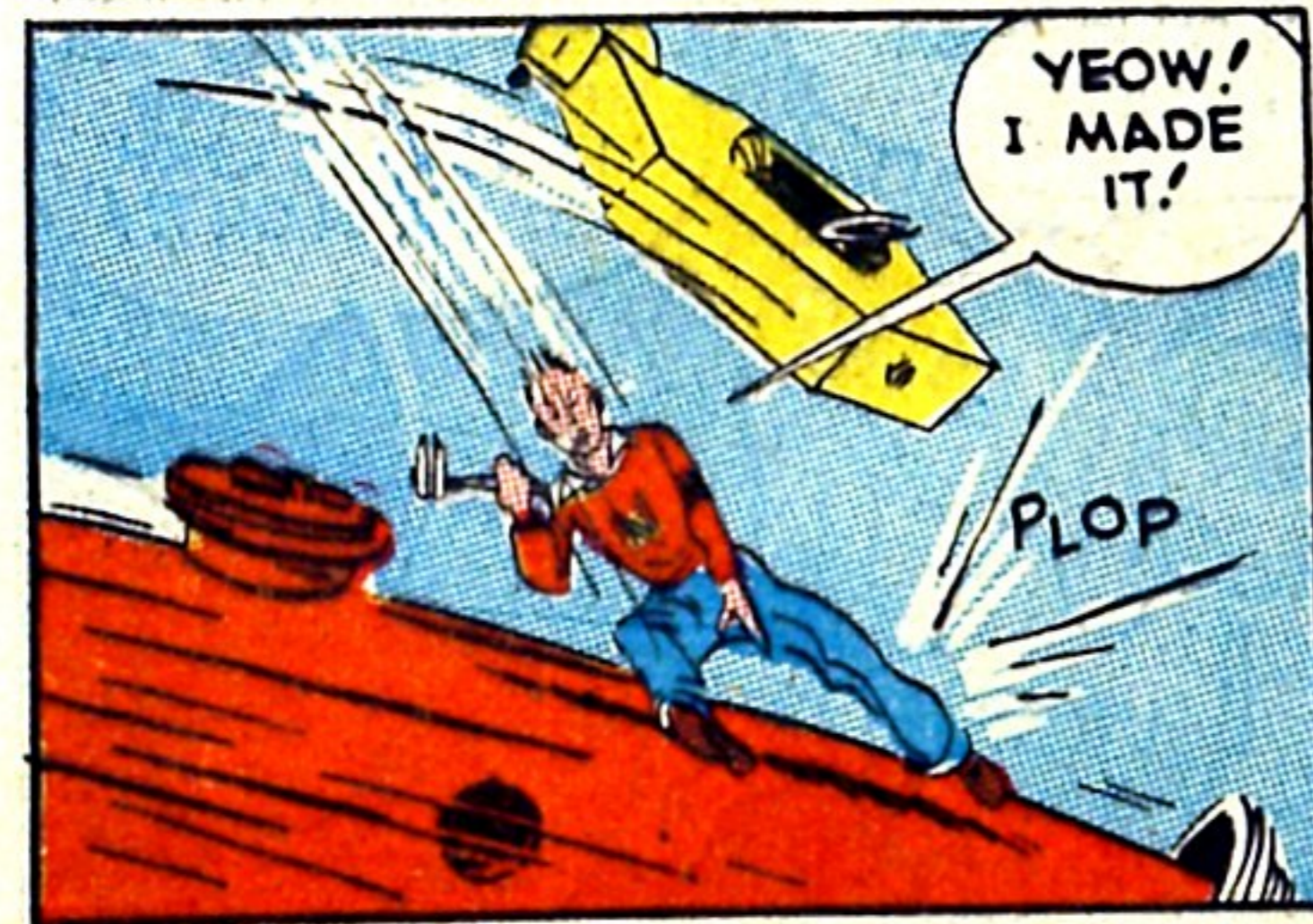
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE  
WAY TO STOP THAT  
MECHANICAL BRONCO!

I'LL DIVE  
AT IT!

DICKIE LANDS ON THE MACHINE.....

AND STRIKES IT IN A  
VULNERABLE SPOT!....

PHEW! GLAD  
THAT'S OVER!



YEOW!  
I MADE  
IT!

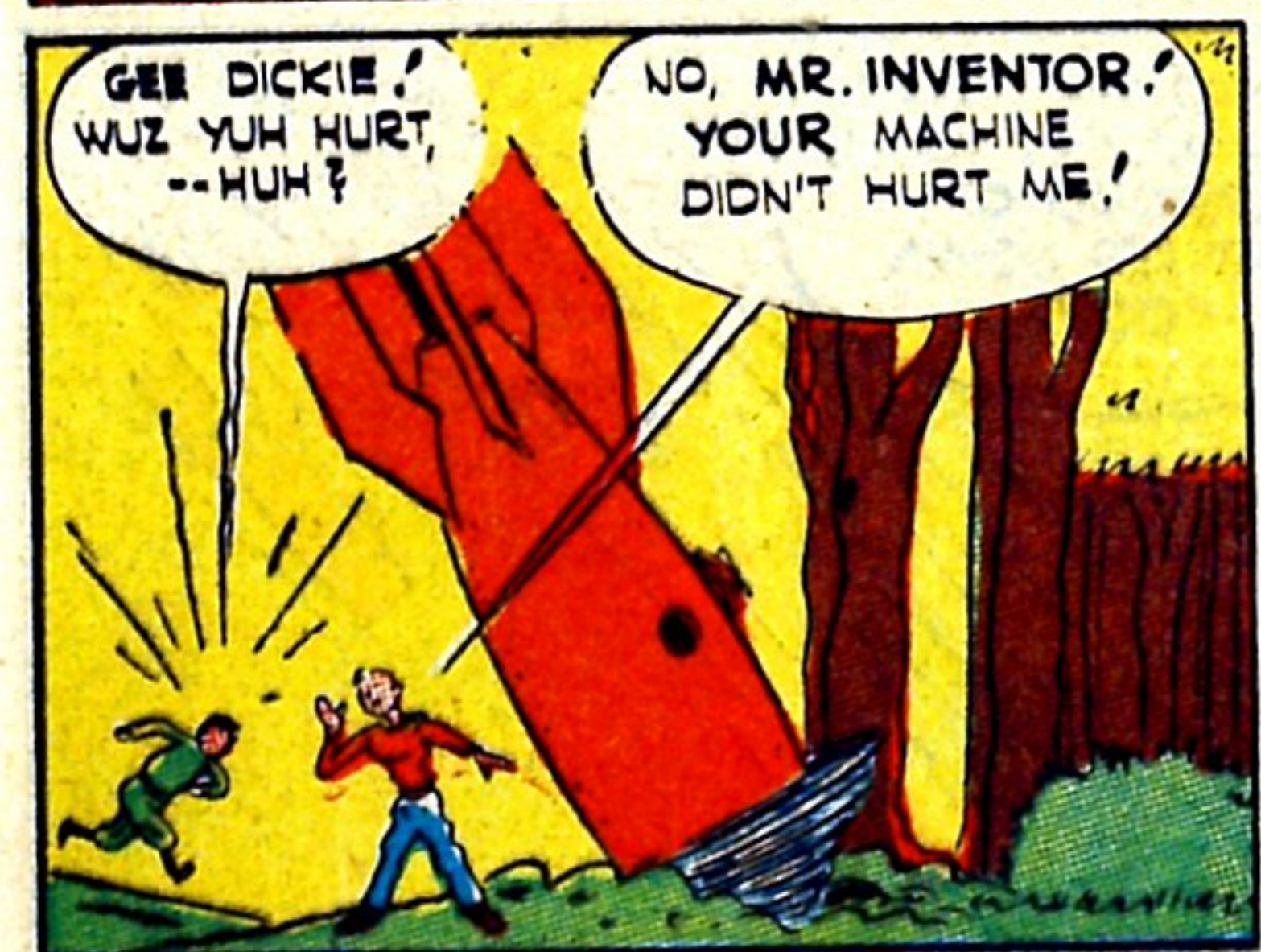
PLOP



BRR-R!



PLOP



GEE DICKIE!  
WUZ YUH HURT,  
--HUH?

NO, MR. INVENTOR!  
YOUR MACHINE  
DIDN'T HURT ME!



AW--I'M SORRY  
FOR WHAT I DID!  
HONEST--I'M NOT GON-  
NA FOOL AROUND WITH  
INVENTING AGAIN!



FORGET IT, ZIP!--WHEN  
I GET THE MISSING  
PARTS, THE MACHINE  
WILL BE SO SAFE, EVEN  
A BABY CAN  
HANDLE IT!



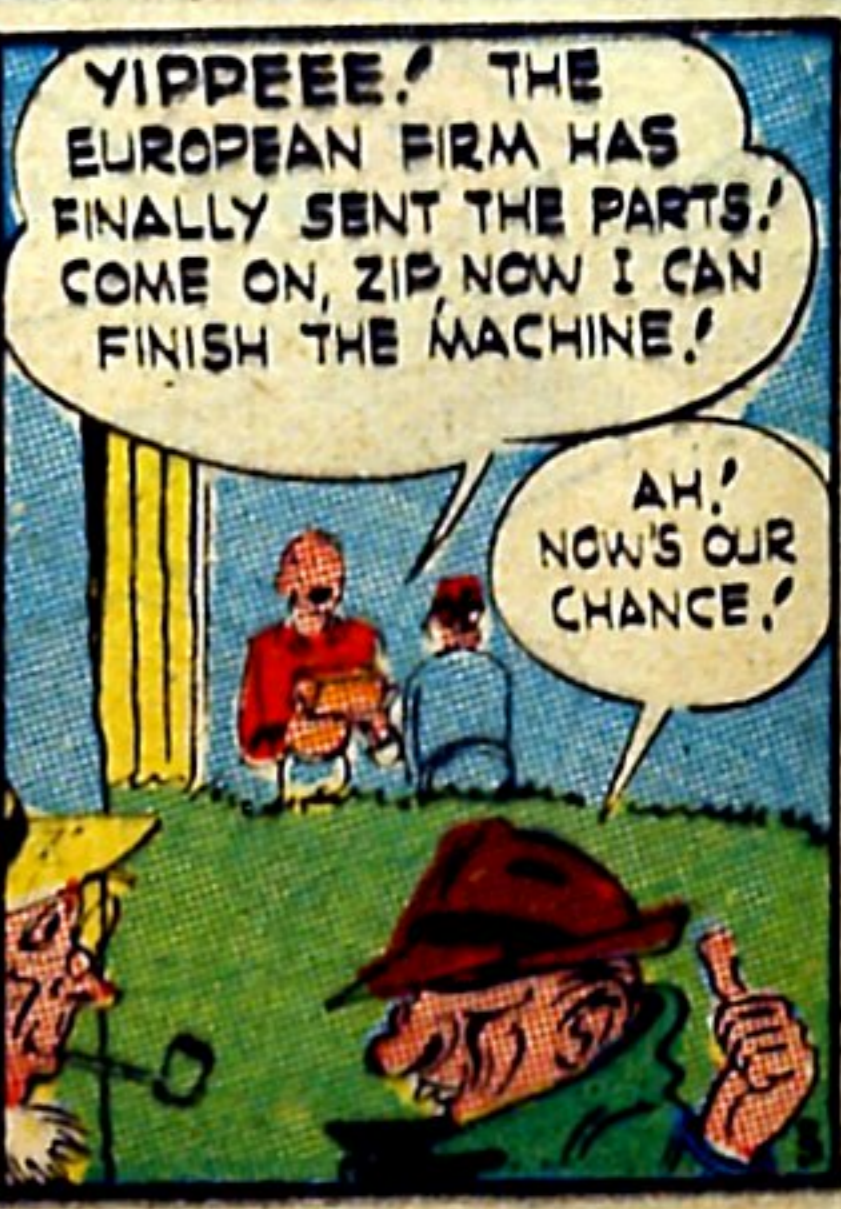
YA KNOW, I'VE AL-  
READY THUNK UP A  
WAY TO SNATCH  
THAT MACHINE!

NOPE! I'M KEEP-  
ING AWAY FROM  
THAT THING!--  
IT'S A KILLER!



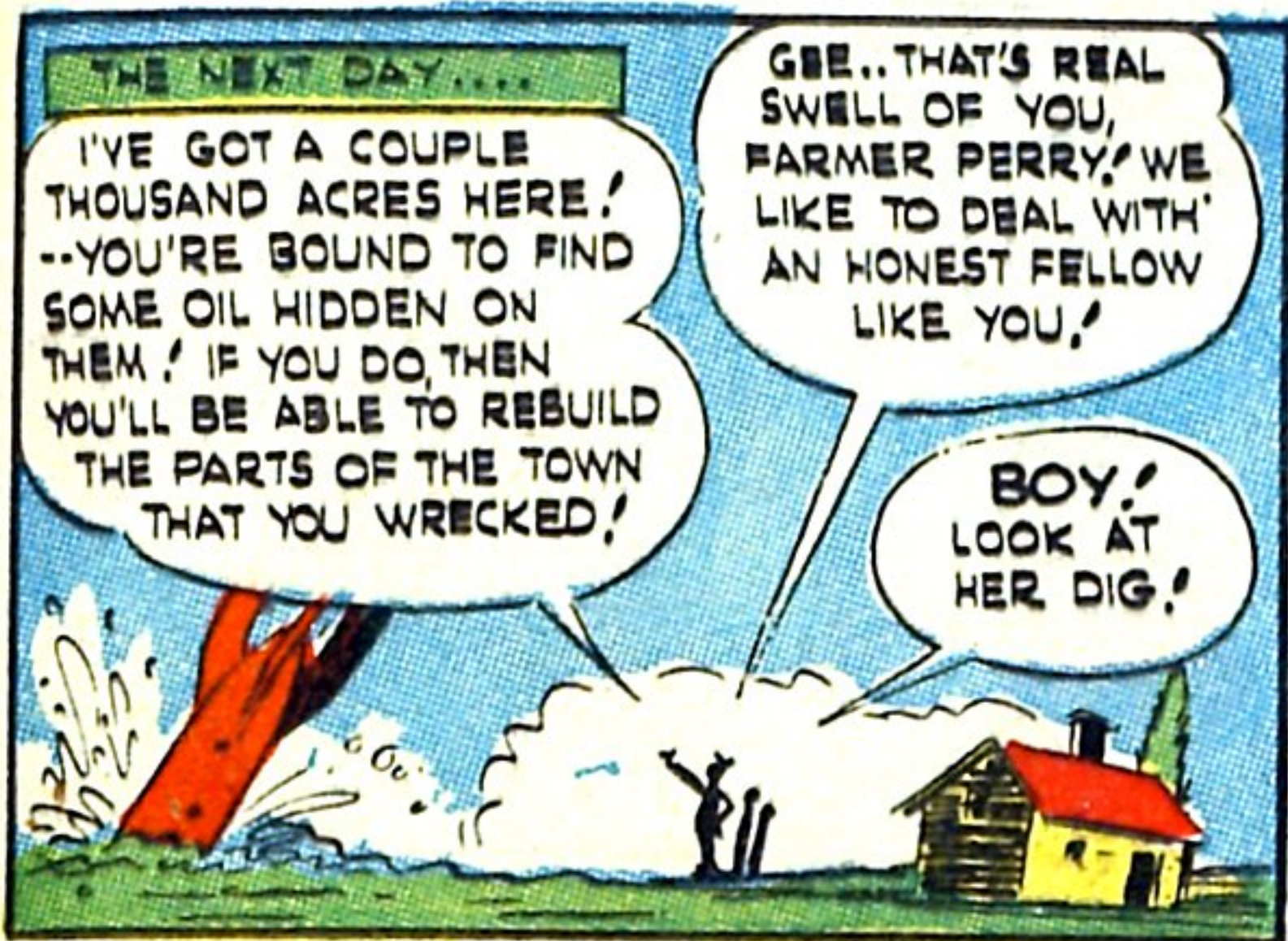
SURE IT IS!  
THAT'S WHY WE'LL  
WAIT UNTIL HE  
COMPLETES  
IT!

PACKAGE  
FOR DICKIE  
DEAN!



YIPPEEE! THE  
EUROPEAN FIRM HAS  
FINALLY SENT THE PARTS!  
COME ON, ZIP NOW I CAN  
FINISH THE MACHINE!

AH!  
NOW'S OUR  
CHANCE!



THE NEXT DAY...

I'VE GOT A COUPLE THOUSAND ACRES HERE! --YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND SOME OIL HIDDEN ON THEM! IF YOU DO, THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO REBUILD THE PARTS OF THE TOWN THAT YOU WRECKED!

GEE.. THAT'S REAL SWELL OF YOU, FARMER PERRY! WE LIKE TO DEAL WITH AN HONEST FELLOW LIKE YOU!

BOY! LOOK AT HER DIG!

LIKE A GIGANTIC CORKSCREW, THE STEEL MECHANISM EATS DEEP INTO THE EARTH IN SEARCH FOR OIL!



YES SIR! 50% OF THE PROFITS ARE YOURS IF WE MAKE A STRIKE!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

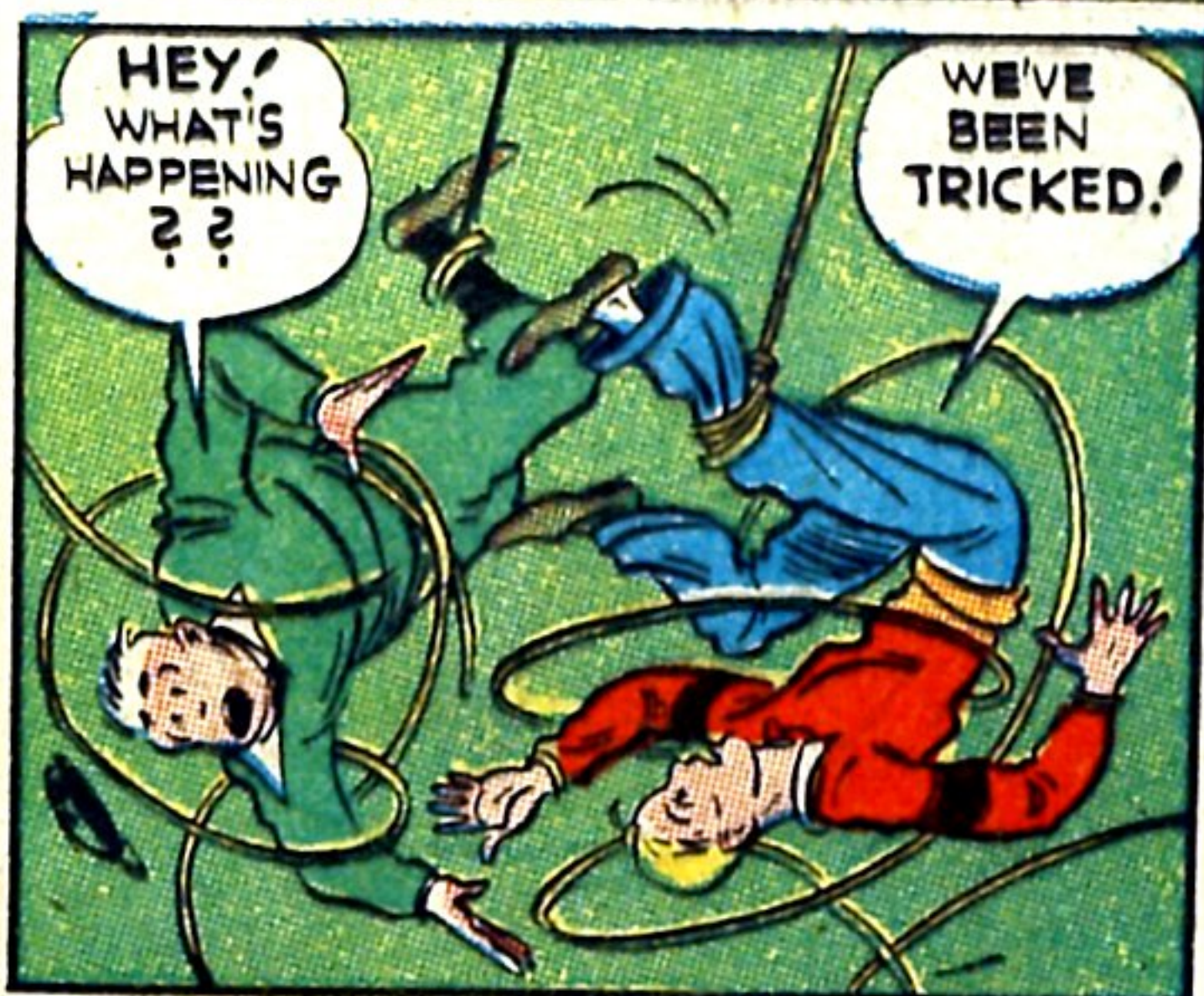


IT'S A GUSHER! WE'RE RICH!



COME INTO MY HOUSE, AND WE'LL SIGN THE CONTRACTS AND EVERYTHING WILL BE OIL-RIGHT! HAW, HAW!

SURE!



HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING??

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!



HAH! HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR INVENTION? CLEVER, EH?

UGH!



--NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE MACHINE'S CONTROL BOX, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THEM?

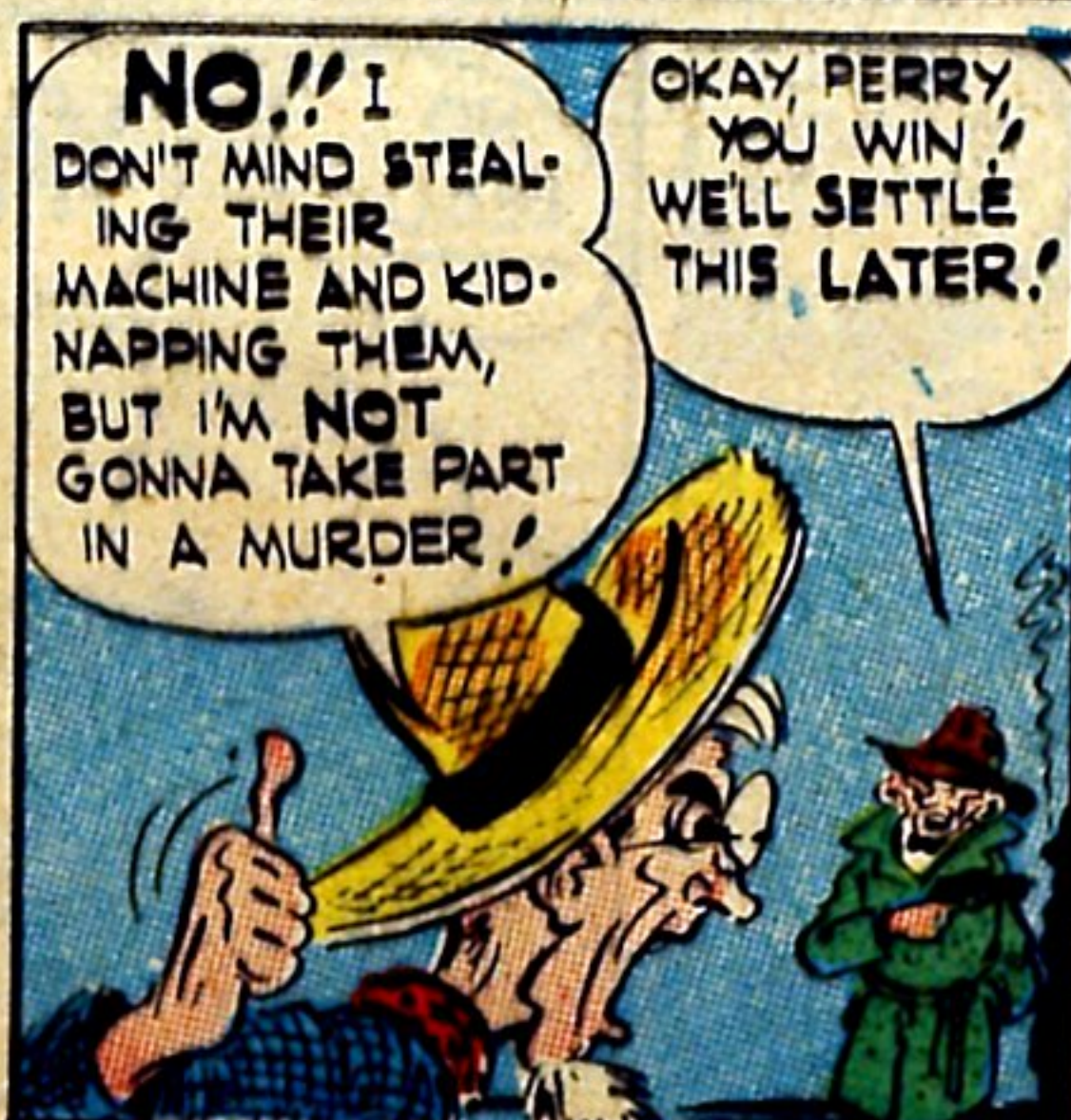
WELL..

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!



I KINDA NEED SOME TARGET PRACTICE --AND THEY'RE GONNA BE MY TARGETS!

BAM!! BAM!! BOP!

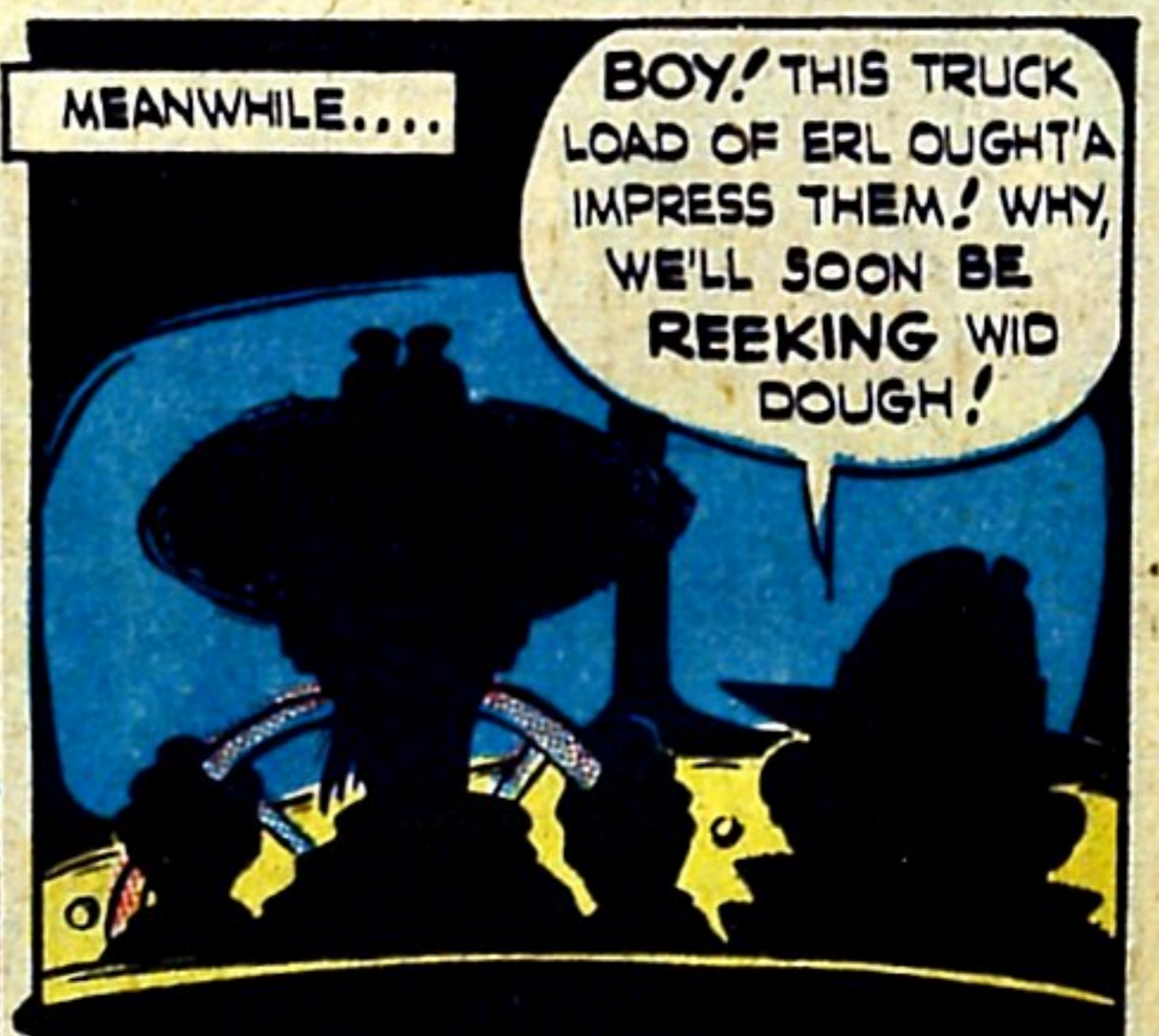
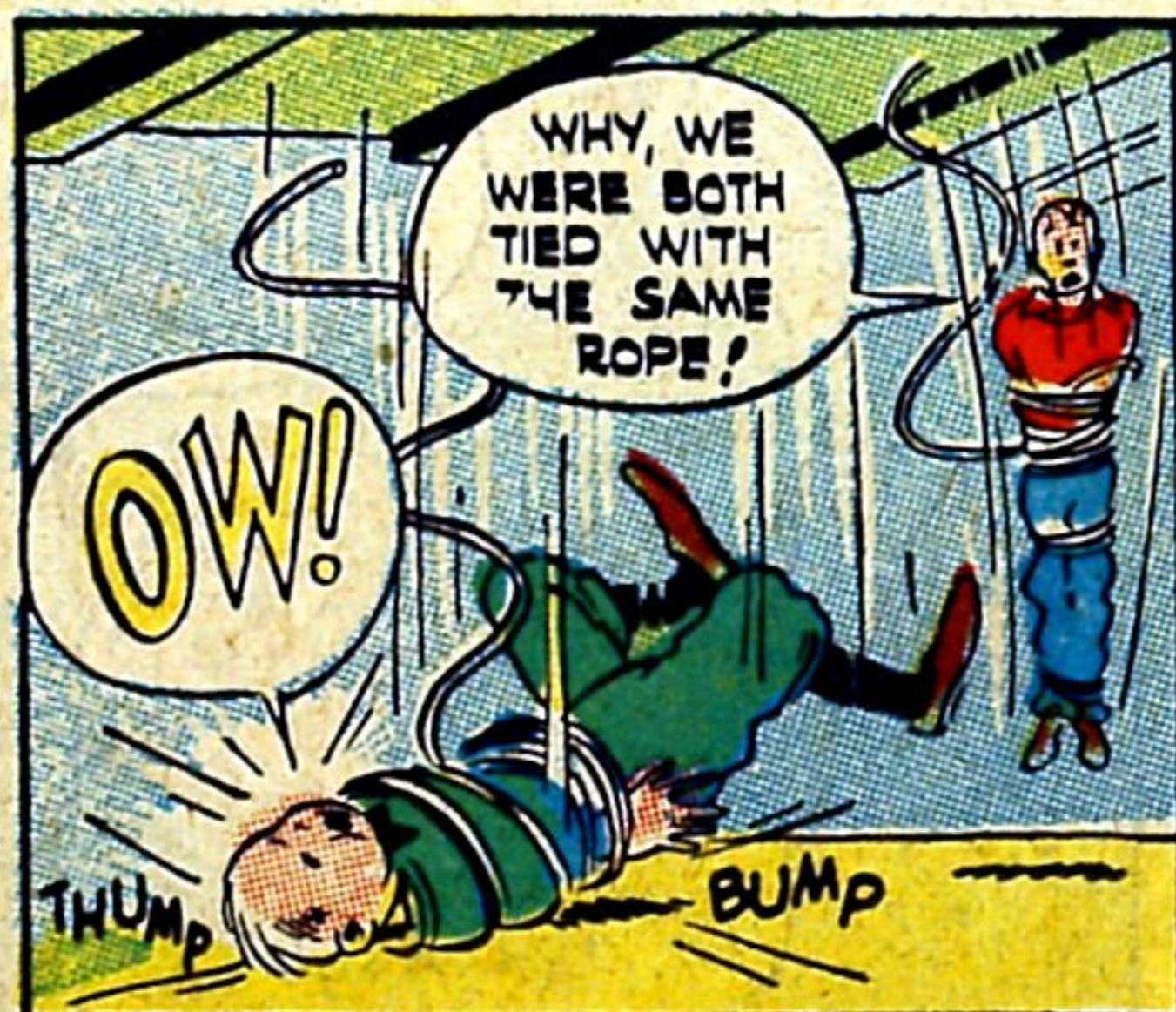
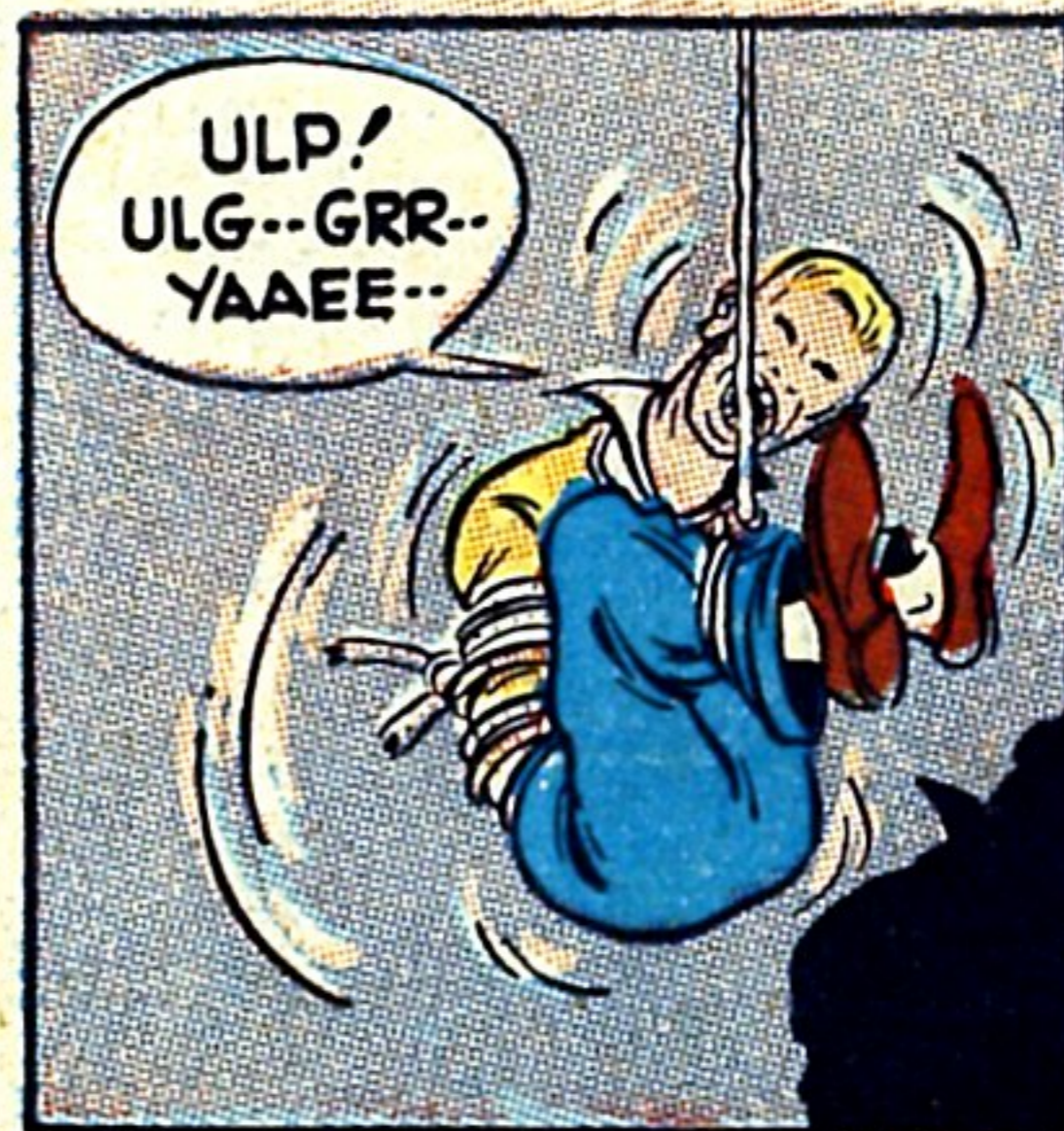
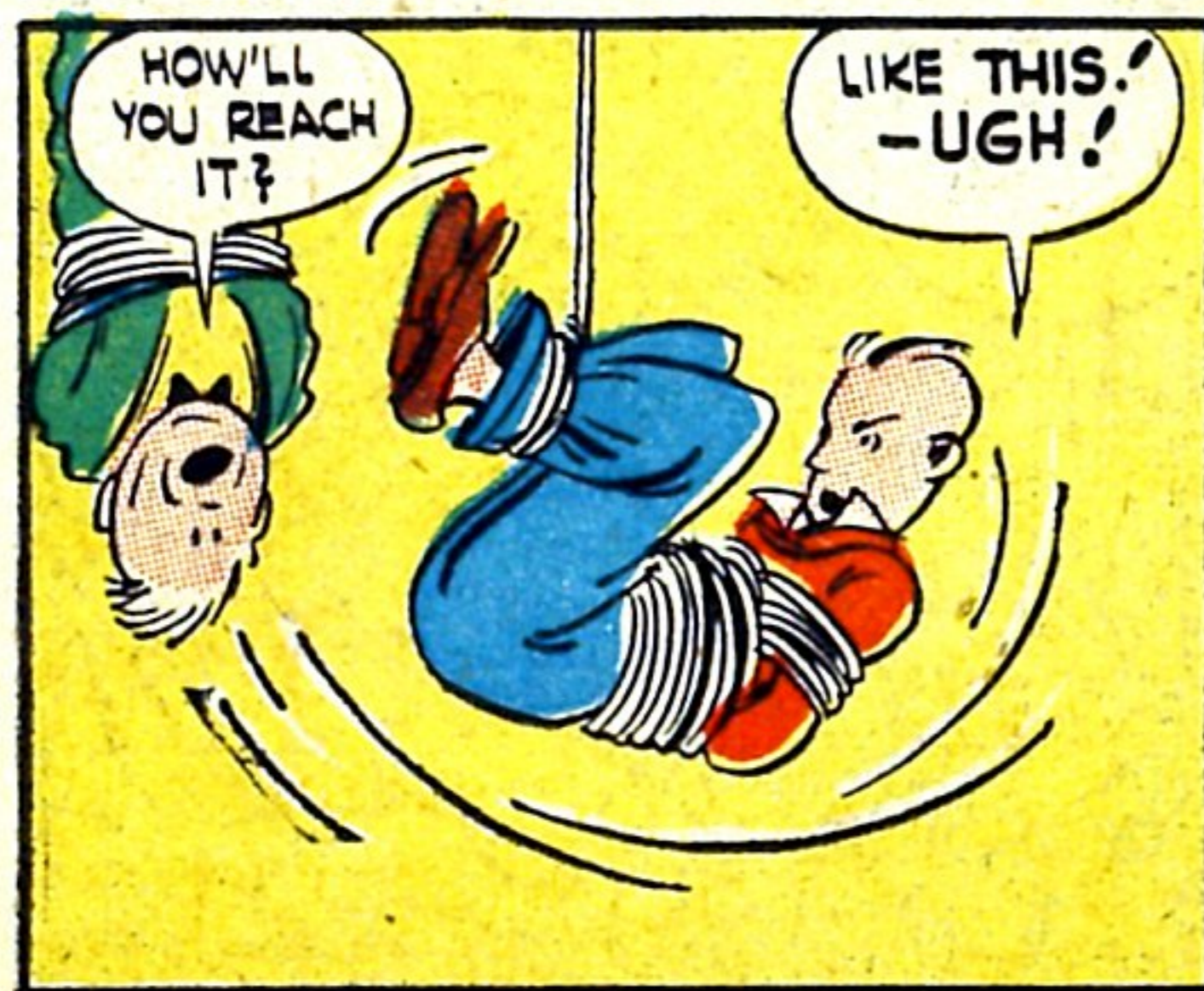
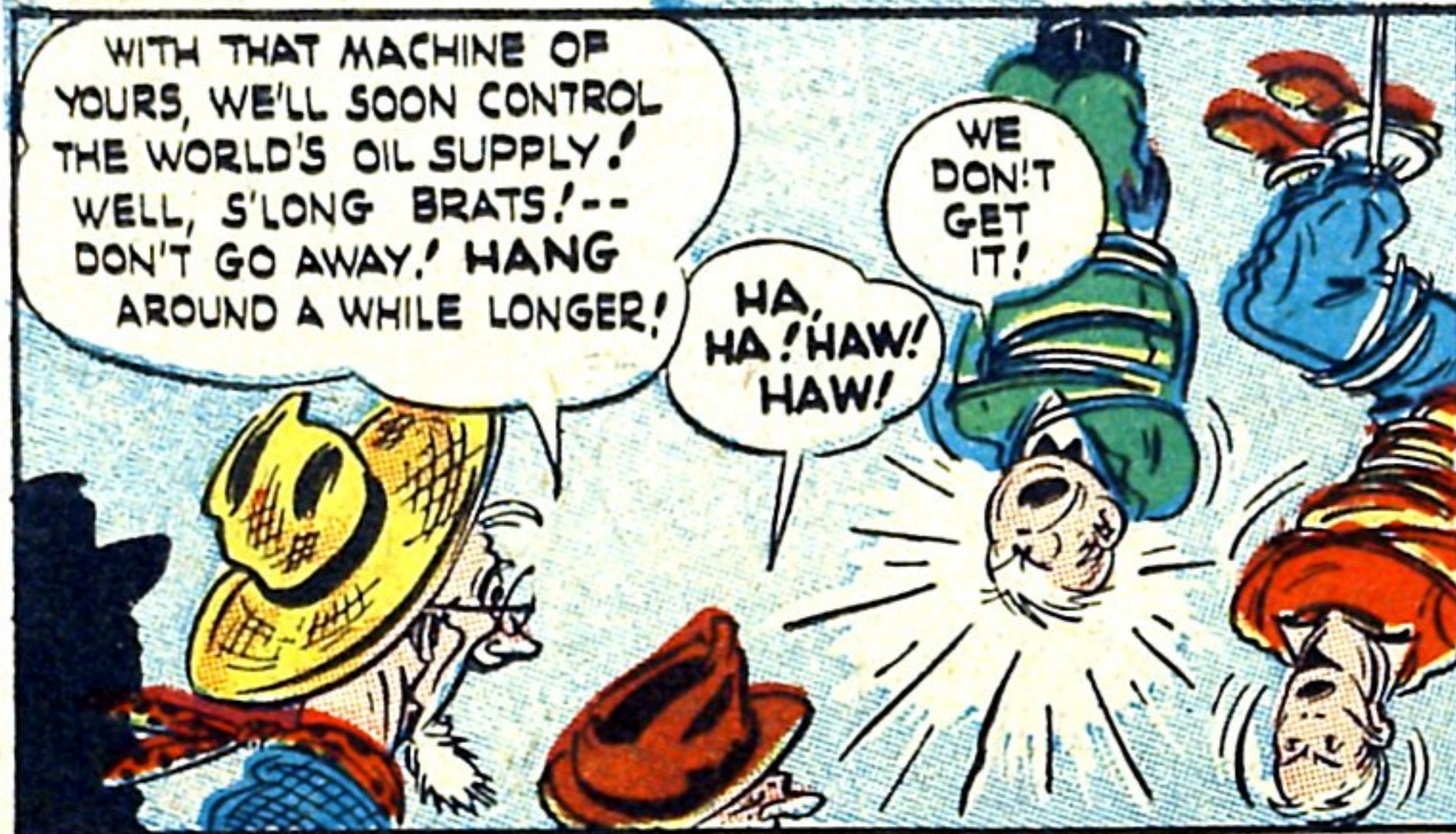


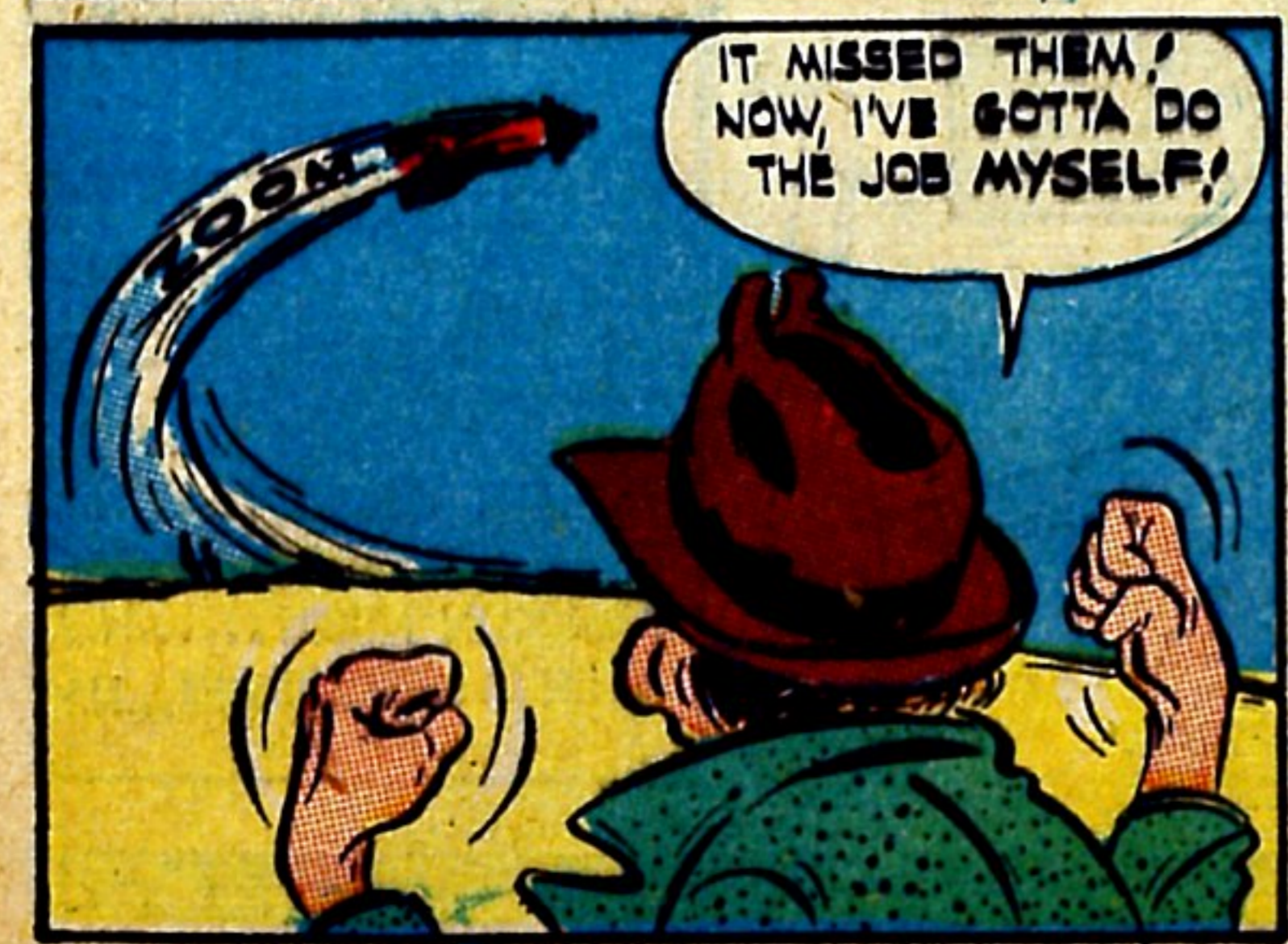
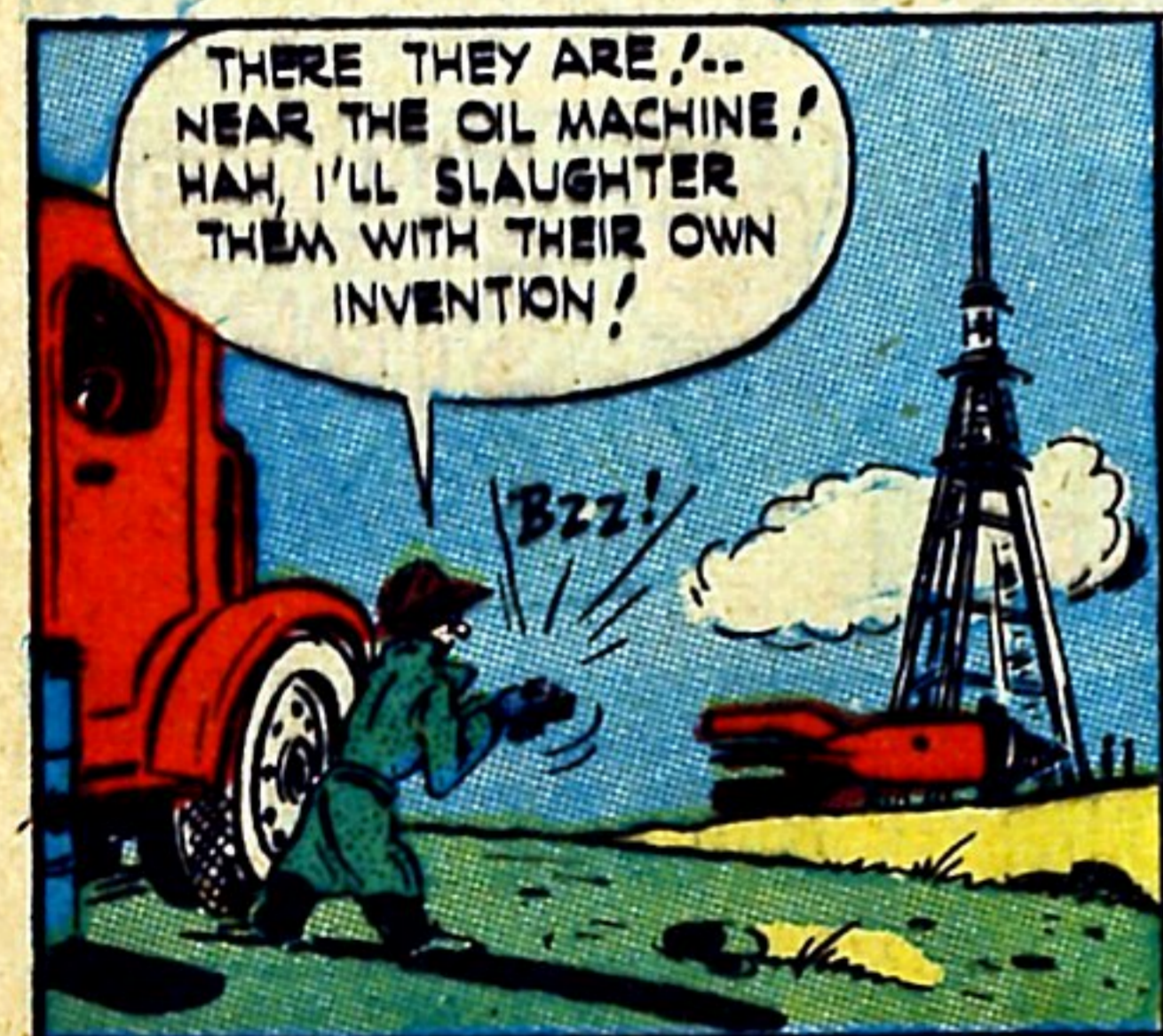
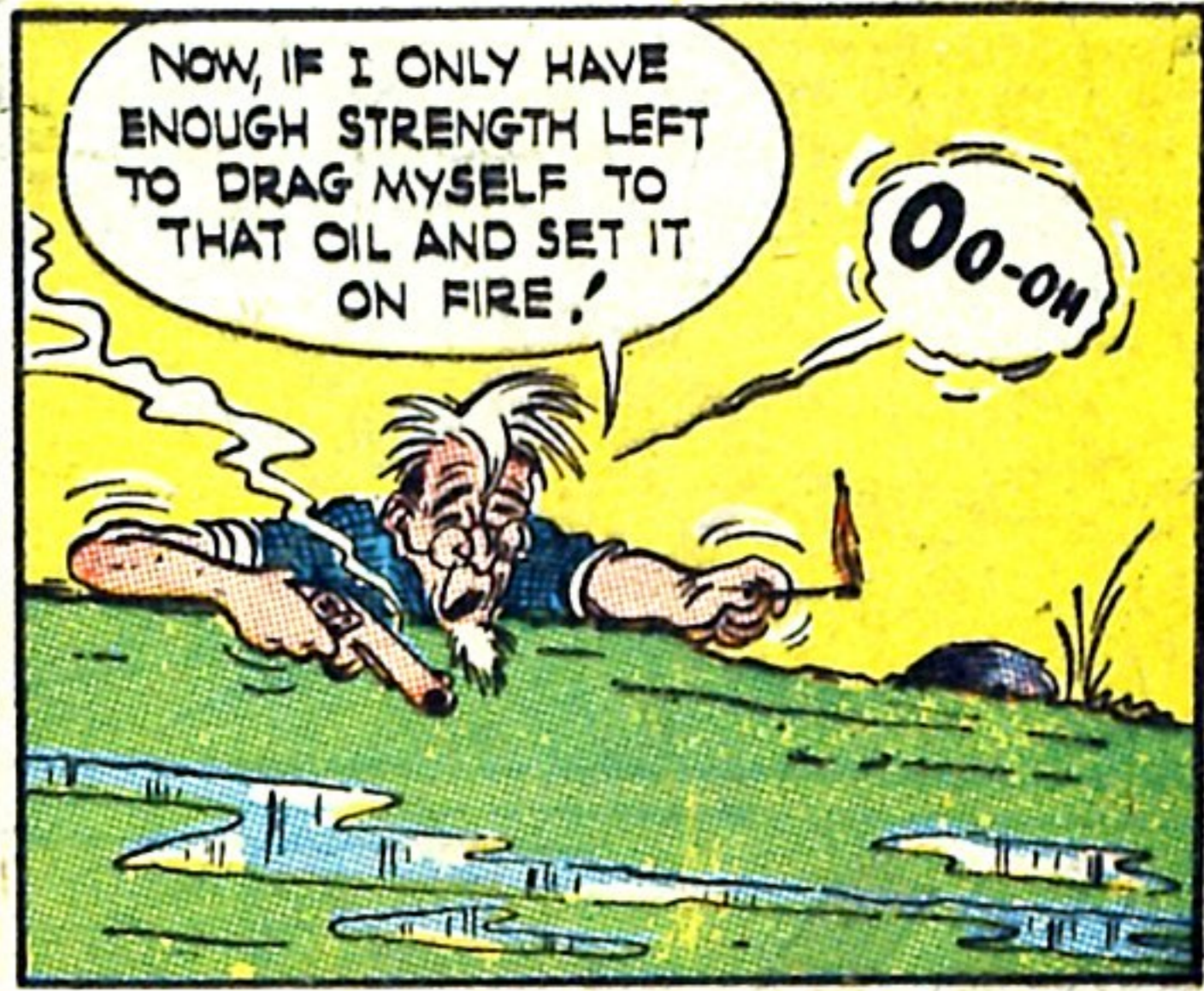
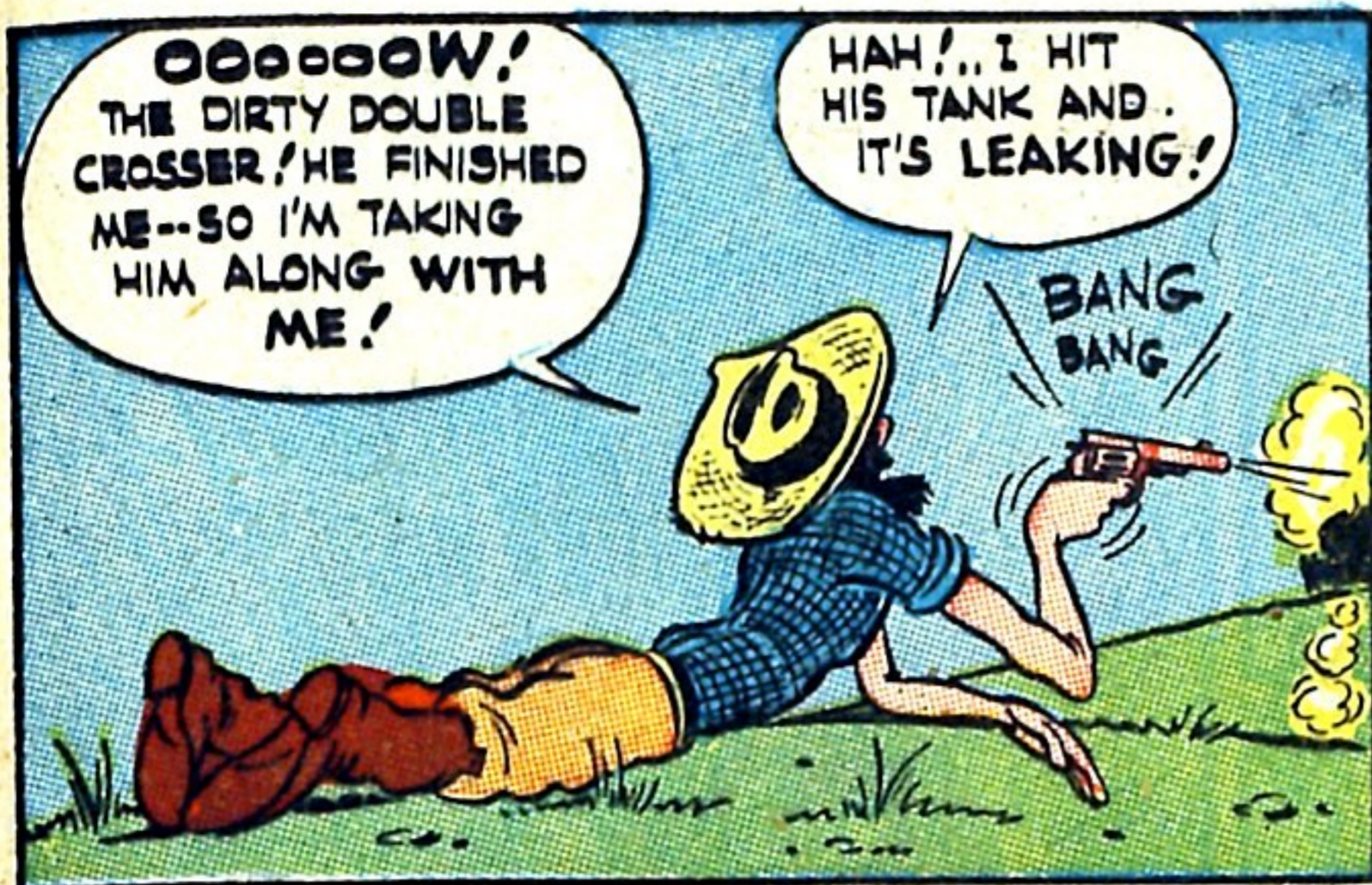
NO!! I DON'T MIND STEALING THEIR MACHINE AND KIDNAPPING THEM, BUT I'M NOT GONNA TAKE PART IN A MURDER!

OKAY, PERRY, YOU WIN! WE'LL SETTLE THIS LATER!

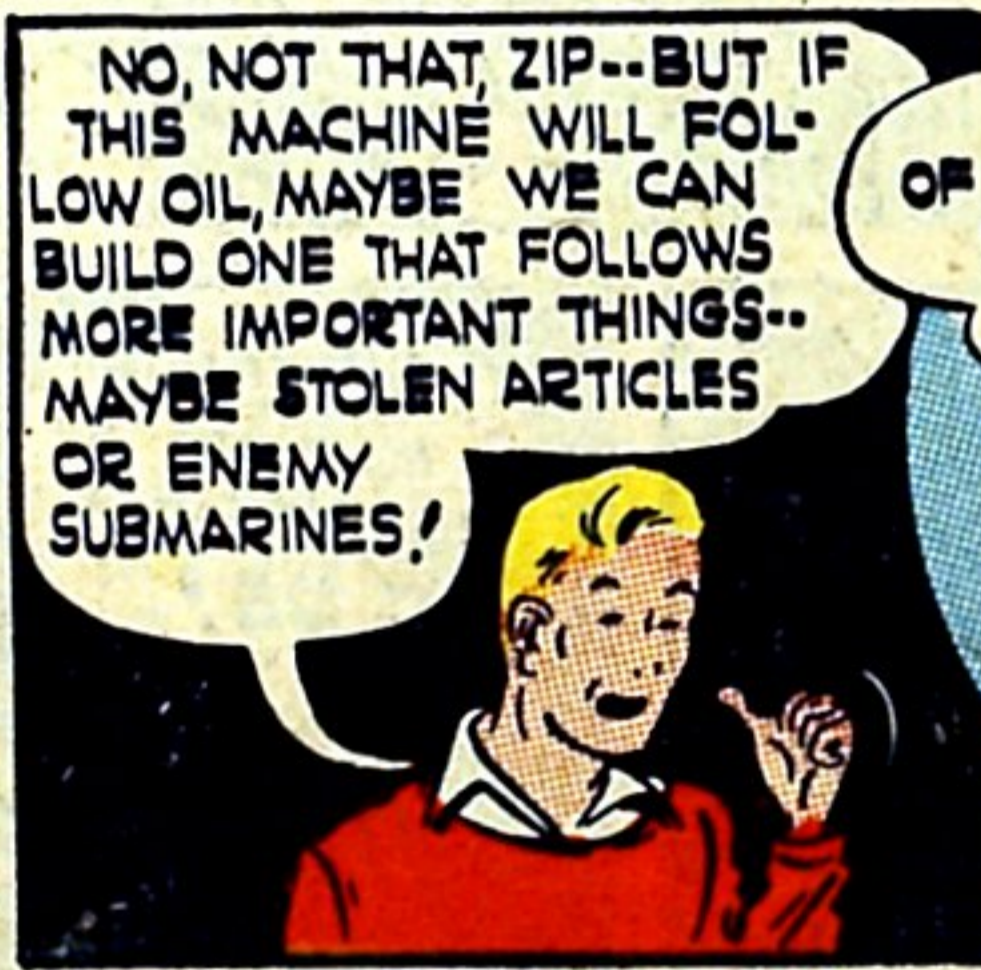
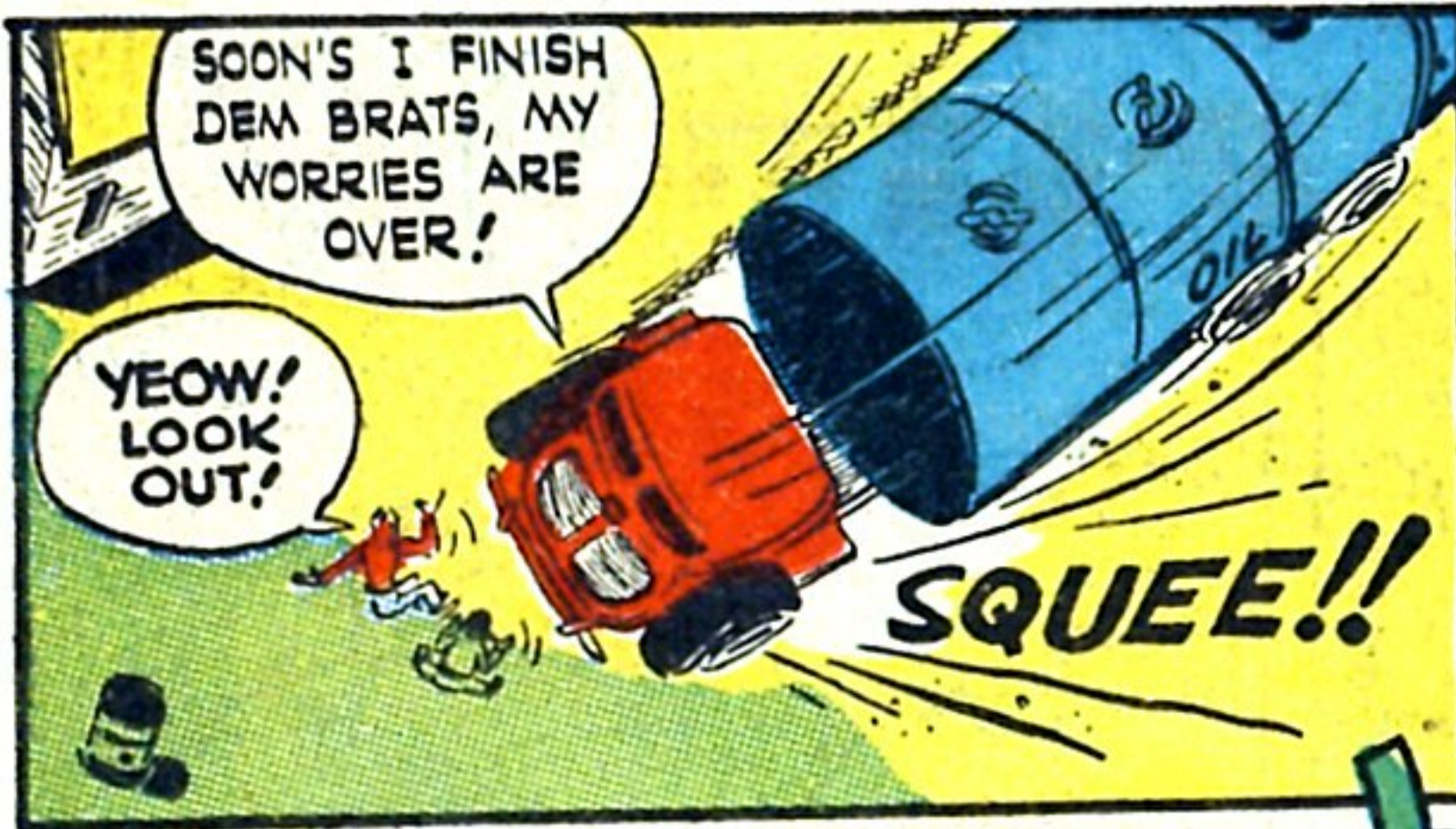


--IN THE MEANTIME, WE CAN DRIVE TO NEW YORK AND MAKE A DEAL WITH AN OIL SYNDICATE! THIS JOB OUGHT TO NET US A COOL MILLION!









# DICKIE'S INVENTION CONTEST

**CAN YOU CREATE A SIMPLE INVENTION? - YOU CAN? THEN, MAKE A SKETCH OF IT AND MAIL IT TO:**

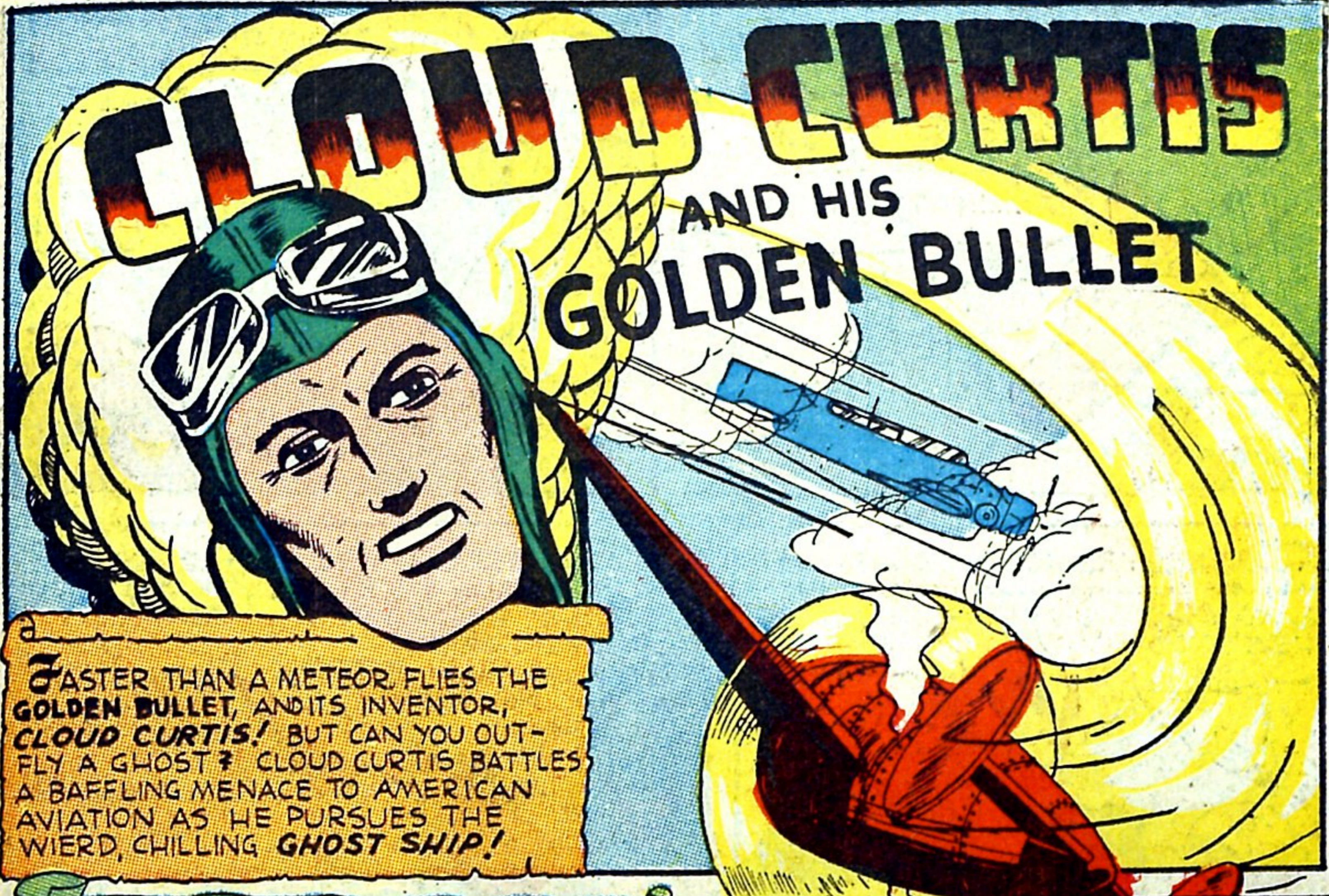
**DICKIE DEAN'S INVENTION DEPT. SILVER STREAK COMICS 114 EAST 32ND STREET NEW YORK CITY**

**A HOME-MADE SCOOTER WITH A TRAILER!**

IT WAS INVENTED BY ARTHUR NELSON OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**HERE ARE THE NAMES OF HONORABLE MENTION WINNERS...**

DAVID ACRON.....ILL.  
 MARY R. GRANT....COLO.  
 FREDERICK OLDNER...N.Y.  
 ALFRED BAUMGARTNER.N.Y.  
 MILDRED NORTON....TENN.  
 "SKINNY" BENTEN.....ILL.  
 NORMAN TRACER.....N.Y.  
 PHILLIP DI SALVIO...CALIF.  
 FRANKLIN NIKOT.....N.J.  
 ALVIN T. ARMSTRONG...N.Y.



**F**ASTER THAN A METEOR, FLIES THE GOLDEN BULLET, AND ITS INVENTOR, CLOUD CURTIS! BUT CAN YOU OUTFLY A GHOST? CLOUD CURTIS BATTLES A BAFFLING MENACE TO AMERICAN AVIATION AS HE PURSUES THE WIERD, CHILLING GHOST SHIP!



At a hidden spot, a strange ship takes off.

OFF GOES THE GHOST SHIP AGAIN, HA, HA!



At the nearby Army field Cloud Curtis, Pop and Crusher watch the test dive of a new model war plane.

SHE'S STARTED THE DIVE!

If this latest model dive bomber comes through America has the best dive bomber in the world!



LET 'ER OUT PETE! THIS BABY'S O.KAY!



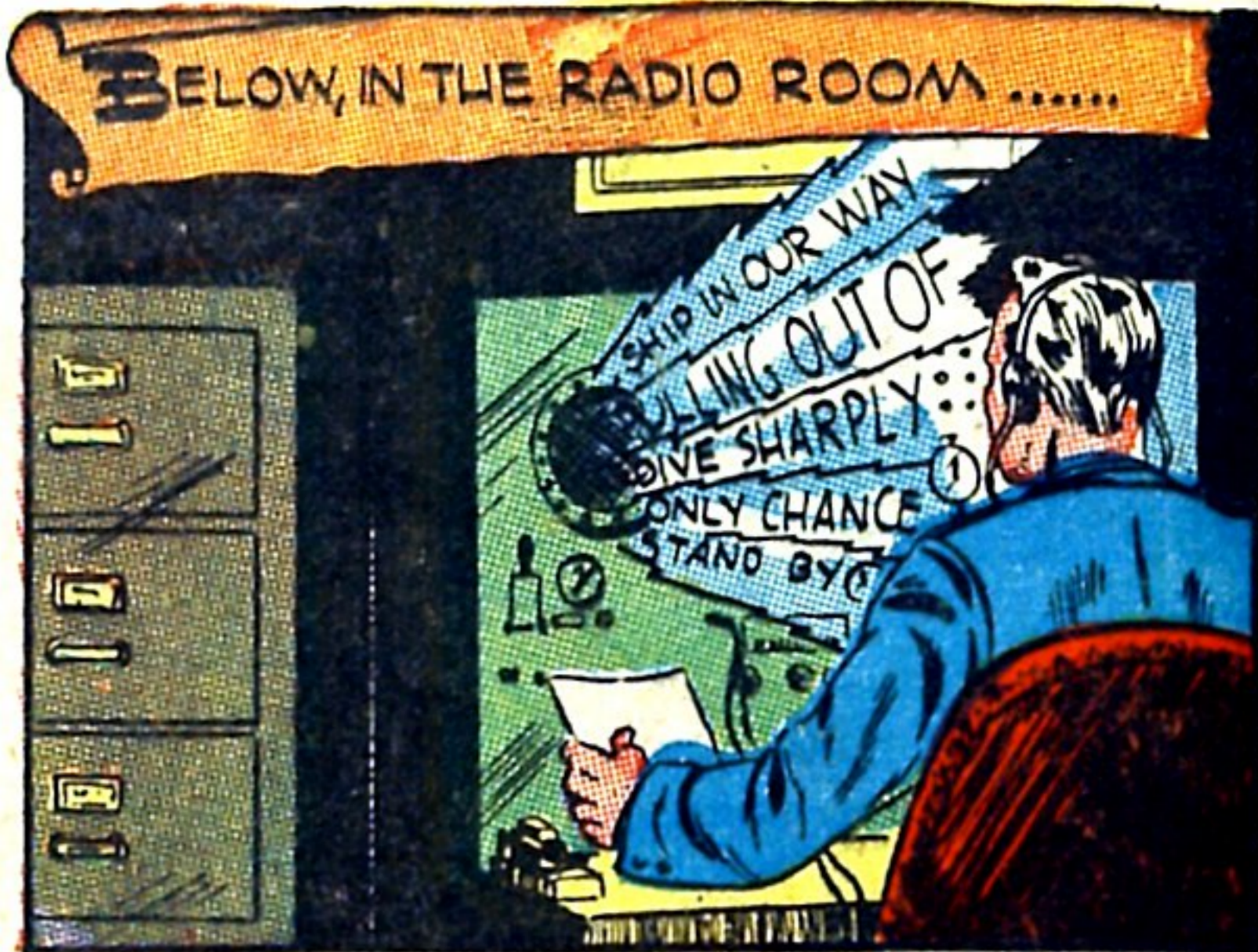
HEY! WHERE'D THAT SHIP COME FROM?



THE TEST SHIP IS DIVING AT 600 MILES AN HOUR AT THE SHIP IN THE WAY!

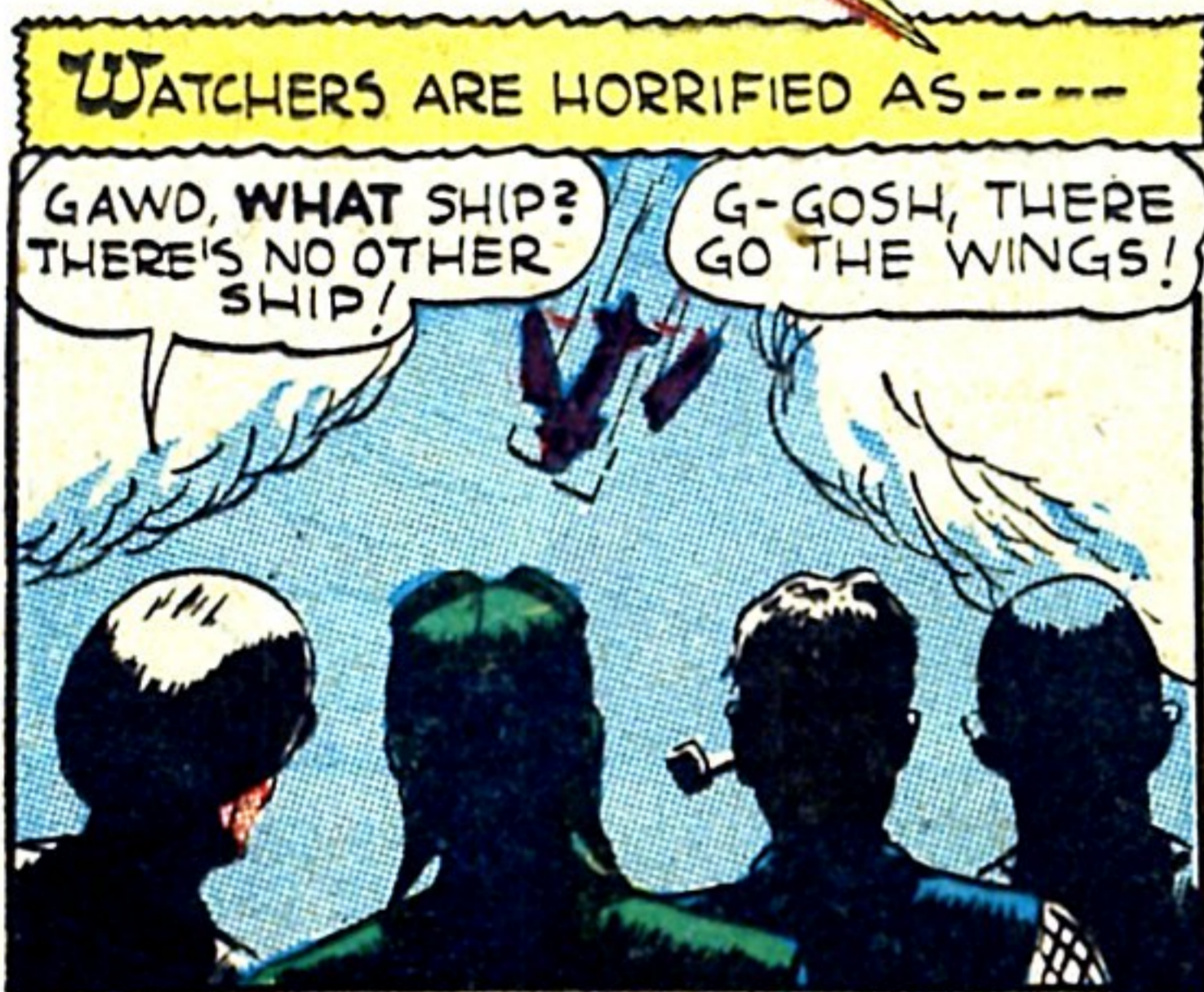
LOOK OUT! PULL OUT OF THE DIVE... HURRY

IT MIGHT TAKE THE WING OFF....



BELOW, IN THE RADIO ROOM .....

SHIP IN OUR WAY  
PULLING OUT OF  
DIVE SHARPLY...  
ONLY CHANCE  
STAND BY!



WATCHERS ARE HORRIFIED AS-----

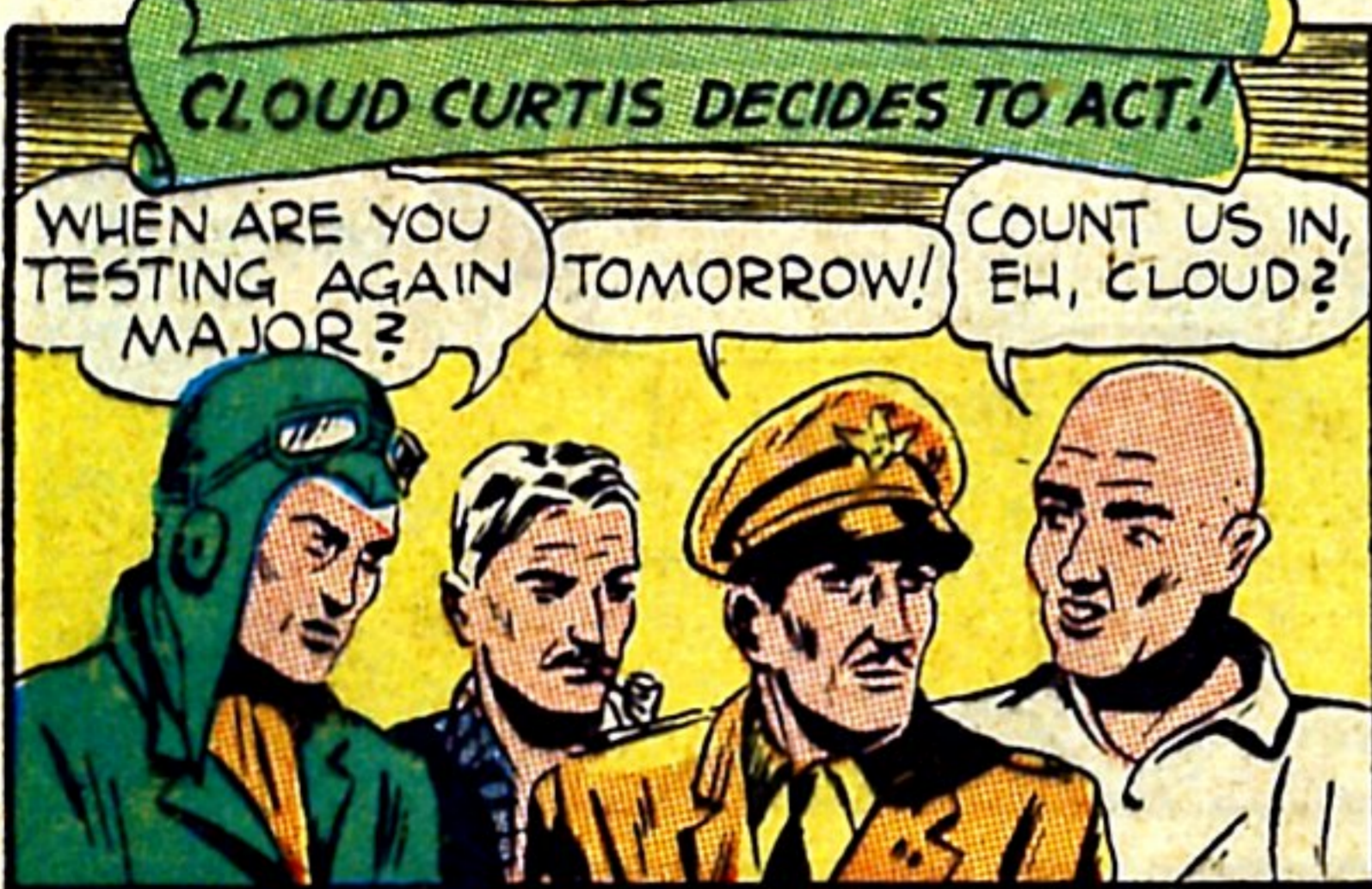
GAWD, WHAT SHIP? THERE'S NO OTHER SHIP!

G-GOSH, THERE GO THE WINGS!



THE THIRD TEST SHIP WRECKED THAT WAY! ALWAYS BY THE GHOST SHIP! A SHIP WE NEVER SEE!

NO TIME FOR THOSE TWO POOR BIRDS TO BAIL OUT!



CLOUD CURTIS DECIDES TO ACT!

WHEN ARE YOU TESTING AGAIN MAJOR?

TOMORROW!

COUNT US IN, EH, CLOUD?



Next day...

LAY YOU TWO TO ONE, POP, THAT THERE'S NO GHOST SHIP!

WE'LL, CRUSHER I'LL TAKE THAT UP...



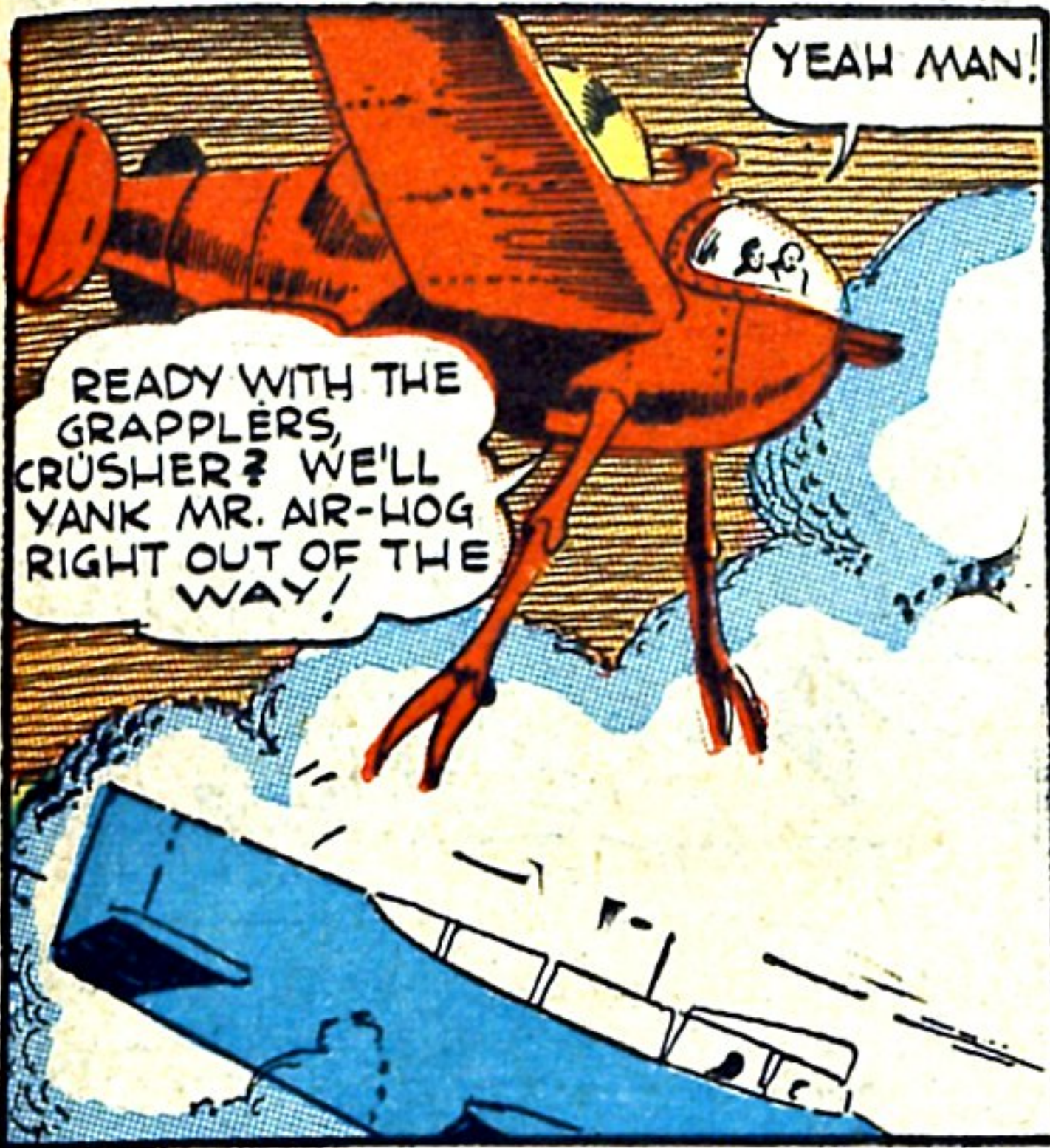
BECAUSE THERE IT IS!

HOLY MACKEREL! IT POPPED OUT O' THIN AIR!



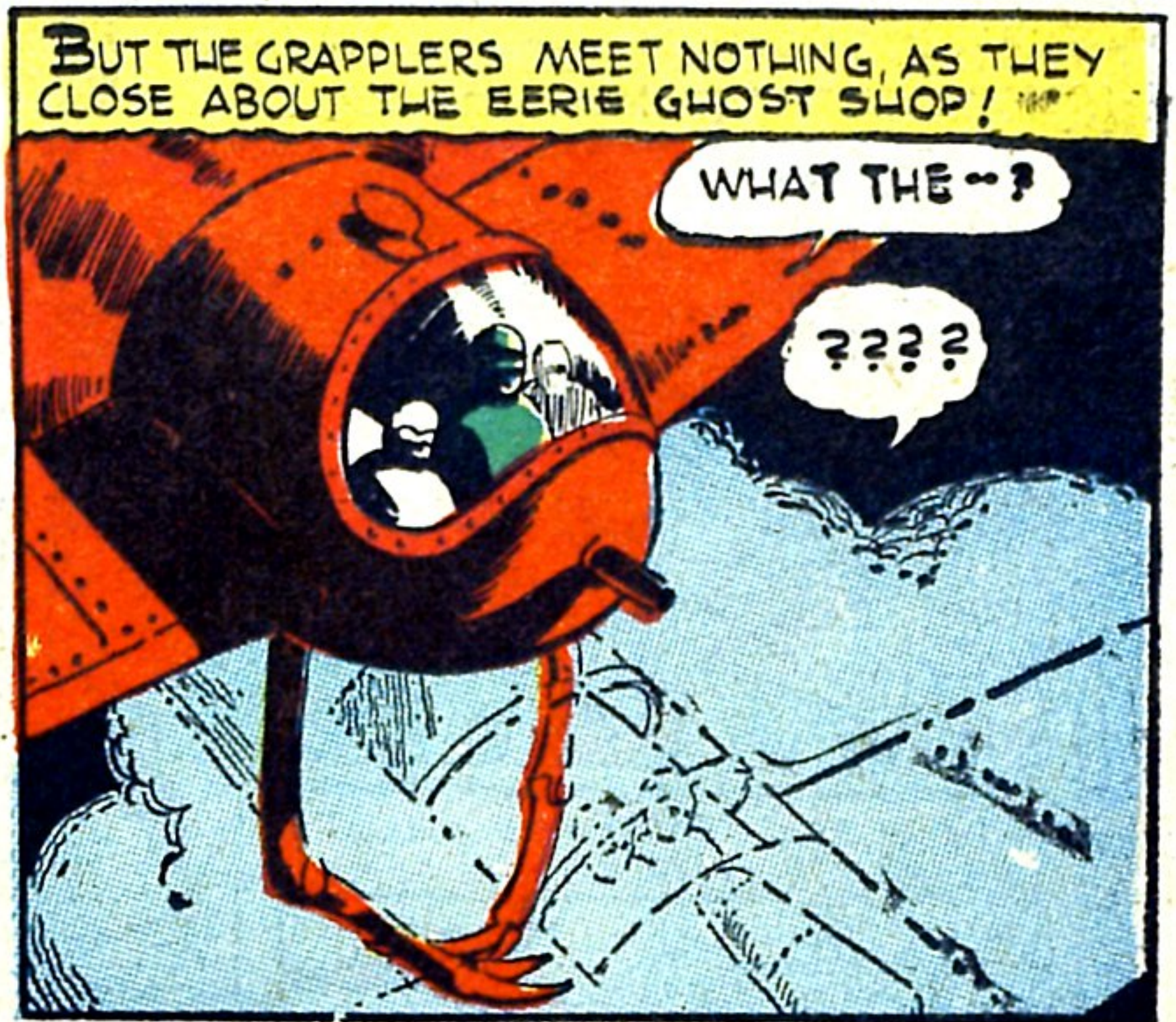
THE GHOST SHIP! PULL OUT!

SHUT UP, YOU GUYS, AND GET BUSY! WE GOTTA SAVE THAT DIVE BOMBER!



YEAH MAN!

READY WITH THE GRAPPLERS, CRUSHER? WE'LL YANK MR. AIR-HOG RIGHT OUT OF THE WAY!



BUT THE GRAPPLERS MEET NOTHING, AS THEY CLOSE ABOUT THE EERIE GHOST SHIP!

WHAT THE--?

?????



WE GRABBED A HANDFUL OF NOTHIN'!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOST SHIPS BUT...



MEANWHILE, TRAGEDY AGAIN OCCURS WHEN A DIVE BOMBER SWERVES TO AVOID CRASHING INTO THE GHOST SHIP.

LOST OUR WINGS!

BAIL OUT! IF WE DON'T MAKE IT--- SO--LONG, FELLA!..



AND BEFORE THEIR EYES THE UNCANNY GHOST SHIP VANISHES ITS HORRIBLE MISSION DONE!

JUMPIN' CATFISH! IT'S-GONE!

IF IT ISN'T A GHOST SHIP, WHAT IS IT?



ELSEWHERE IN A SHIP SPEEDING AWAY.

THEY DON'T KNOW THE SECRET OF THE GHOST SHIP HA, HA, HAAAA! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW TILL AMERICA'S AIR PROGRAM IS COMPLETELY STALLED, HA, HA!



WONDER IF IT'S SABOTAGE?

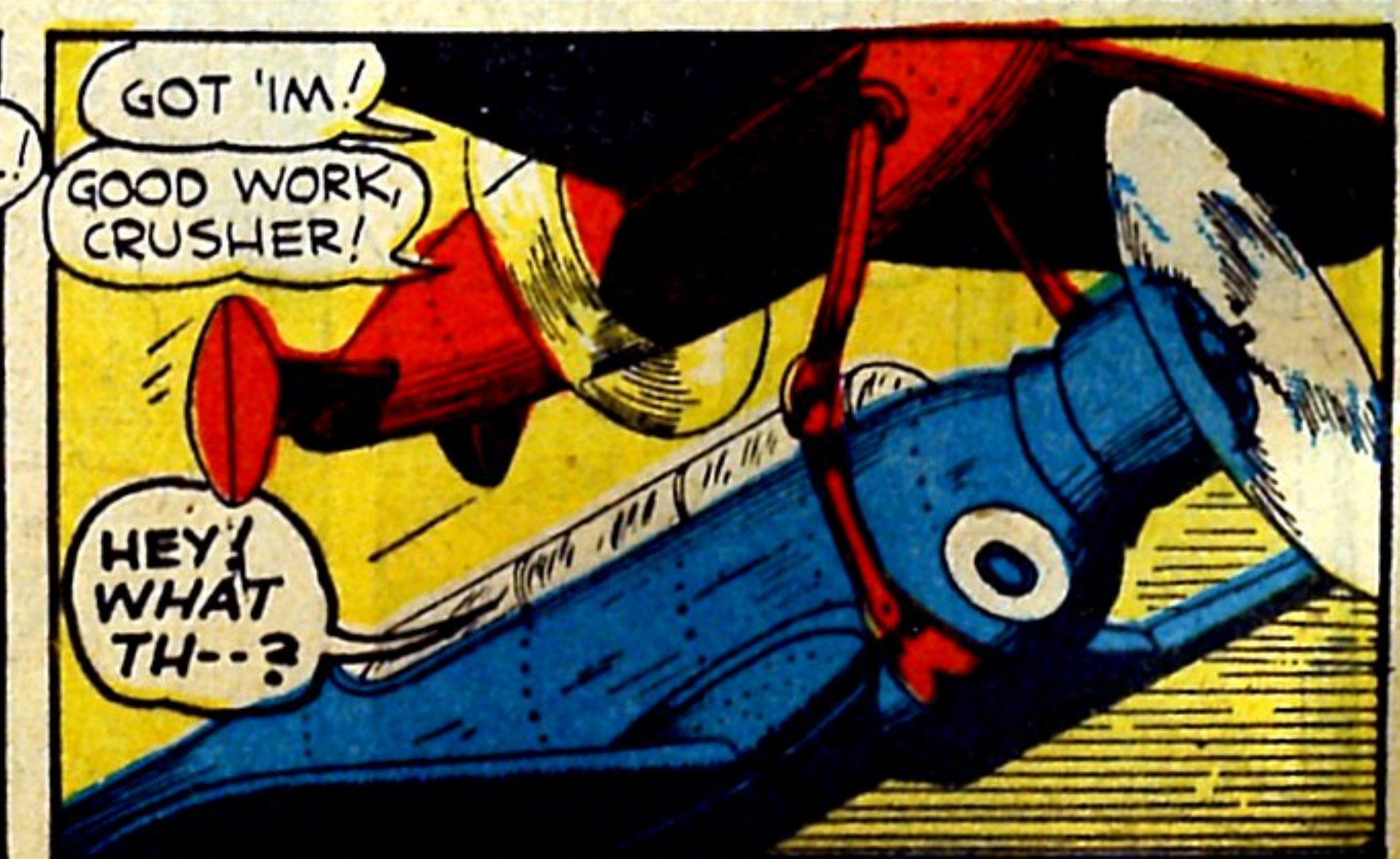
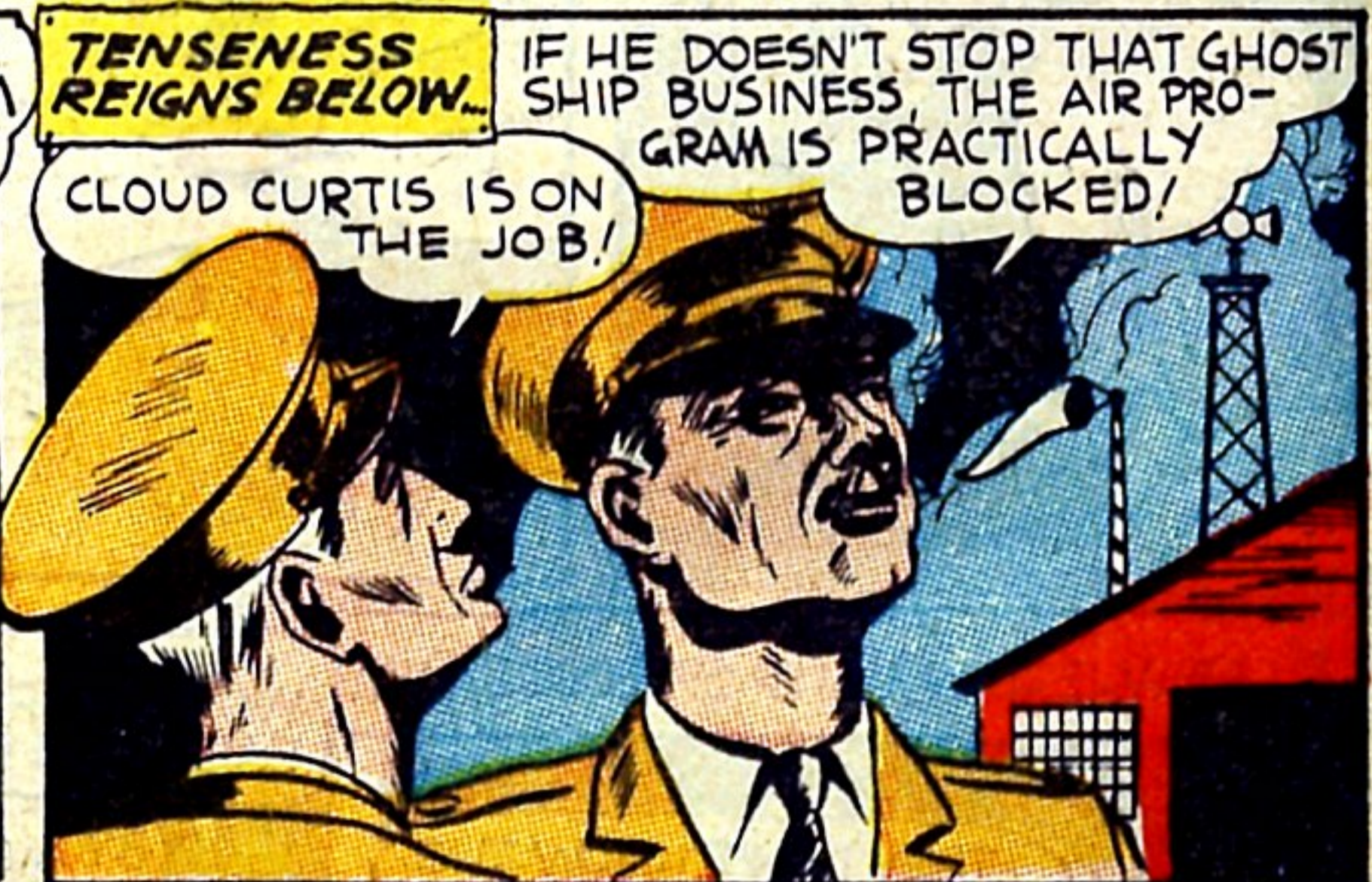
SABOTAGE BY A GHOST, HMFF! WADDA YOU THINK, POP?

BEATS ME! I'M NOT THINKIN'!



WE'RE ALL CONFUSED, LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE.

OH BOY! COWBOYS 'N INJUNS!





KEEP 'ER STEADY, POP!

WHILE WE DO A LITTLE RAT HUNTING!



HIMMEL, AN INVASION!

HEY! VOT ISS HAPPENING?



YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, BEBBY!



I BASH DER BRAINS OUT!

THE SABOTEUR LEADER SWINGS A WRENCH.....



BUT FIRST, I BASH YOUR TEETH IN!



SHUCKS, THE FUN'S OVER!

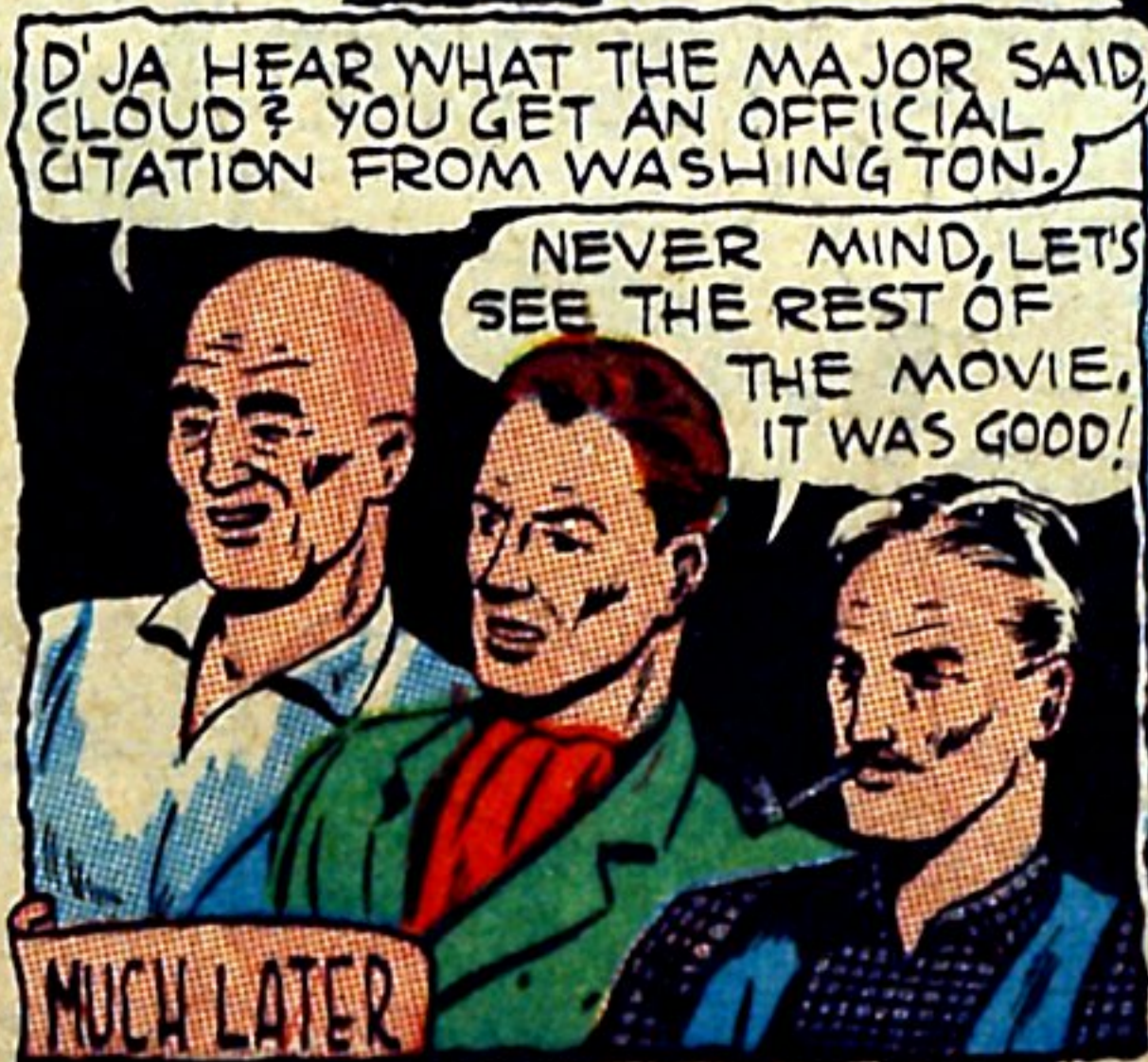
SEE THIS, CRUSHER IT'S THE ANSWER TO THE GHOST SHIP!

SOON.....



YOU SEE, THE GHOST SHIP WAS JUST AN IMAGE THROWN BY THIS MOVIE PROJECTOR AGAINST A CLOUD-BANK!

WELL I'LL BE---?



D'JA HEAR WHAT THE MAJOR SAID, CLOUD? YOU GET AN OFFICIAL CITATION FROM WASHINGTON.

NEVER MIND, LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE MOVIE, IT WAS GOOD!

MUCH LATER

EXCITING! COLOSSAL! UNBELIEVABLE! YES, THOSE ARE THE WORDS FOR NEXT MONTH'S STORY AS CLOUD CURTIS AND HIS GOLDEN BULLET MEET THE MOST FRIGHTFUL MACHINE OF DESTRUCTION EVER INVENTED BY THE HUMAN MIND!

by RICHARD BRIEFER

# The PIRATE PRINCE

OUT OF THE PAGES OF THE PAST EMERGES THE FIGURE OF THE PIRATE PRINCE, SAILING THE SEVEN SEAS, RIDDING THEM OF PIRATES AND SLAVE DEALERS.



WHEN LAST WE SAW THE PIRATE PRINCE, HE RESCUED THE FAIR LADY MARIE FROM PIRATES.

HOW CAN I THANK YOU FOR RESCUING ME AND TAKING ME TO MY HOME?

'T WAS ALL MY PLEASURE, LADY MARIE.

'A SHIP TO LEEWARD, PRINCE!

AYE.. IT IS ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CRAFT.

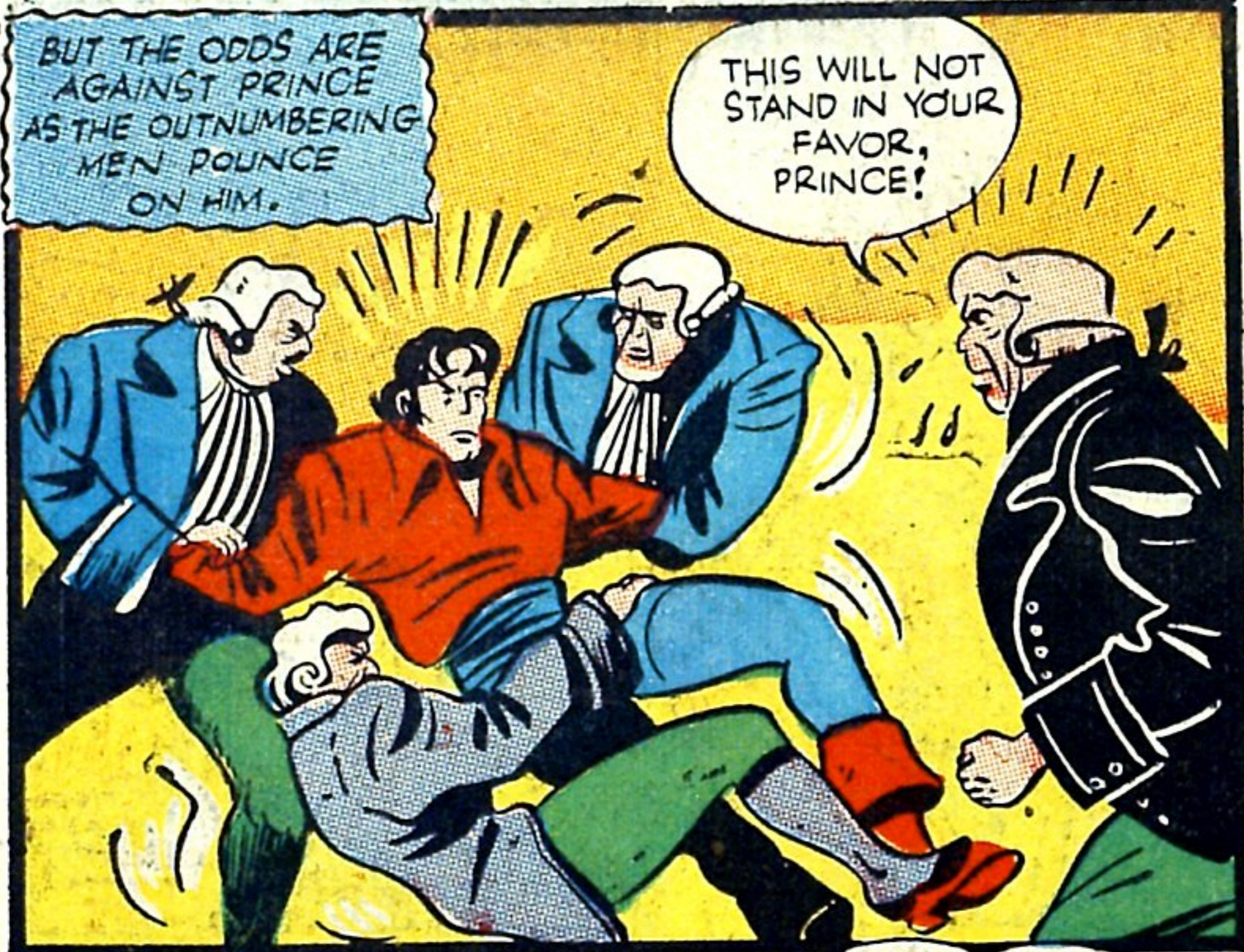


OH, PRINCE, YOU'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!

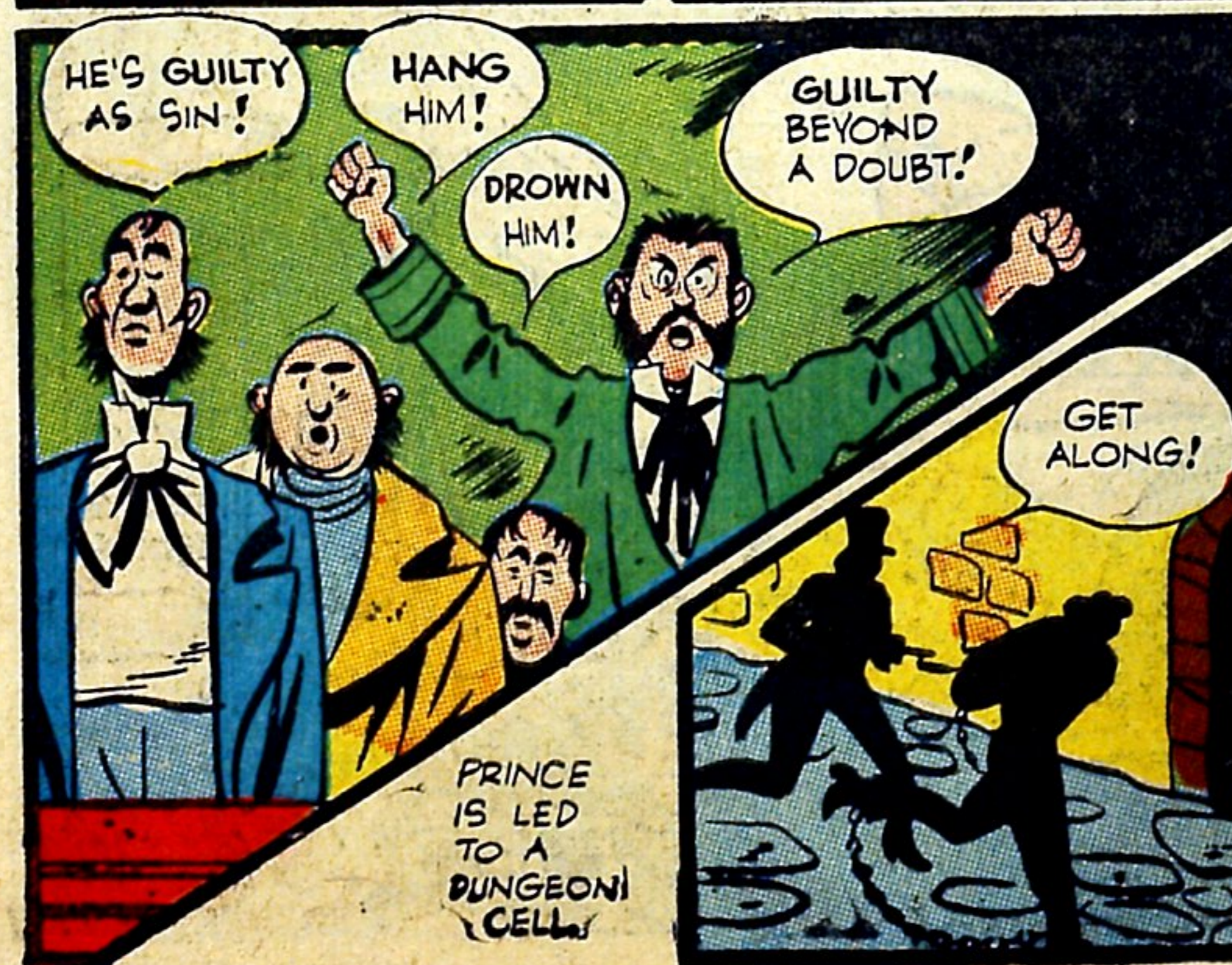
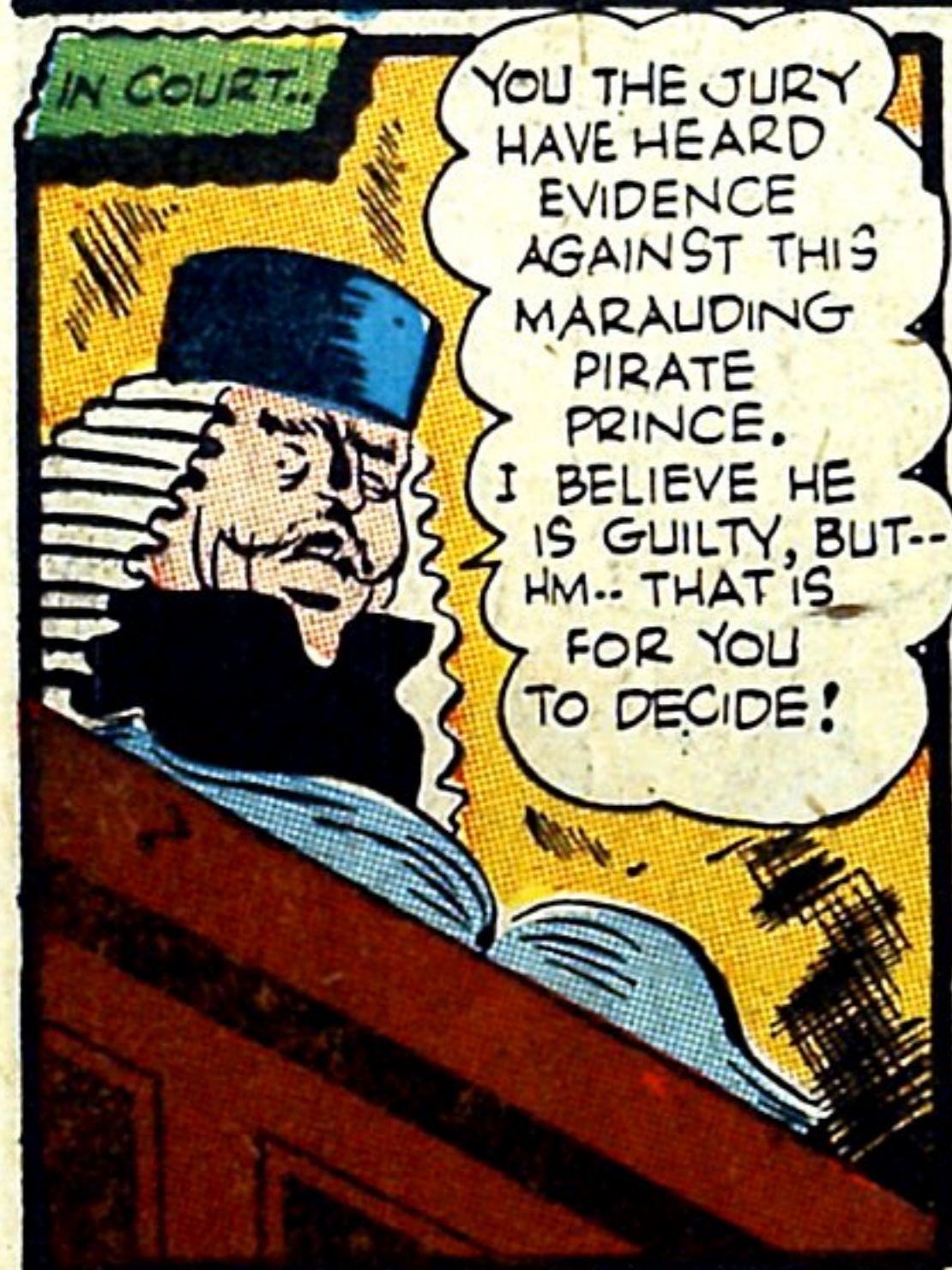








AND SO PRINCE IS HEADED FOR SHORE, TO STAND TRIAL FOR THE ABDUCTION OF LADY MARIE.



ALL THE WHILE, LADY MARIE IS BUSY WORKING FOR PRINCE. SHE VISITS THE JUDGE'S WIFE...



I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, HONEY, AND I WISH I COULD HELP YOU.

YOU CAN HELP ME FREE THE PIRATE PRINCE! LISTEN...



BZZZZZ BZZZZ BZZZZZZZZ...

MARVELOUS! THE LAUGH WILL BE ON MY HUSBAND!

THE TWO WOMEN VISIT THE DUNGEON.



YOU CAN'T SEE HIM!

BUT I AM THE JUDGE'S WIFE!

OH, YES-- CERTAINLY. COME IN-- I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY.



YOU CAN STAY FIVE MINUTES.



LADY MARIE! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

SSHHH! NO TIME TO LOSE!



THIS IS THE JUDGE'S WIFE. SHE IS GOING TO HELP YOU ESCAPE. QUICK-- PUT ON HER CAPE!

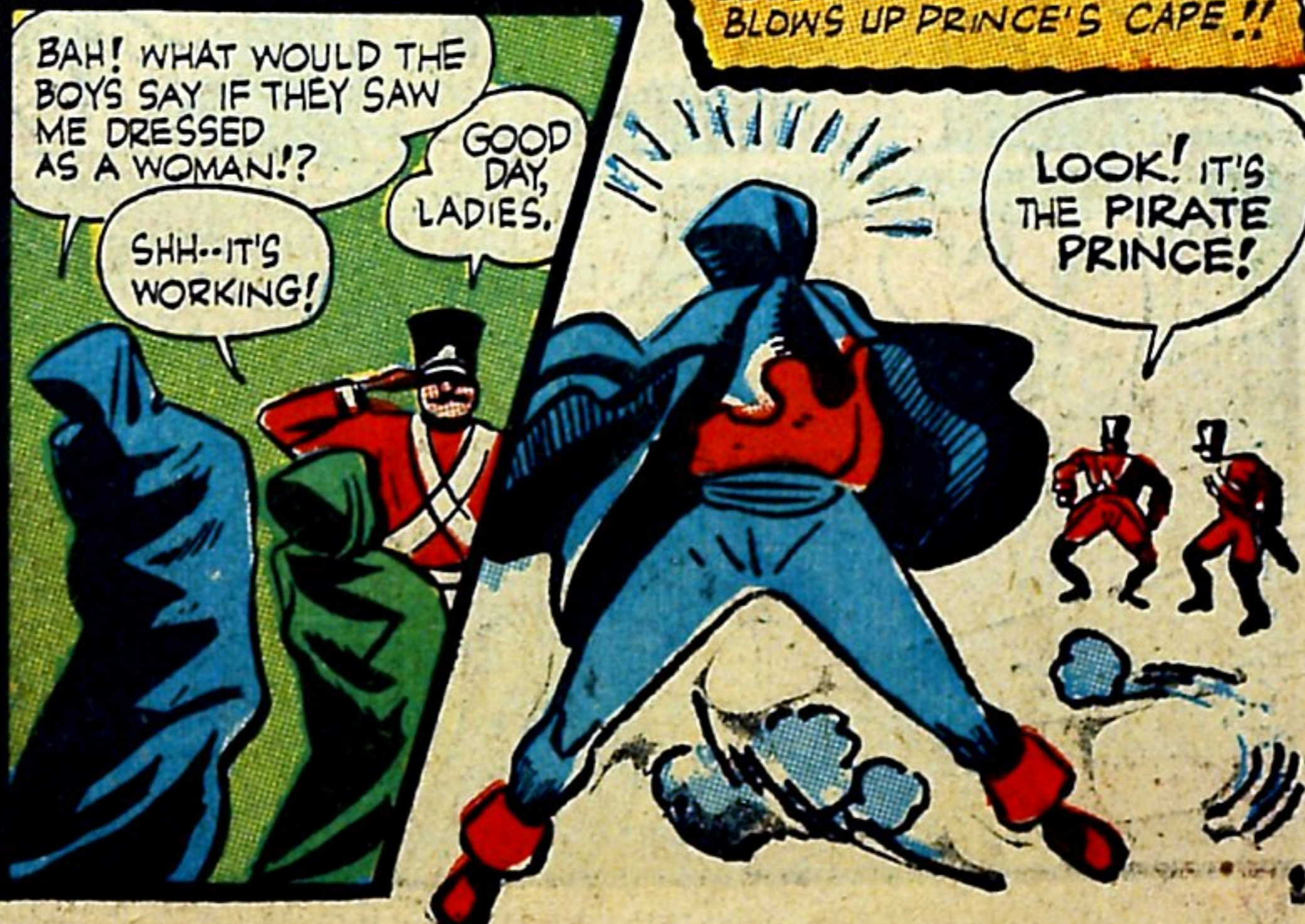
WHAT!? HIDE BEHIND A WOMAN'S SKIRT? NEVER! I'LL HANG FIRST!

GRUMBLING AT THE DEGRADATION, PRINCE DONS THE WOMAN'S CAPE.

PRINCE AND LADY MARIE ARE OUT OF THE PRISON. SUDDENLY A GUST OF WIND BLOWS UP PRINCE'S CAPE!!



YOU FOOL! YOU CAN GET OUT OF HERE DISGUISED AS ME. THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO ME WHEN THEY FIND ME HERE INSTEAD OF YOU!



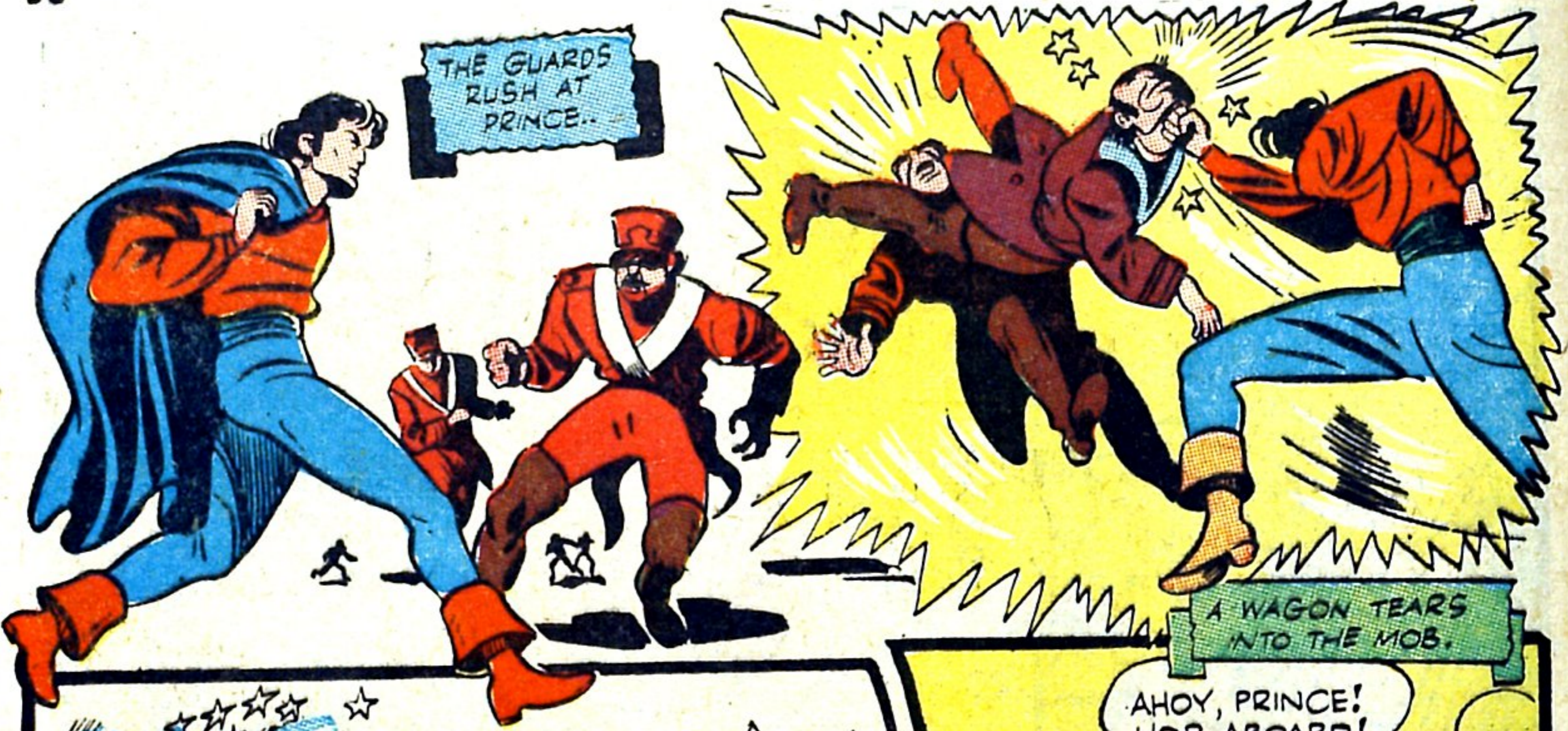
BAH! WHAT WOULD THE BOYS SAY IF THEY SAW ME DRESSED AS A WOMAN!?

GOOD DAY, LADIES.

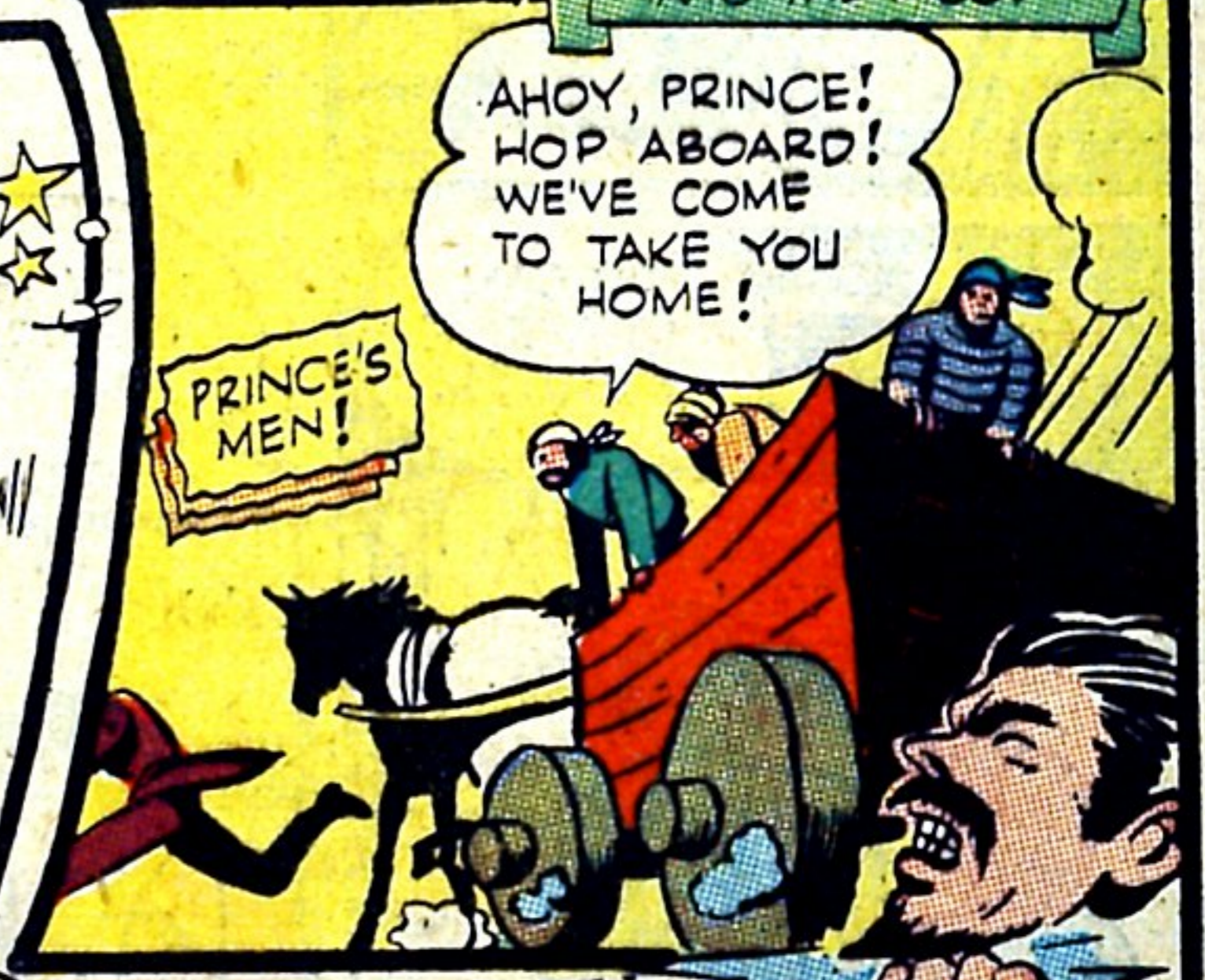
SHH--IT'S WORKING!

LOOK! IT'S THE PIRATE PRINCE!

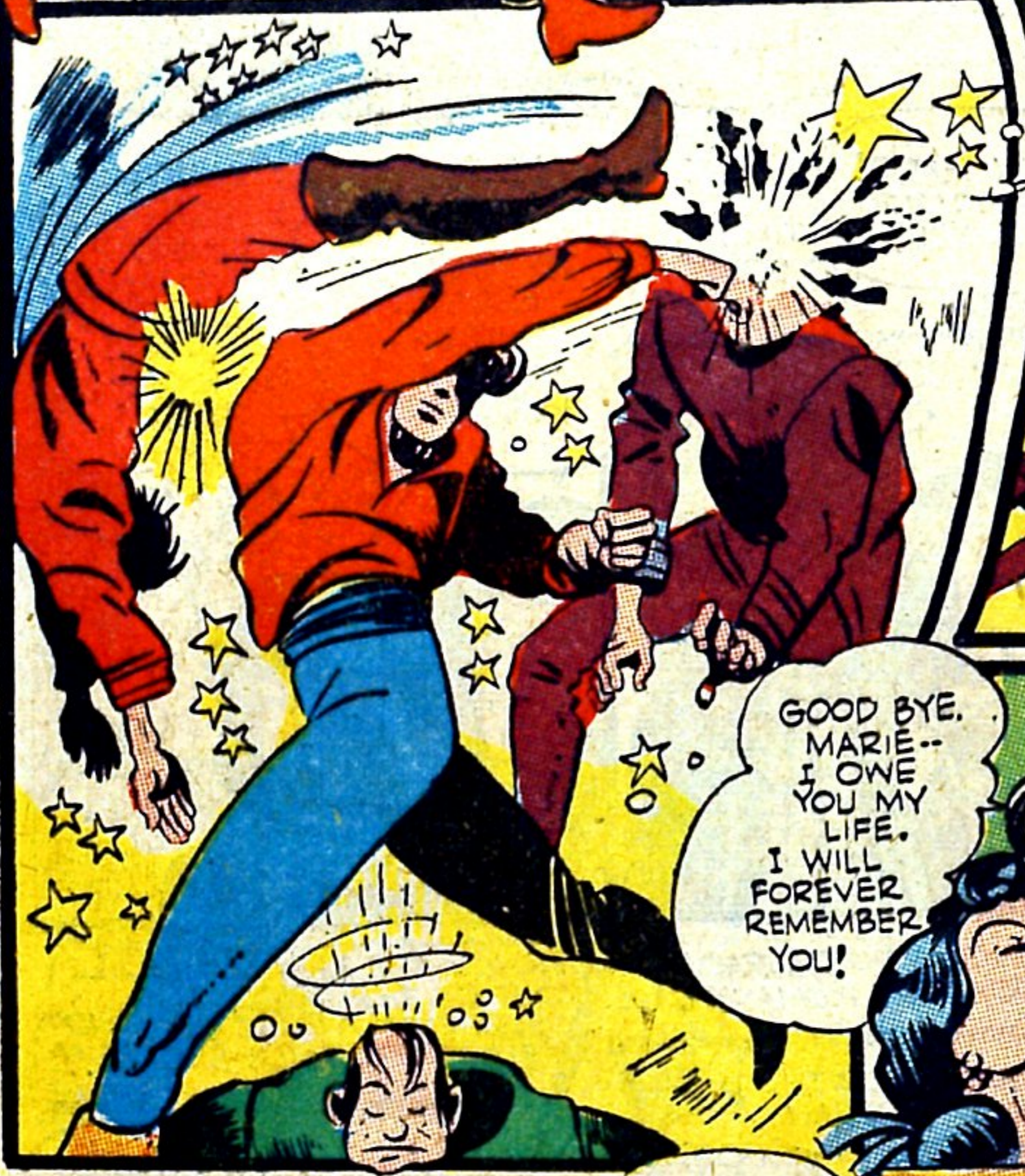
THE GUARDS RUSH AT PRINCE..



A WAGON TEARS INTO THE MOB.



AHOY, PRINCE! HOP ABOARD! WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME!



GOOD BYE, MARIE-- I OWE YOU MY LIFE. I WILL FOREVER REMEMBER YOU!



SOMEDAY-- I'LL RETURN!

SOON!

AND BY EVENING, ONCE AGAIN THE PIRATE PRINCE SAILS THE SEAS IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME AND EVIL.



The PIRATE PRINCE RETURNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE of SILVER STREAK COMICS in a bold swashbuckling tale of PIRATE DAYS.

# PRESTO MARTIN



"QUICK CHANGE DETECTIVE"

by BOB WOOD

**I**N THE ANNALS OF CRIMINAL HISTORY, NO ONE MAN HAS PROVED TO BE MORE OF A BOOMERANG TO THE FALSE IDEALS OF THAT EVIL SOCIETY WHICH WOULD ATTEMPT TO OVERCOME OUR FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER THAN PRESTO MARTIN.....

AS CAPTAIN OF MANHATTAN'S DETECTIVES, PRESTO, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MASTER OF QUICK DISGUISE, BATTLES CEASELESSLY ON IN HIS SUCCESSFUL ENDEAVORS TO MAKE THIS A BETTER AND SAFER COUNTRY IN WHICH TO LIVE....

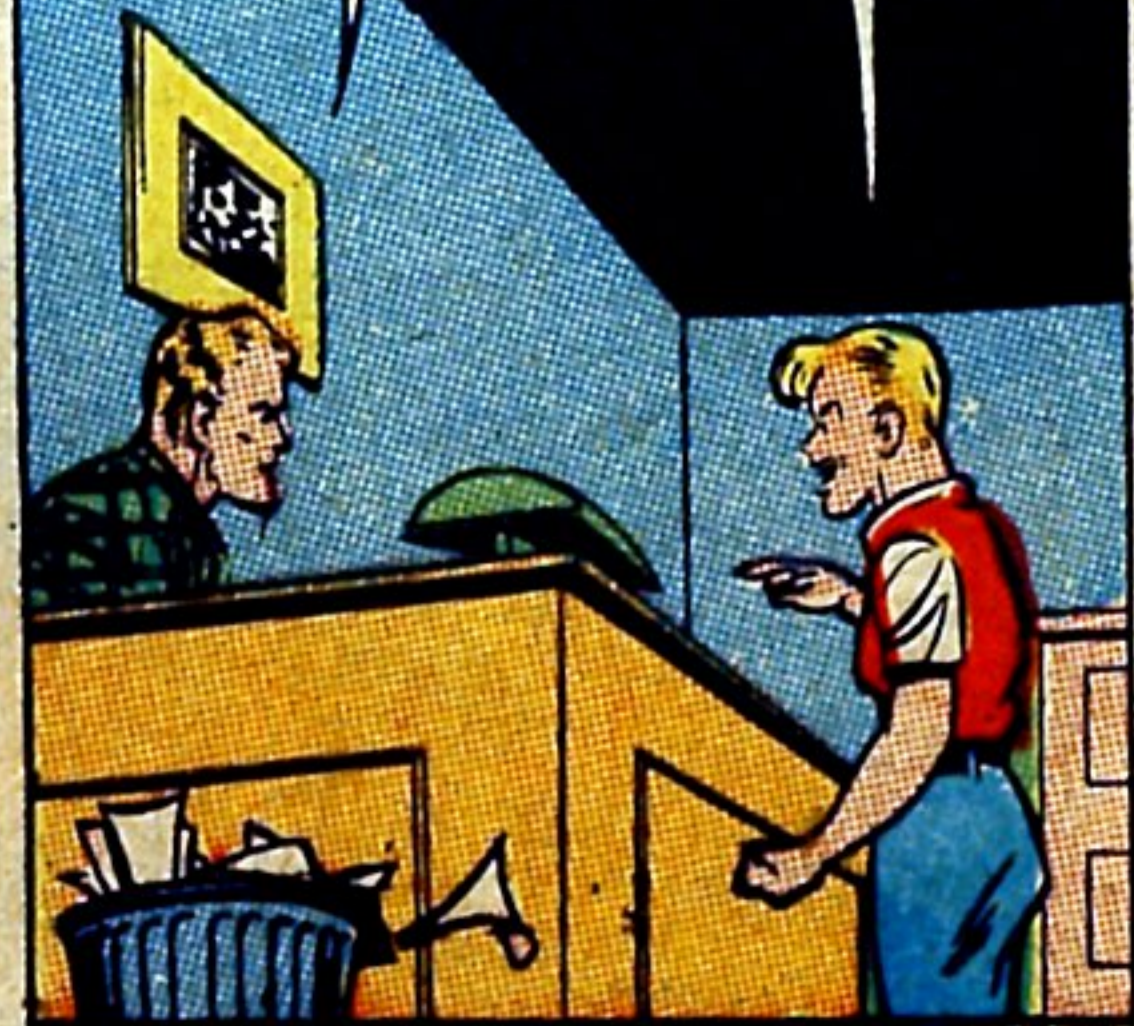
PRESTO'S OFFICE AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.....



AW SHUCKS...UNCLE PRESTO, YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, HAVE YOU? .....IT'S MY BIRTH-DAY!



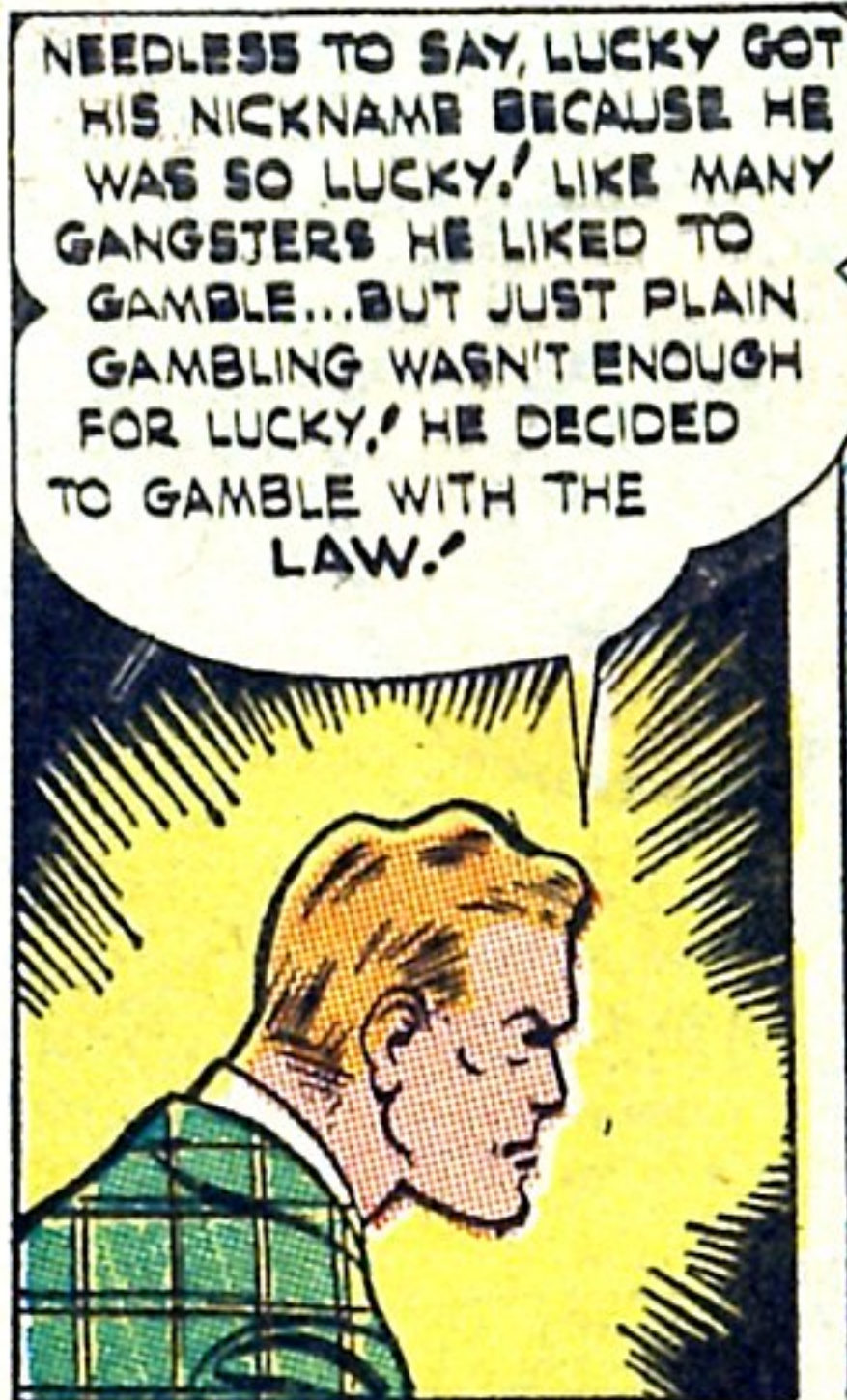
OH YES...THAT'S RIGHT....AND I PROMISED TO TELL YOU A STORY, DIDN'T I?



RIGHTO... PRESTO! YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT "LUCKY" LUTRECIA. REMEMBER?

OH YES, LUCKY LUTRECIA! WELL, DAVIE, THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT...LUCKY WAS PROBABLY THE MOST UNUSUAL CRIMINAL ON RECORD--AND NO DOUBT ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL!





NEEDLESS TO SAY, LUCKY GOT HIS NICKNAME BECAUSE HE WAS SO LUCKY! LIKE MANY GANGSTERS HE LIKED TO GAMBLE...BUT JUST PLAIN GAMBLING WASN'T ENOUGH FOR LUCKY, HE DECIDED TO GAMBLE WITH THE LAW!



HEY GUYS, I DONE IT AGAIN! FLYING-GOOSE, A 90 TO 1 SHOT WON AT BELMONT! I HAD FIFTY BUCKS ON THE NOSE!

WOW! LUCKY.. HOW D'YA DO IT?

IT AIN'T HUMAN, LUCKY!

IT ALL STARTED UP IN BOSTON THREE YEARS AGO WHEN LUCKY WAS JUST ANOTHER GAMBLER WHO LOITERED AROUND POOL ROOMS AND STREET CORNERS!



THAT'S RIGHT...I AIN'T HUMAN! I'M PROBABLY THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD, AN' I BEEN THINKIN', MAYBE I OUGHTA REALLY CAPITALIZE ON IT!



WHAT D'YA MEAN, LUCKY... REALLY CAPITALIZE ON IT, HUH?

YEAH, LUCKY.... YOU'RE DOIN' ALL RIGHT RIGHT NOW, AIN'T YA?



YEAH, I'M DOIN' OKAY NOW, BUT DO YOU GUYS REALIZE I'M A SECOND KING MIDAS! EVERYTHING I TOUCH TURNS TO GOLD! I CAN'T LOSE, AN' IF I'M LUCKY WITH THE HORSES AN' GAMBLING WHEELS, WHY WOULDN'T I BE LUCKY WITH THE COPS?



...AND SO THAT'S HOW LUCKY LUTRECIA STARTED OUT, DAVIE! FROM THAT POINT ON, A SERIES OF BRAZEN MURDERS AND ROBBERIES SWEEPED THE ENTIRE COUNTRY!



CHICAGO STAR  
TENTH NATIONAL BANK  
ROBBED LUTRECIA  
SUSPECTED

DESCRIPTION--6 FOOT TALL--180 POUNDS--SMALL MUSTACHE--LIKES TO GAMBLE--LOUD DRESSER!



Toledo Times  
LUCKY LUTRECIA  
ESCAPES FROM  
POLICE FOLLOWING  
DARING ROBBERY

FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN AS MANY DAYS, LUCKY LUTRECIA AND HIS MOB HAVE BAF- FLED THE LAW--- THIS TIME IT WAS THE COLUMBUS TRUST COMPANY!



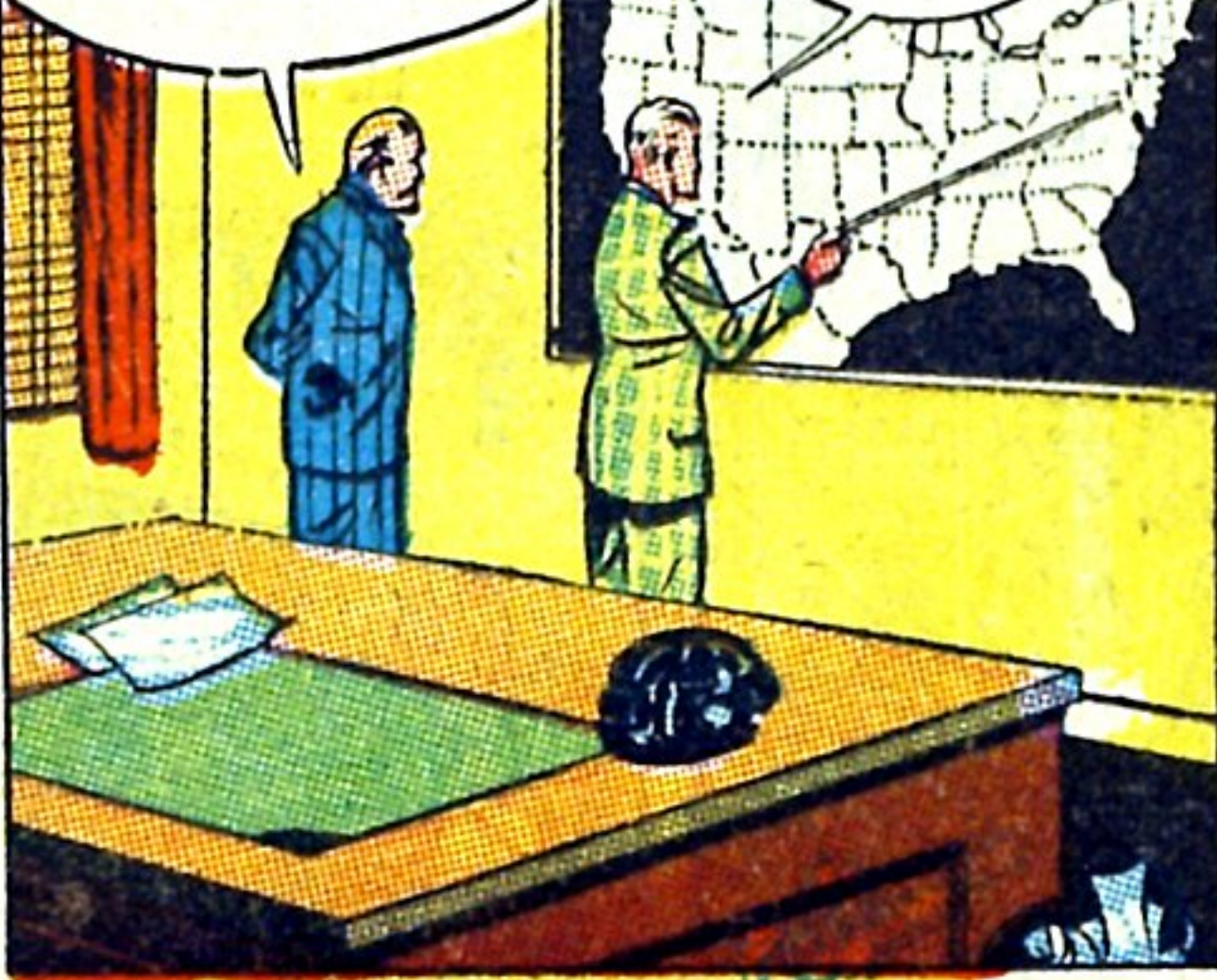
I TOLD YOU GUYS..Y' CAN'T MISS WITH LUCKY LUTRECIA! STICK WITH ME, AN' WE'LL ALL BE MILLION- AIRES BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

# MURDER! ARSON! ROBBERY! KILLINGS! BLACKMAIL!

YES, LUCKY AND HIS GANG PLUNDERED ON AND ON TO THE AMAZEVENT OF THE BEWILDERED POLICE... UP UNTIL THIS TIME, I MYSELF HAD HAD NO CONTACT WITH LUCKY, AS HE HAD NOT YET PULLED A JOB HERE IN NEW YORK CITY-- THEN ONE DAY IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.....

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT PRESTO, IT'S STRANGE THAT LUTRECIA HASN'T PULLED ANYTHING HERE IN NEW YORK!

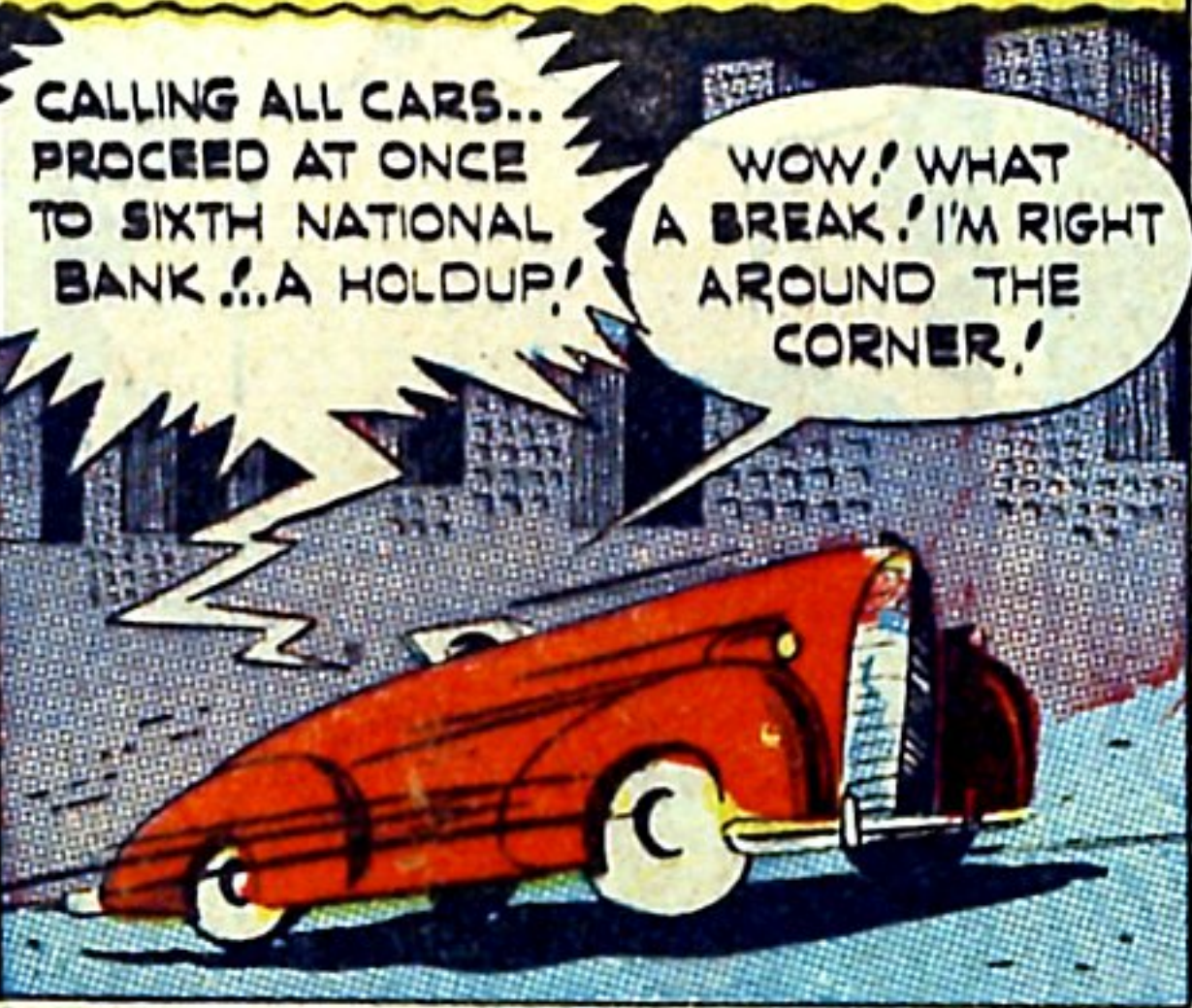
AND LOOK, COMMISSIONER, COLUMBUS, PITTSBURGH, AND LAST NIGHT, BALTIMORE. HE'S GETTING CLOSE...



HE MAY TRY NEW YORK NEXT AND THEN AGAIN, HE MAY NOT-- NEVERTHELESS, WE MUST BE READY FOR HIM! HIS BLOODY SERIES OF CRIMES MUST BE BROUGHT TO AN END!



"I THOUGHT AND THOUGHT OF SOME PLAN BY WHICH WE MIGHT LAY A TRAP FOR "LUCKY" WHEN HE DID ARRIVE-- TWO NIGHTS AFTER MY TALK WITH THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, I WAS DRIVING HOME.... WHEN....



CALLING ALL CARS.. PROCEED AT ONCE TO SIXTH NATIONAL BANK.. A HOLDUP!

WOW! WHAT A BREAK! I'M RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER!

I SWUNG AROUND THE CORNER JUST IN TIME TO SEE A BLACK SEDAN ROAR AWAY FROM THE CURB.....



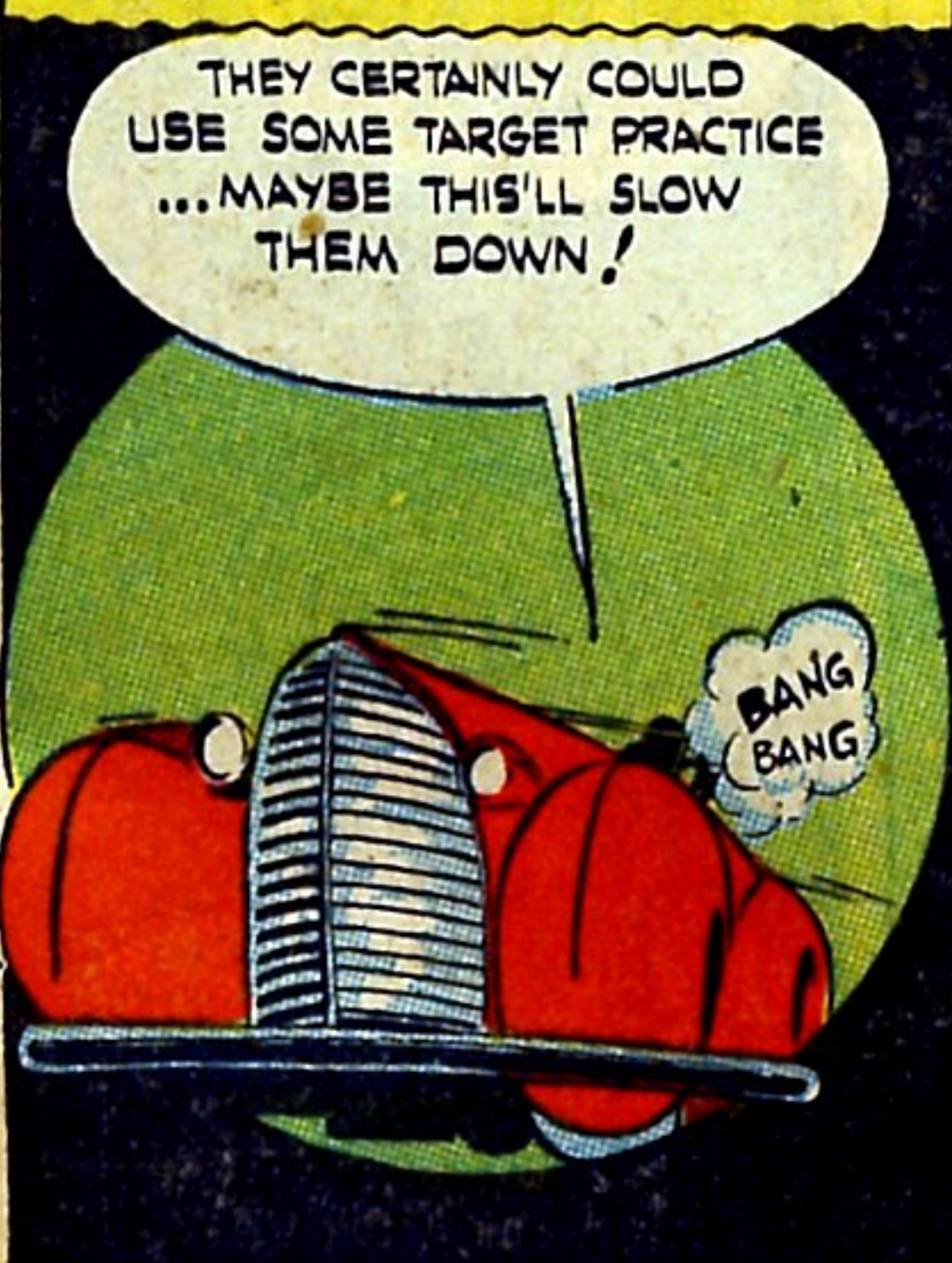
OH, OH-- THAT CAR FITS THE DESCRIPTION OF LUTRECIA'S.... COULD BE!

THEY SOON NOTICED I WAS ON THEIR TRAIL AND PROCEEDED TO UNLEASH A FLURRY OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS AT ME "



MUST BE A COPPER! PLUG HIM!

ON AND ON... THE CHASE LED DOWN TO THE EAST RIVER... BY THIS TIME, I, TOO, WAS FIRING AT THEM....



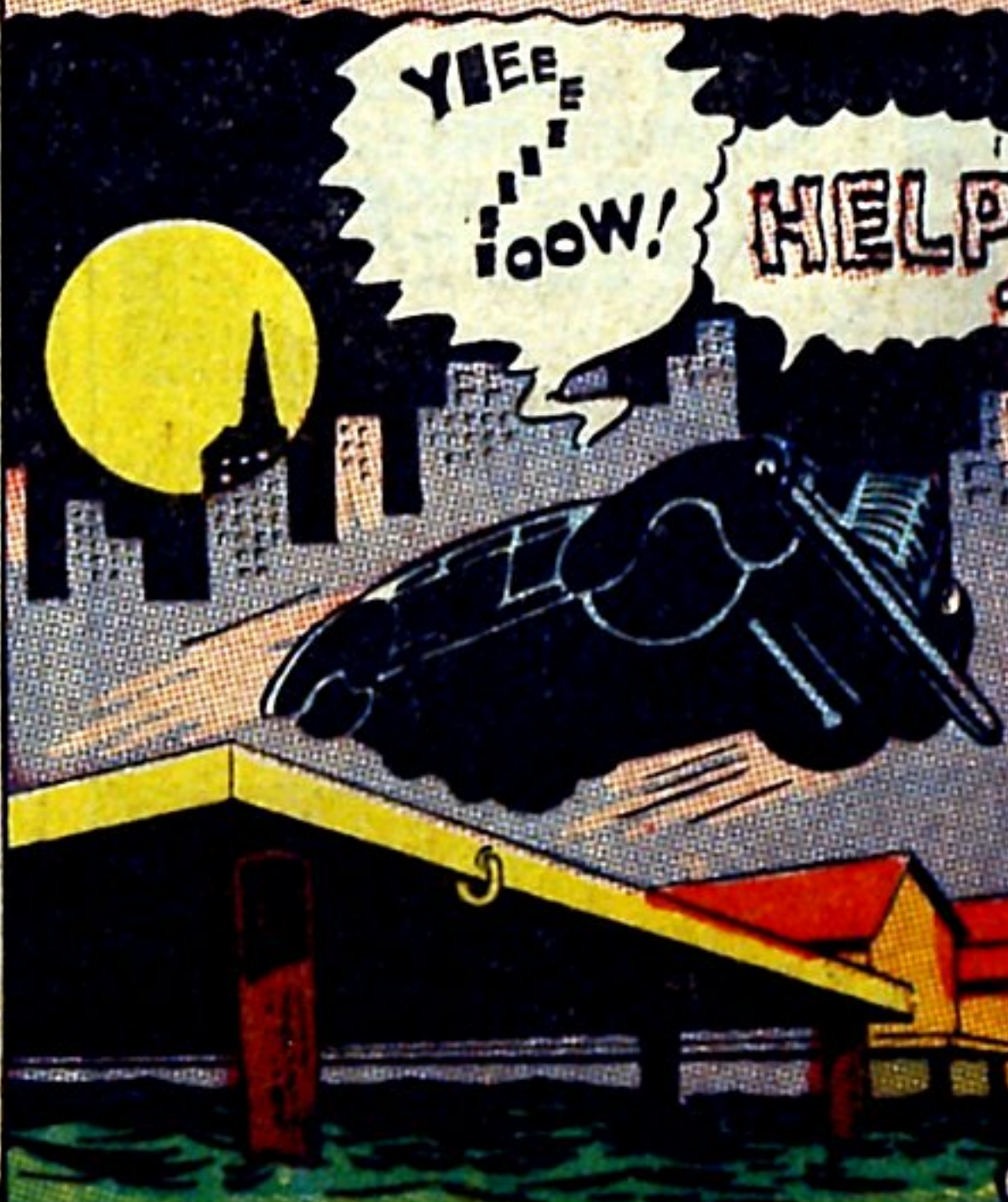
THEY CERTAINLY COULD USE SOME TARGET PRACTICE ... MAYBE THIS'LL SLOW THEM DOWN!

HEY, BOSS... HE GOT OUR FRONT TIRE! I CAN'T CONTROL THE CRATE! WOTT'LL I DO?



STOP IT! YOU FOOL!

" BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE SCREECHING OF BRAKES, THE CAR SWERVED AND CATAPULTED INTO THE RIVER....



YEE HAW! HELP!



QUICK!  
GET THE  
DOORS  
OPEN!



I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL  
GONERS, UNTIL--  
THESE BOYS CERTAINLY  
MOVE FAST! THERE'S  
TWO OF THEM..AND..  
HEY, THAT'S LUCKY  
LUTRECIA!.



IT DOESN'T SEEM  
RIGHT SAYING ANY-  
ONE LIKE YOU, LU-  
TRECIA, BUT WE  
WANT YOU ALIVE!

"QUICKLY REMOV-  
ING MY COAT, I  
PLUNGED IN!"



LUTRECIA APPARENTLY WASN'T A  
VERY GOOD SWIMMER FOR HE WAS  
ABOUT TO GO DOWN WHEN I  
REACHED HIM...

THIS IS THE FIRST  
TIME I EVER RESCUED  
A RAT, BUT HERE  
GOES!



WE SOON REACHED SHORE, BUT I  
WAS UNAWARE THAT ONE OF  
LUCKY'S MEN HAD ALSO MADE IT..

SO YOU'RE  
PRESTO  
MARTIN!

RIGHT, LUCKY...  
AND YOU'VE  
PULLED YOUR  
LAST JOB!



FOR THE NEXT THING I KNEW,  
SOMEONE CLUBBED ME FROM  
BEHIND!.....

NICE WORK,  
BLACKIE.. LET'S  
GET GOING!

OKAY  
LUCKY!



WHEN I CAME TO, THEY WERE  
GONE!.....

WOW! WHAT A SOCK!  
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?.....  
ANOTHER OF LUCKY'S  
MOB MADE IT!



IN A FLASH IT DAWNED ON ME,  
WHY NOT ASSUME A DISGUISE  
OF LUCKY--IT MIGHT LEAD ME  
TO THE HIDE-OUT. QUICKLY  
I DISGUISED MYSELF--IT WORKED.

HEY, BOSS-  
GOSH...I  
JUST MADE  
IT! WHEW!

YEAH...ME  
TOO! LUCKY WE  
GOT THE CAR  
DOOR OPEN IN  
TIME, C'MON-  
LET'S GO!



BUT LUCKY, WE  
AIN'T GOT A CAR!  
HOW'LL WE GET  
BACK?

THAT DUMB COP-  
PER WHO WAS TRAIL-  
IN' US WENT  
DOWN! LET'S  
USE HIS CAR!

I'M TIRED!  
YOU  
DRIVE!

OKAY,  
LUCKY!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN,  
WE SOON REACHED A CRUDE  
CABIN....

HEY, DAT'S  
FUNNY! WE  
DIDN'T LEAVE  
NO LIGHTS ON!

AS WE GOT OUT OF  
THE CAR, THE THUG  
NOTICED MY PANTS.

HEY, BOSS..I MUST  
BE NUTS! YOU  
WERE WEARIN' A  
CHECKERED SUIT!  
SOMETHING'S  
PHONEY HERE!

MY GAME WAS JUST ABOUT UP WITH  
HIM, AND I DIDN'T NEED HIM ANY  
LONGER ANYWAY, SO I CAUGHT HIM  
WITH A RIGHT TO THE JAW--

THANKS FOR  
THE LIFT!

I RUSHED INTO THE CABIN  
TO THE AMAZEMENT OF  
LUCKY AND THE OTHER  
THUG....

JEEPERS!  
AM I LOOK-  
ING IN A  
MIRROR?

NO, BOSS!  
DAT AIN'T NO  
MIRROR! IT'S  
A GHOST!

'GUESS THEY THOUGHT I  
WAS PRETTY MUCH ALIVE.  
I STEPPED INTO THEM,  
FISTS FLYING, BEFORE  
THEY HAD A CHANCE TO  
MOVE....

LUTRECIA WAS NOT AS EASY AS  
HIS PAL, THOUGH...HE LEAPED TO  
HIS FEET AND LUNGED AT ME...

YOU OUGHT TO  
SHARPEN UP ON  
YOUR AIM!

UGH!

NEXT DAY.....

**3¢ DAILY**  
**PRESTO MAR**  
**CAPTURES LUCK**  
**LUTRECIA**

LUCKIEST MAN IN  
THE WORLD NOT  
SO LUCKY TODAY-  
GOES ON TRIAL  
IN TWO WEEKS

GOSH, PRESTO,  
THAT WAS SOME  
STORY! I GUESS  
THERE ISN'T A  
CRIMINAL IN THE  
WORLD WHO  
DOESN'T GET  
CAUGHT SOONER  
OR LATER!

RIGHT, DAVE, AND  
LUCKY WAS NO  
EXCEPTION! HE DIED  
IN THE CHAIR AT  
SING-SING A MONTH-  
LATER! HIS DYING  
WORDS WERE, CRIME  
DOESN'T PAY!



# DAREDEVIL



**IS IT True?**  
 DO HUMANS CHANGE INTO BLOOD-THIRSTY WEREWOLVES AFTER DARK? WHEN THE VEIL OF NIGHT DESCENDS... WHY DOES THE MILD-MANNERED MUSIC TEACHER RUSH OFF TO HIS HOME-- SHUNNING ALL COMPANY-- AND HIDING BEHIND LOCKED DOORS? WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS WHO ARE HIS PUPILS? FOLLOW THE TOP CRIME-BUSTER OF AMERICA---

**DAREDEVIL**

"The STRANGE CASE of the MUSIC TEACHER."

by  
**DON RICO**

THE GRIM OMEN OF EVIL AND DESTRUCTION RAISES THE CURTAIN ON THIS TALE OF THE UNCANNY...THE UNEARTHLY! THIS IS A STORY FOR STRONG HEARTS AND BRAVE SOULS...ALL OTHERS---**BEWARE!**



IN A TOWN NEAR NEW YORK, A TIMID LITTLE MAN LEAVES HIS HOME-

THERE GOES PROFESSOR MARKUSYI---WONDER WHY HE'S GOING OUT SO LATE?

LATE? IT'S ONLY FIVE O'CLOCK!



MARKUSYI GOES TO THE OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION...

WELL, IT IS--FOR HIM! HE'S ALWAYS HOME JUST BEFORE SUNSET---HE'S NEVER OUT AFTER DARK!

HA-HA! AFRAID OF SPOOKS, EH?

WHY WON'T YOU ACCEPT THE NIGHT TEACHING POSITION?

NEVER!



TELL ME, PROFESSOR--WHY ARE YOU SO SET AGAINST TEACHING OR DOING ANYTHING ELSE AT NIGHT?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

WHAT I DO AT NIGHT IS MY OWN AFFAIR! NO ONE CAN MAKE ME DO OTHERWISE---NO ONE!

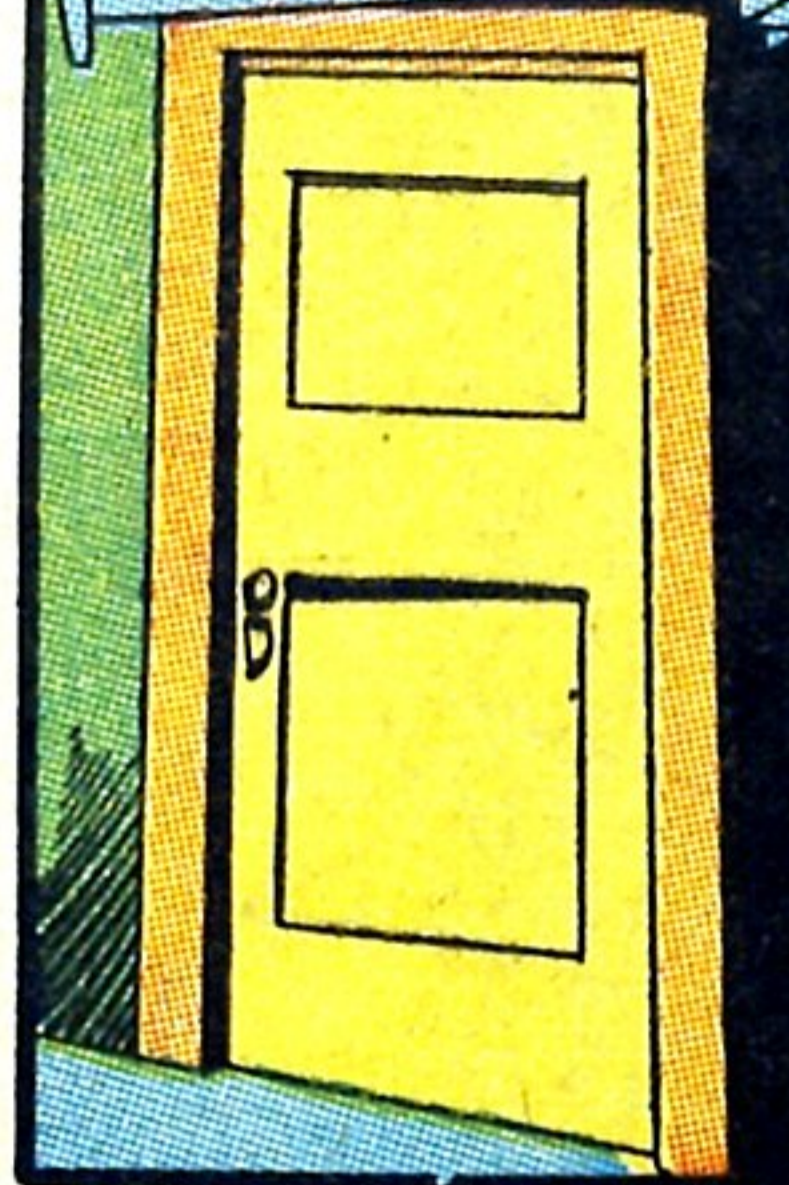


MARKUSYI RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT... AND QUICKLY LOCKS THE DOOR...

IT IS GETTING DARK-- I MUST HURRY--- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



...AND IT IS NOT MEANT FOR HUMAN EYES TO SEE BEYOND THIS DOOR!



BUT ONE OF THE PROFESSOR'S PUPILS CHOOSES THIS UNTIMELY MOMENT TO VISIT HIM!

I DO HOPE HE'S IN-- I WANT HIM TO ADVISE ME ON A CONCERT!



WHEN SHE KNOCKS--

GO AWAY! I'M NOT SEEING ANYONE!!

IT'S MISS BLAIR, PROFESSOR-- WON'T YOU LET ME IN?



NOT TONIGHT! COME TOMORROW... OOOOOOH!

GOOD HEAVENS!

--LET ME OUT OF HERE!



NEXT DAY, MISS BLAIR RETURNS TO THE STUDIO...

WHERE IS THAT DOG THAT DID ALL THE HOWLING LAST NIGHT, PROFESSOR?

ER...ER... HE'S OUT FOR AN AIRING!



SHE IS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE---AND SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH!

MISS BLAIR, WILL YOU PLEASE PULL DOWN THE SHADE?

WHY... YES!



BUT WHEN SHE TURNS AROUND...

EEEEEEH!!



**S**TANDING IN THE PLACE OF THE PROFESSOR IS A FIENDISH, HOWLING WOLF!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER---



WHEN THE CHAMBERMAID MAKES HER ROUNDS --- SHE COMES UPON A SIGHT TO CHILL HER BLOOD!

LATER... POLICE CARS CONVERGE ON THE STUDIO---

OHMIGOSH! IT'S MISS BLAIR---DEAD!

STAND BACK, FOLKS!



WHAT'S UP, INSPECTOR?

OH--HELLO, BART! NOTHING MUCH... JUST A BABE ALL CHEWED UP! WANNA SEE HER?

MISS BLAIR'S FACE IS SCRATCHED, AND TEETH MARKS ON HER THROAT!

HMMM---



YES! I SAW ONE COME OUT OF HERE THIS MORNING!

Later... IN BART'S STUDY...

CAN'T BE! BUT HERE IS EVIDENCE! THE BOOK STATES THAT THEY MAY EXIST!

ANY BIG DOGS FLOATIN' ABOUT THIS BLOCK?



THE NEXT EVENING...A NURSE IS WALKING IN A PARK---

BUT HER ADMIRATION CHANGES TO TERROR!

OH... WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DOG!



AND THE GREAT WOLF-DOG LEAVES ANOTHER VICTIM!



HOLY SMOKE! ANOTHER ONE!! THIS IS BAD! COME ON, TONIA-- WE'RE GOING FOR A WALK!



LATER---

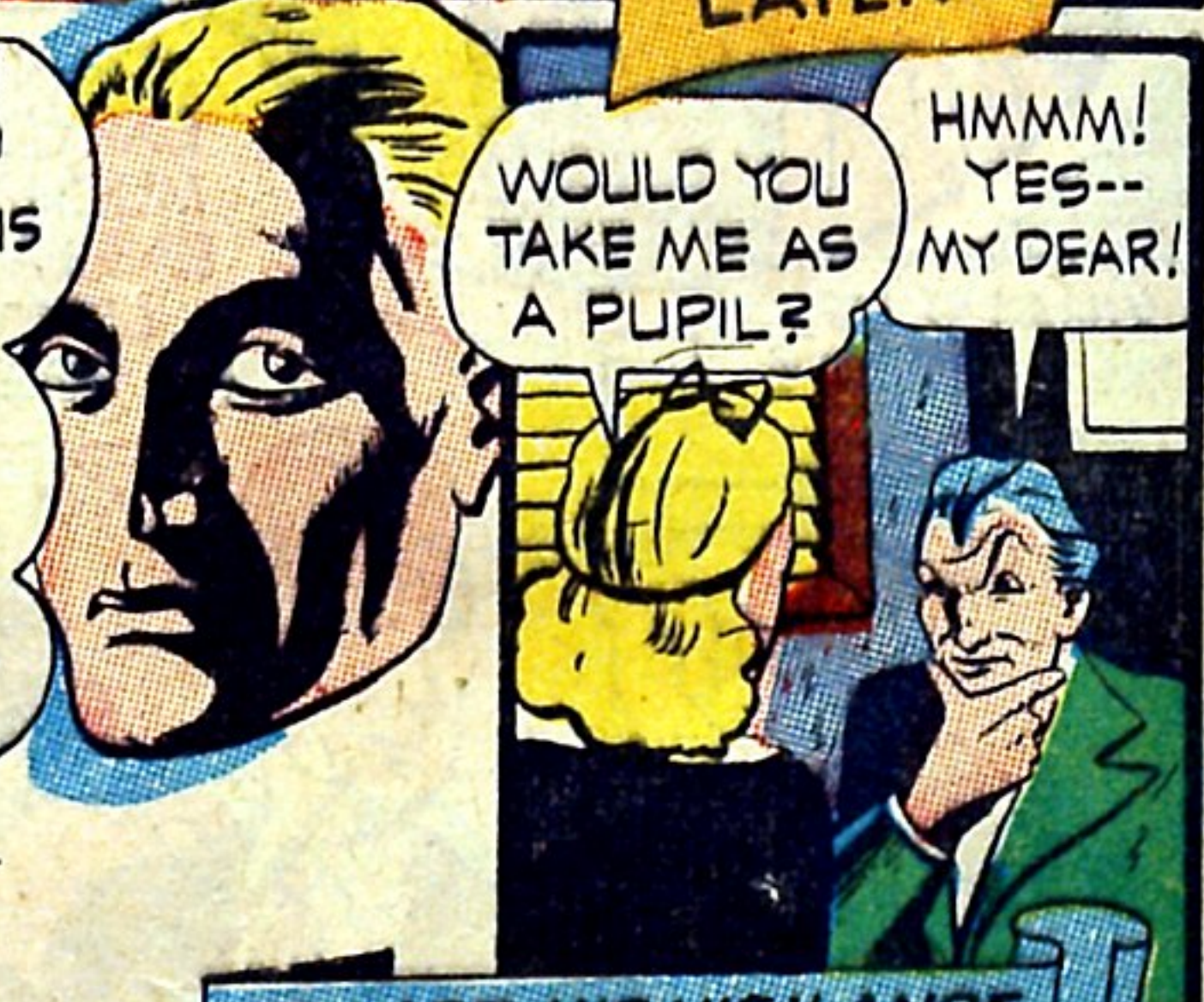
THERE'S THE PROFESSOR'S STUDIO! AND---LOOK!

IT'S THE DOG!

LISTEN, GIRLIE! YOU'RE TAKIN' FIDDLE LESSONS TOMORROW FROM THIS CHARACTER! BUT--DON'T LET HIM GET YOU ALONE AFTER DARK!

WOULD YOU TAKE ME AS A PUPIL?

HMMM! YES-- MY DEAR!



EVERY NIGHT A STRANG BLUE AND RED FIGURE CROUCHES...WATCHING MARKUSYI'S HOME---

DAREDEVIL!

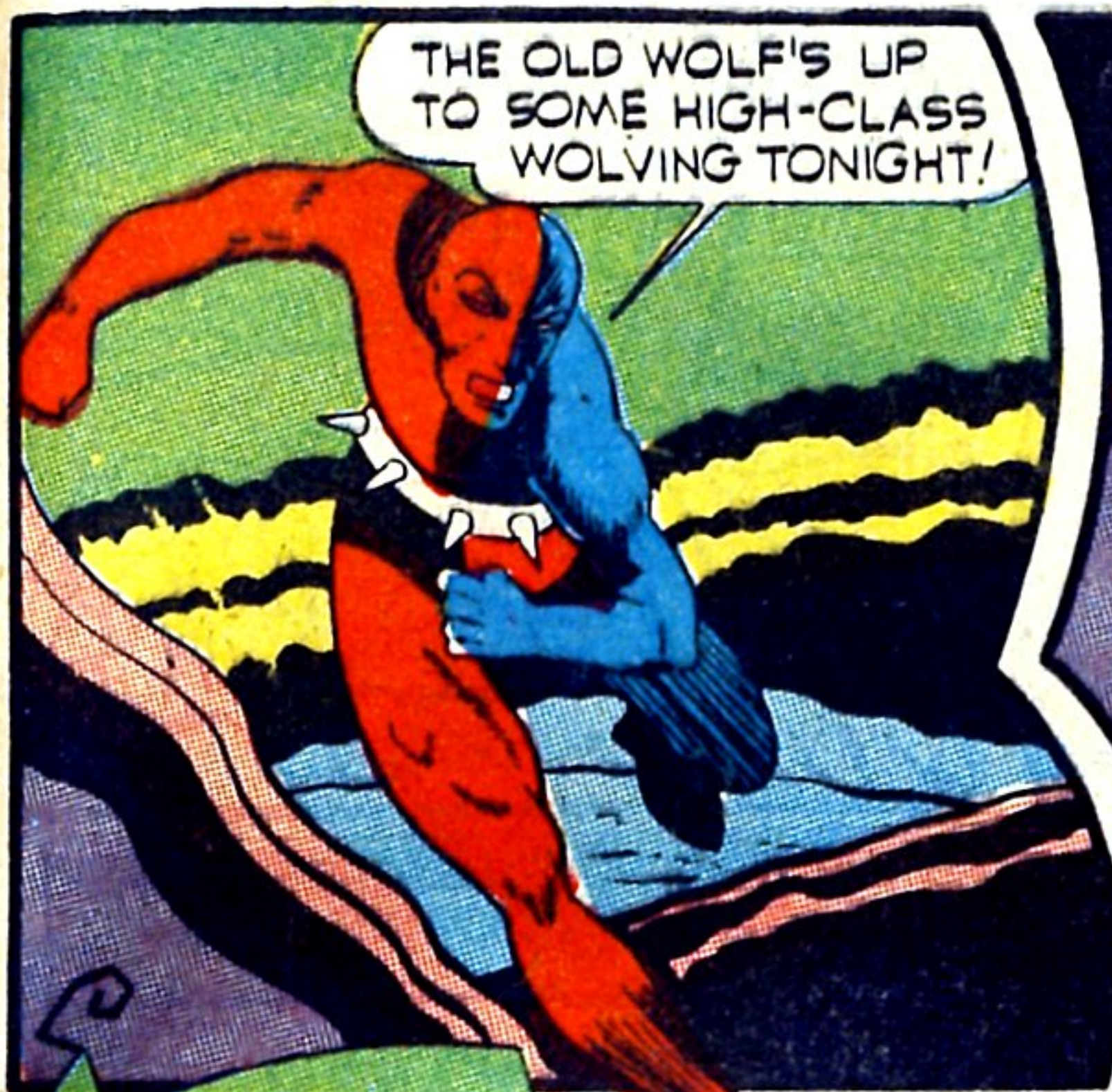
I CAN HANDLE THIS BETTER AS DAREDEVIL THAN AS BART HILL!



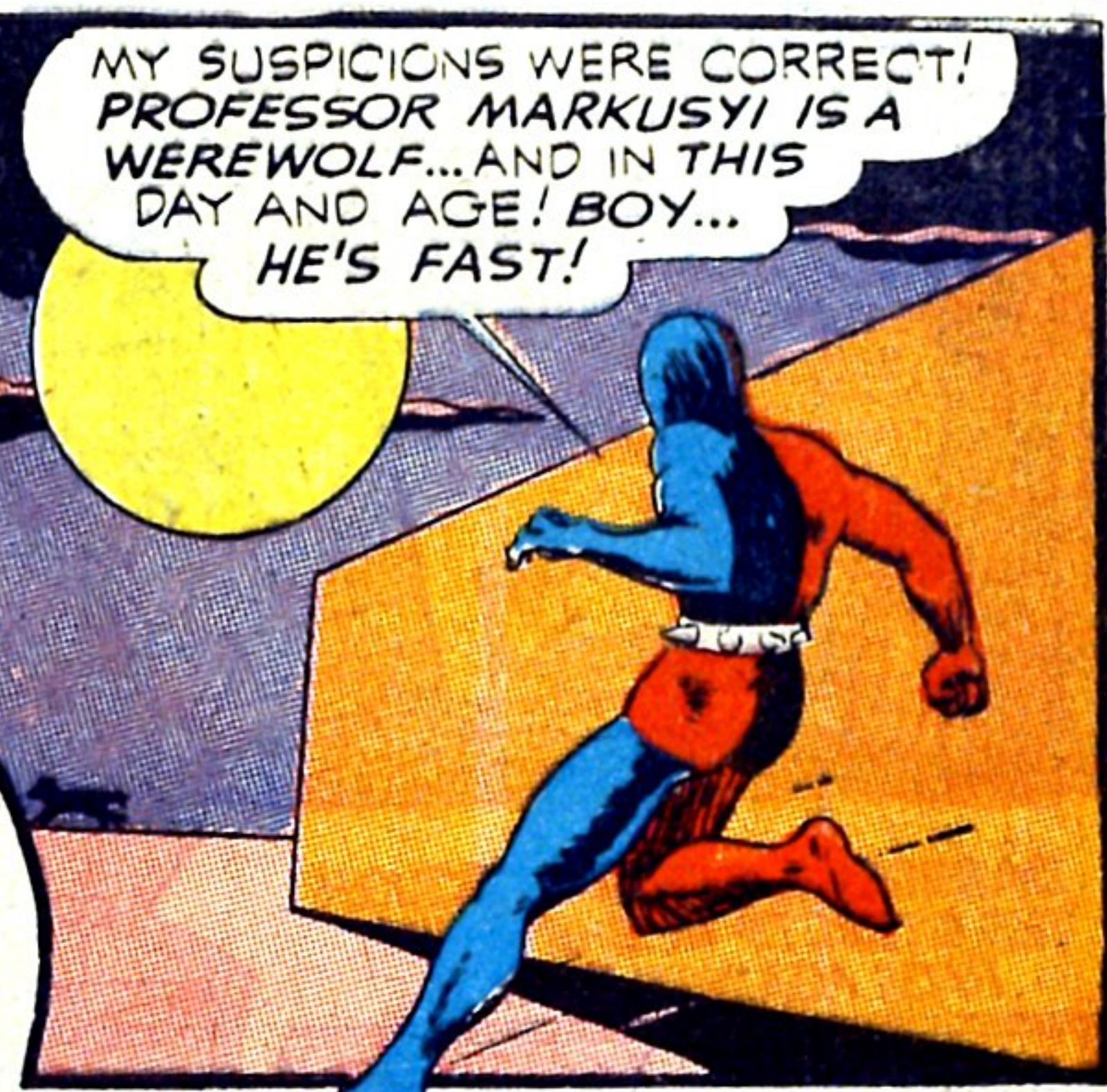
AT LAST HIS VIGILANCE IS REWARDED!

THERE IT IS--- THE WEREWOLF!





THE OLD WOLF'S UP TO SOME HIGH-CLASS WOLVING TONIGHT!



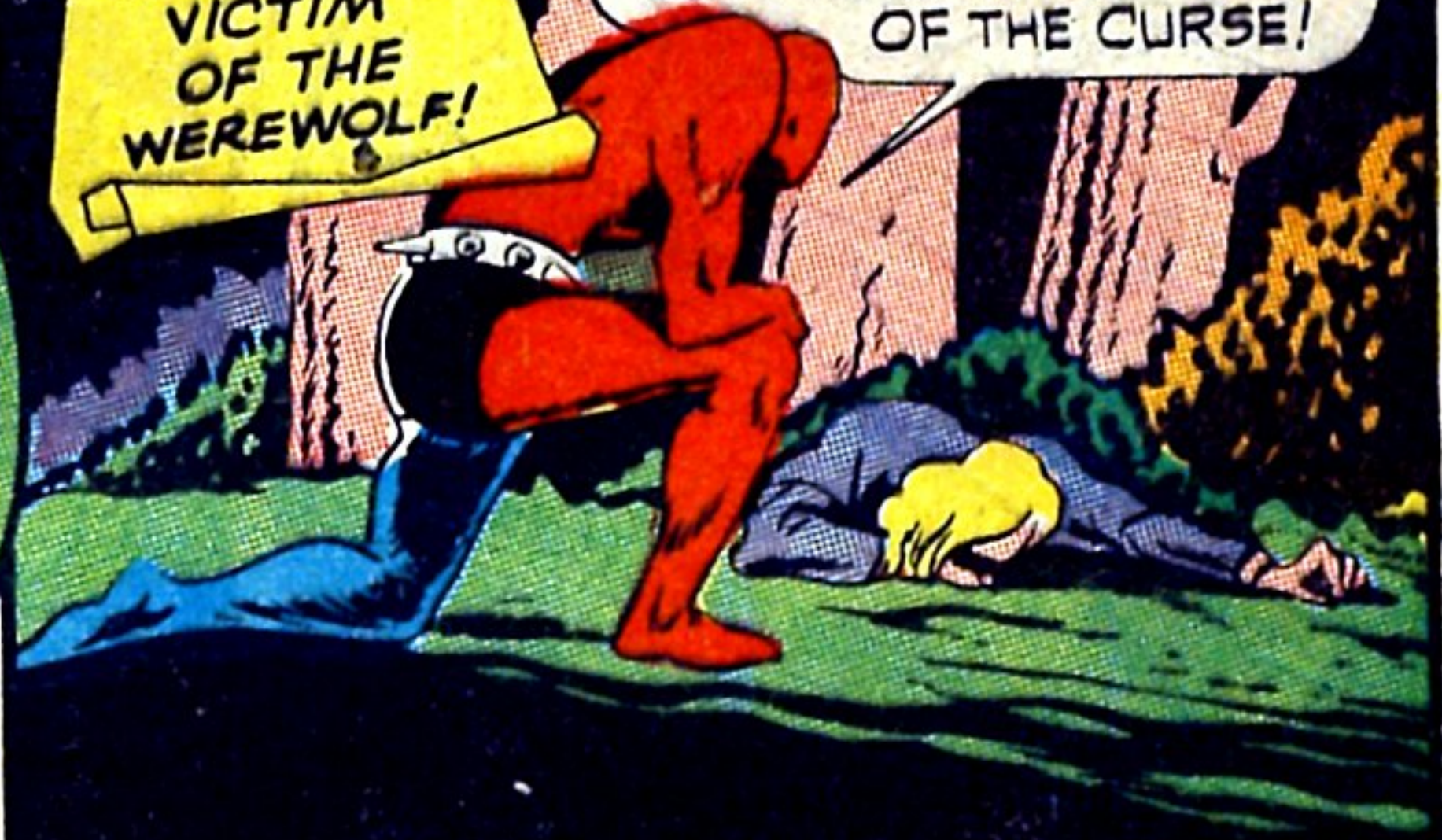
MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT! PROFESSOR MARKUSYI IS A WEREWOLF... AND IN THIS DAY AND AGE! BOY... HE'S FAST!

AS DAREDEVIL COMES AROUND A TURN...



GOOD HEAVENS!

FOR THERE... DRAINED OF ANY SIGN OF LIFE... IS ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE WEREWOLF!



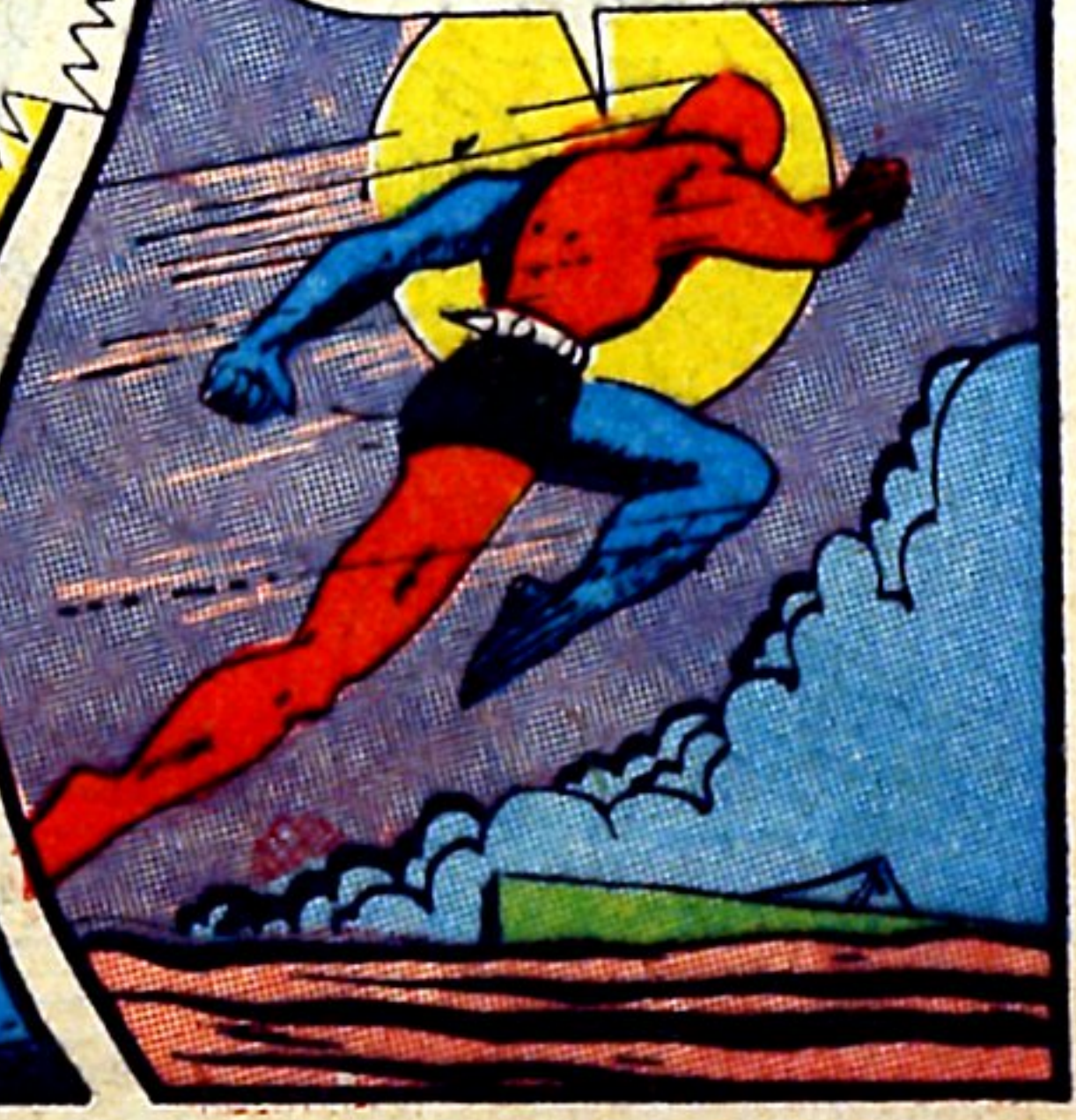
AND HE GOT AWAY CLEAN! THIS MAKES THE THIRD GIRL HE'S KILLED! ACCORDING TO LEGEND-- HE MUST KILL FOUR BEFORE HE CAN BE FREE OF THE CURSE!

HMM-- THREE MURDERS! WONDER WHO WILL BE THE FOURTH AND LAST?



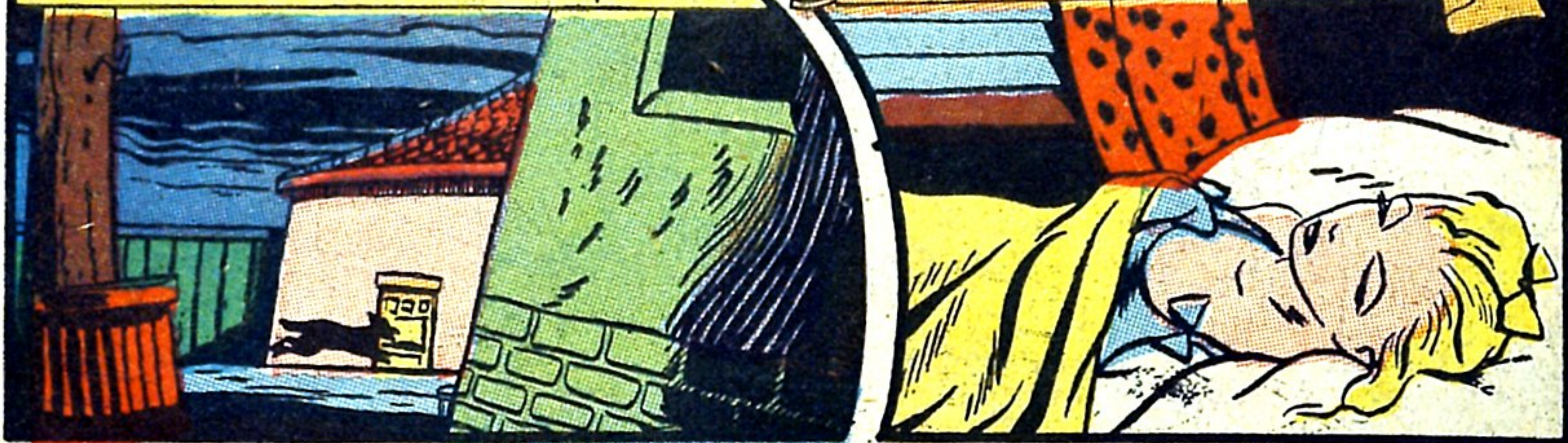
OMIGOSH!

TONIA!



AS THE LONG NIGHT COMES TO AN END, THE WEREWOLF HURRIES TO CLAIM ITS LAST VICTIM BEFORE DAWN!

WHILE TONIA SLEEPS UNAWARE OF THE COMING DISASTER---



DAREDEVIL SPEEDS THROUGH THE STREETS IN THE GRIM RACE AGAINST DEATH!

∞but AS THE WEREWOLF REACHES TONIA'S HOME---THE SUN COMES UP...

I MUST GET THERE IN TIME-- I MUST!



OWOOOOO!



...AND AN AWFUL, UNEARTHLY SIGHT TRANSPIRES AS THE WEREWOLF CHANGES INTO...



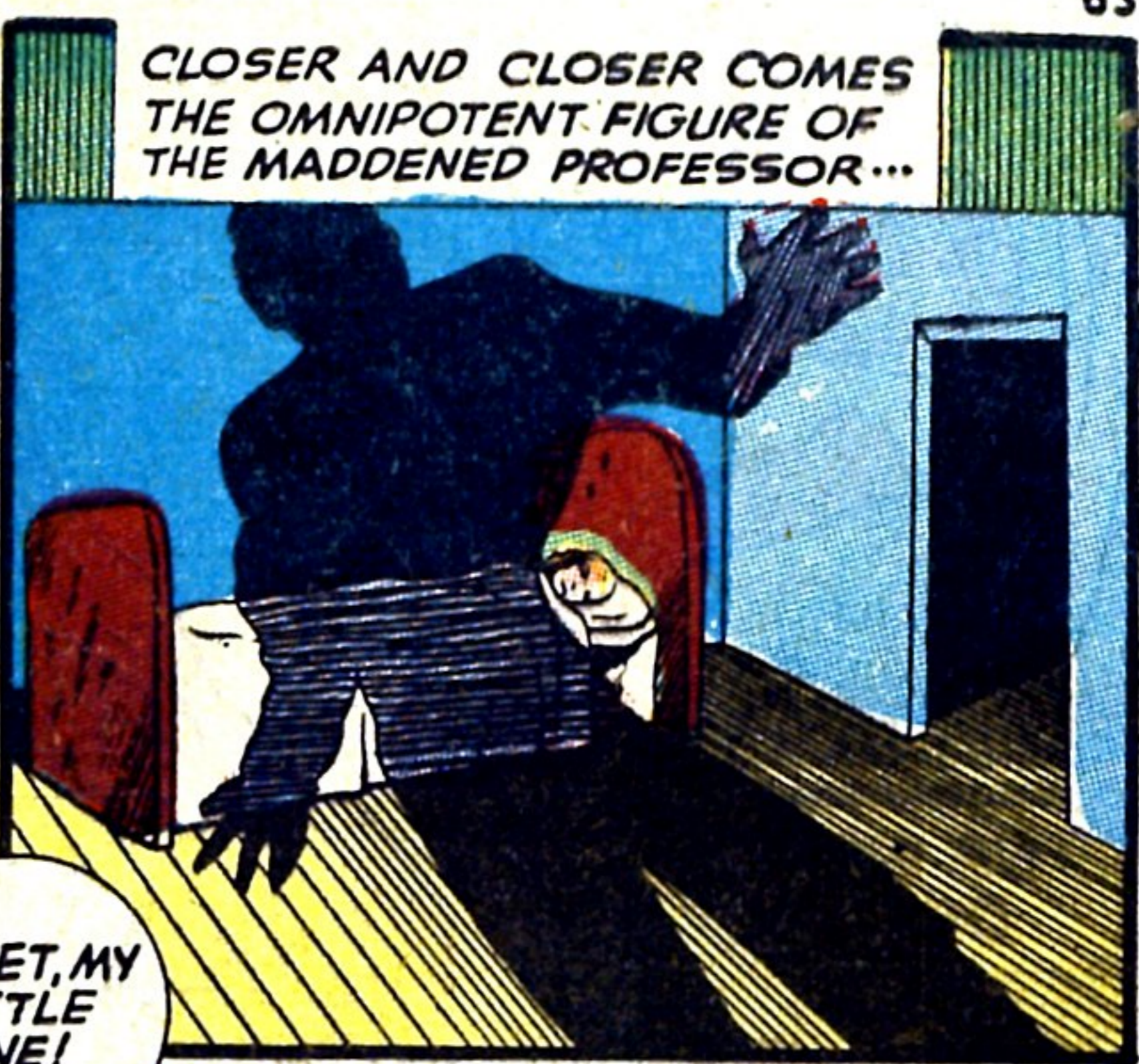
SO! THE SPELL IS OVER--FOR TONIGHT--- BUT SHE MUST DIE!



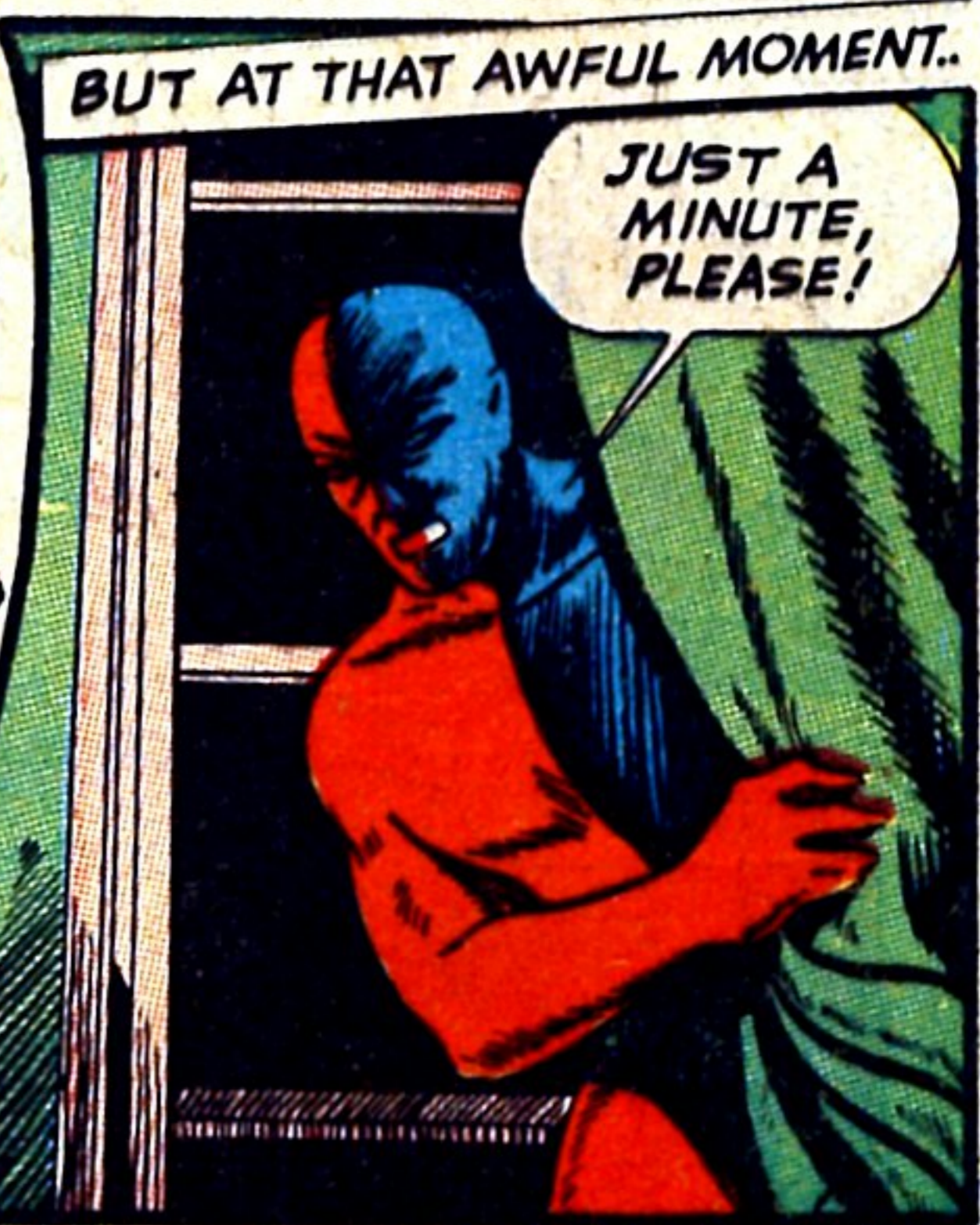
The WOLF-MAN STEALS INTO TONIA'S BEDROOM---

HA! HA! SOON I SHALL BE RID OF THIS CURSE!





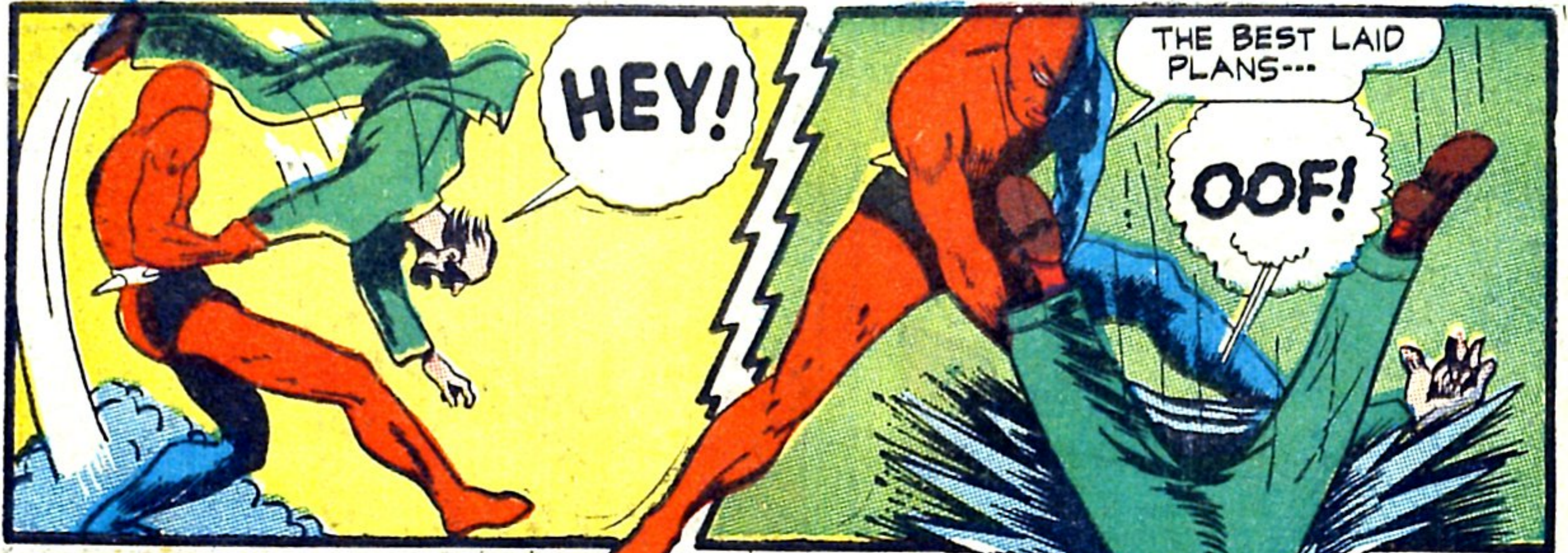
A PREMONITION AWAKENS TONIA TO THE HORROR...



BUT AT THAT AWFUL MOMENT...



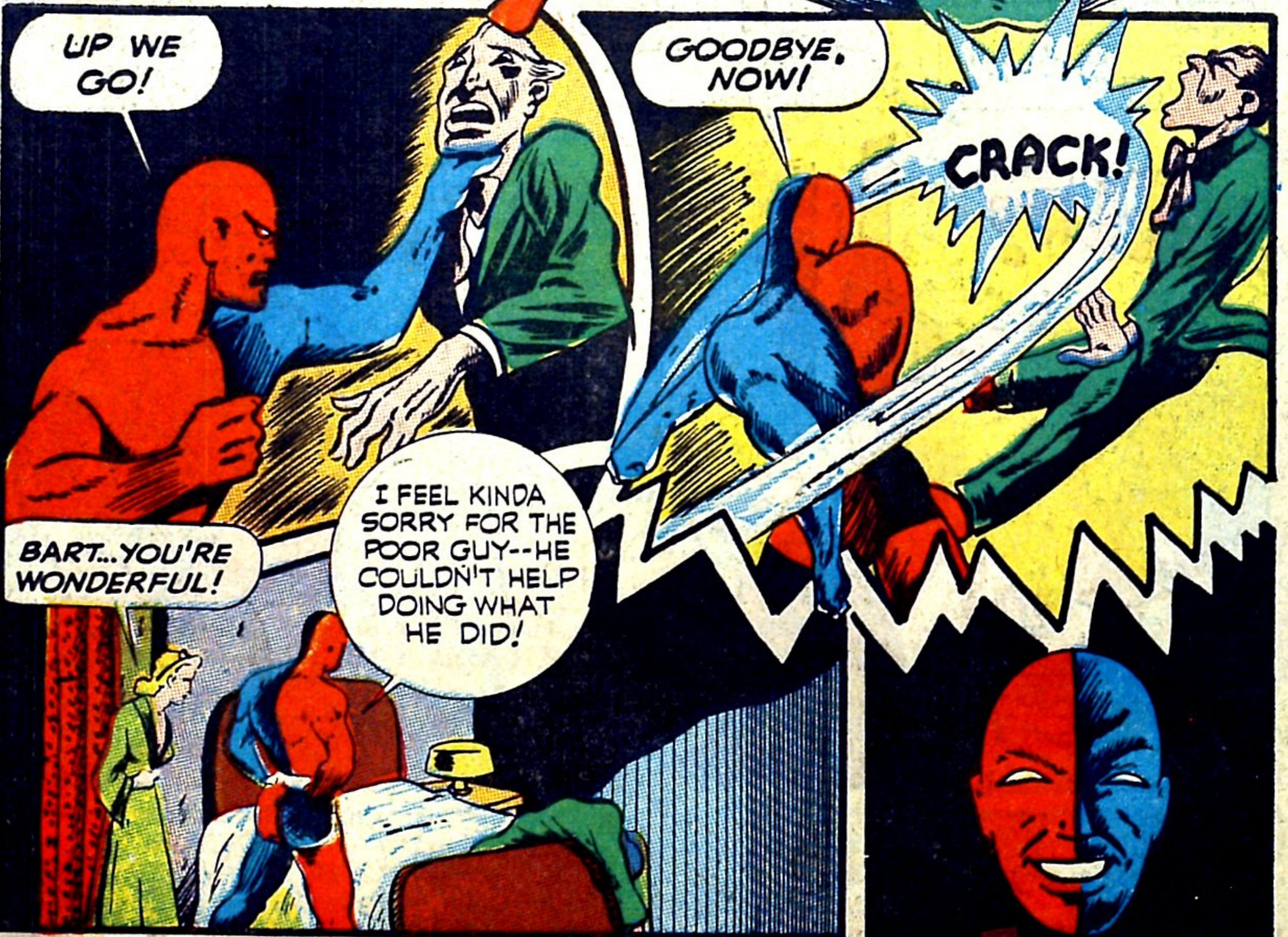




HEY!

THE BEST LAID PLANS...

OOF!



UP WE GO!

GOODBYE, NOW!

CRACK!

BART...YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

I FEEL KINDA SORRY FOR THE POOR GUY--HE COULDN'T HELP DOING WHAT HE DID!



I CAN'T HELP DOING THIS, EITHER!

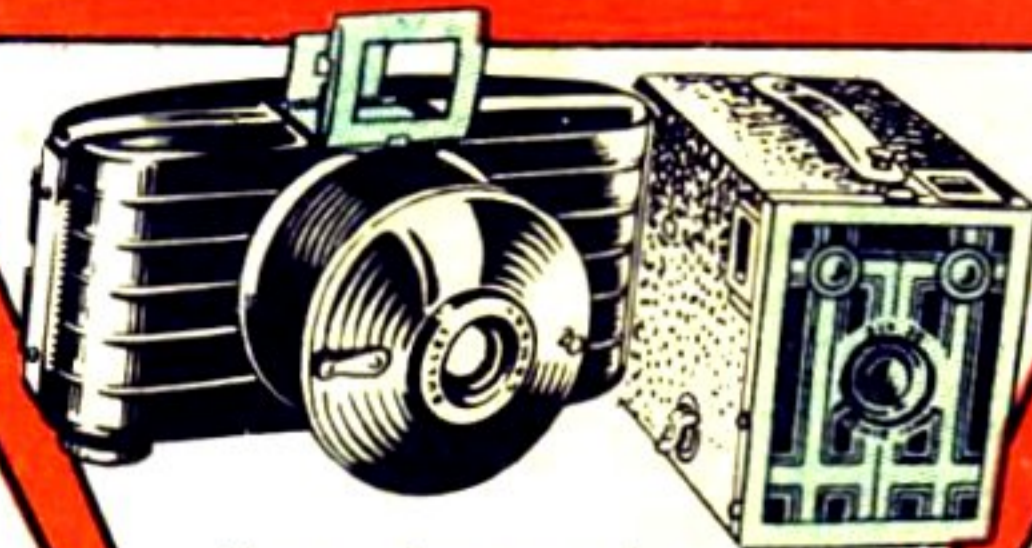
HEY! WAIT'LL I TAKE OFF MY MASK!

Who BOYS AND GIRLS! I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU... WRITE AND TELL ME THE KIND OF ADVENTURES YOU'D LIKE TO SEE ME IN! Meanwhile... DON'T MISS "The CASE of the RED DAGGER." IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK Comics!

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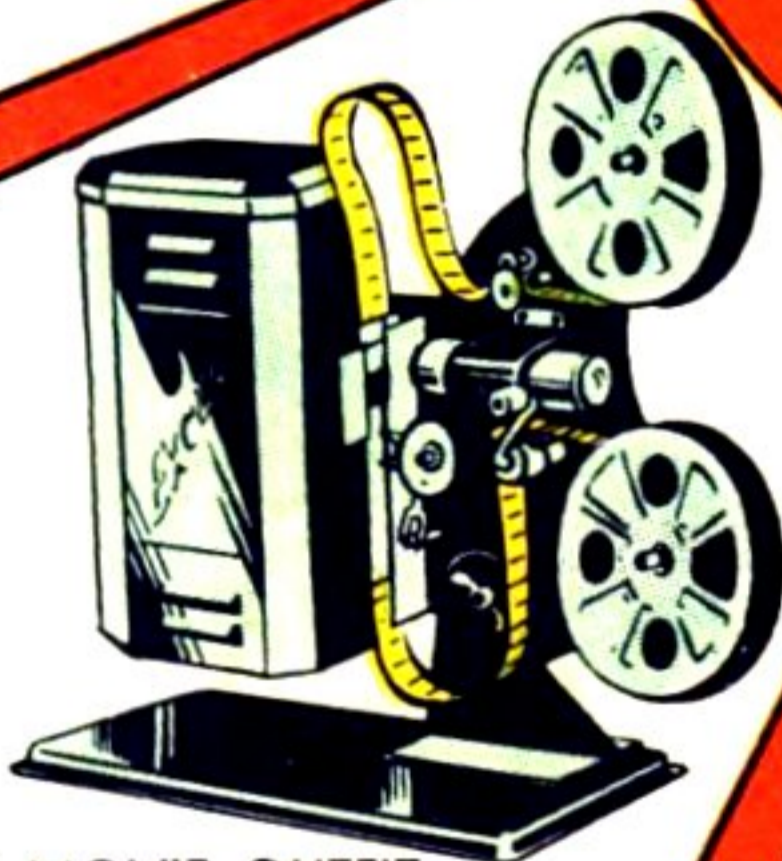
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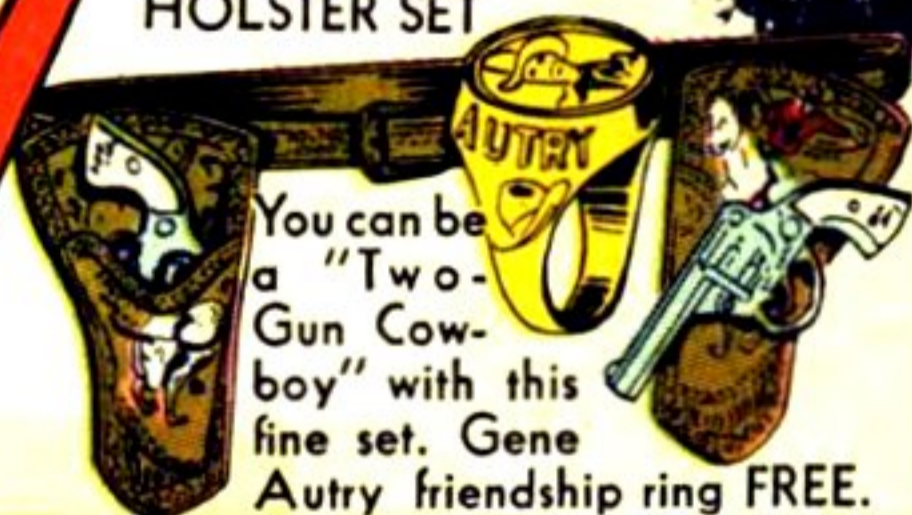


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A compact handbag with comb, brush, and mirror set.



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Sell one order. Show movies at home. Film **FREE.**

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